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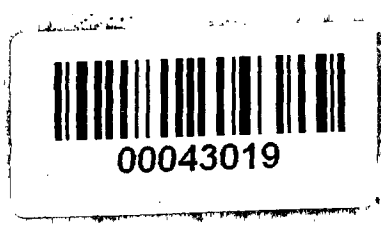
BRITISH THEATRE.



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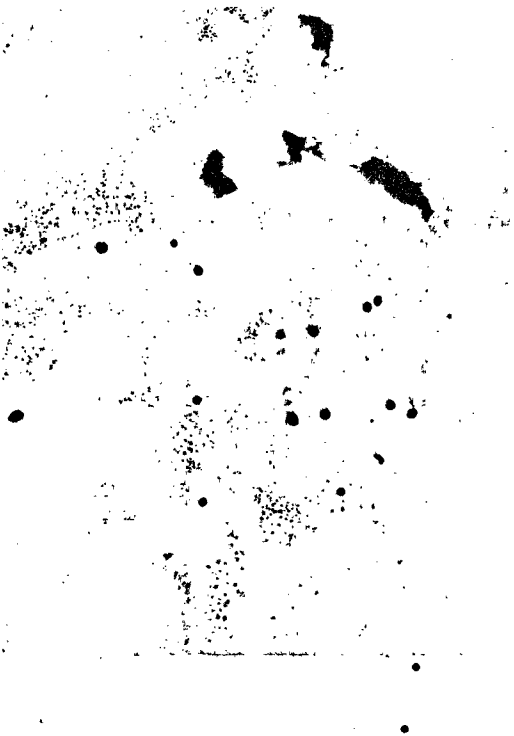

THE

DRAMATIST;

STOP HIM WHO CAN!

A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

BY FREDERICK REYNOLDS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOK

WITH REMARKS

BY MRS. INCHBALD.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN,

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TAMERLANE;

A TRAGEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

By NICHOLAS ROWE, Esq.

AS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRES ROYAL,

DRURY LANE AND COVENT GARDEN.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

BY MRS. INCHBALD.

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THE

BRITISH THEATRE;

OR,

A COLLECTION OF PLAYS,

WHICH ARE ACTED AT

43019

THE THEATRES ROYAL,

DRURY-LANE, COVENT GARDEN, AND HAYMARKET.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOKS.

WITH

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL REMARKS,

BY MRS. INCHBALD.

IN TWENTY-FIVE VOLUMES.

VOL. VIII.

CONSTANT COUPLE.
SIR CONSTANT.
RECRUITING OFFICER.
BEAUX' STRATAGEM.
CATO.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME,
PATERNOSTER ROW.

1808.

REMARKS.

PLAYS of former times were written to be read, not seen. Dramatic authors succeeded in their aim; their works were placed in libraries, and the theatres were deserted.—Now, plays are written to be seen, not read—and present authors gain their views; for they and the managers are enriched, and the theatres crowded.

To be both seen and read at the present day, is a degree of honour, which, perhaps, not one comic dramatist can wholly boast, except Shakspeare. Exclusive of this, scarcely any of the very best comedies of the best of former bards will now attract an audience: yet the genius of ancient writers was assisted by various tales, for plots, of which they have deprived the moderns; they had, besides, the privilege to write without either political or moral restraint. Uncurbed by law or delicacy, they wrote at random; and at random wrote

some pages worthy posterity—but, along with these, they produced others which disgrace the age that reprints and circulates them.

It might be deemed suspicious to insinuate, that those persons, perhaps, who so vehemently exclaim against modern dramas, give up with reluctance the old prerogative of listening to wit and repartee which would make the refined hearer of the present day blush, and the moral auditor shudder.

To those who can wisely bear with the faults of their own time, nor think all that is good is gone by, the representation of the present comedy will give high entertainment; particularly in those scenes in which Vapid is concerned.—Reynolds could hardly mistake drawing a faithful portait of this character, for it is said—he sat for himself.

Yet those, who expect to be highly delighted with "The Dramatist," must bring with them to the theatre a proper acquaintance with the stage, and also of its power over certain of its votaries.

If attraction, if bursts of applause, and still less equivocal approbation, bursts of laughter, constitute perfect success to a comic writer, Mr. Reynolds, in this, as well as in other of his comedies, has been pre-eminently successful.

In this comedy, however, and perhaps, in one or two more he has written, there is an obstacle to his independent merit as an author—an obstacle which too many dramatic writers willingly place in their

path to lasting reputation. He has written for one particular actor to support his play—Lewis—more worthy to be thus considered than almost any other performer: but here his very skill gives the alarm—for Lewis possesses such unaffected spirit on the stage, a kind of vivid fire, which tempers burlesque with nature, or nature with burlesque, so happily, that it cannot be hoped any other man will easily support those characters written purposely for him.

Be that as it may—when Reynolds can no more enliven a theatre by his Dramatist, this comedy will grow dull in excellent company—for Congreve's "Way of the World" was hissed, it is said, from a London stage, the last time it was acted, for insipidity.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LORD SCRATCH	*Mr. Quick.*
HARRY NEVILLE	*Mr. Holman.*
FLORIVILLE	*Mr. Blanchard.*
WILLOUGHBY	*Mr. Macready.*
ENNUI	*Mr. Munden.*
PETER	*Mr. Thompson.*
VAPID	*Mr. Lewis*
SERVANT	*Mr. Evatt.*
LOUISA COURTNEY	*Miss Brunton.*
LADY WAITFOR'T	*Mrs. Webb.*
LETTY	*Miss Brangin.*
MARIANNE	*Mrs. Wells.*

SCENE,—Bath.

THE

DRAMATIST.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

The Grove.—LADY WAITFOR'T'S *House.*

Enter MARIANNE, *and* LETTY, *from the House.*

Mari. But I tell you I will come out—I didn't come to Bath to be confined, nor I won't—I hate all their company, but sweet Miss Courtney's.

Letty. I declare, Miss Marianne, you grow worse and worse every day, your country manners will be the ruin of you.

Mari. Don't you talk about that, Letty—It was a shame to bring me up in the country—if I had been properly taken care of, I might have done great things—I might have married the poet I danced with at the ball—But it's all over now.—I shall never get a husband, and, what's worse, my aunt did it on purpose.—She ruined me, Letty, that nobody else might.

Letty. How you talk!—I hope Miss Courtney hasn't taught you all this?

Mari. No,—she's a dear creature,—she has taught me many things; but nothing improper, I'm sure.

Letty. Pray, has she taught you why she never plays any tune but the one we heard just now?

Mari. Yes—and if you'll keep it a secret, I'll tell you, Letty; Mr. Harry Neville taught it her last summer,—and now she is always playing it, because it puts her in mind of the dear man. When it is ended, don't you observe how she sighs from the bottom of her dear little heart?

Letty. Why, I thought they had quarrelled?

Mari. So they have—she won't see him, and I believe my aunt, Lady Waitfor't, has been the occasion of it;—poor Mr. Neville!—I wish I could assist him; for indeed, Letty, I always pity any body that is crossed in love—it may be one's own case one day or other you know.

Letty. True—and for the same reason, I suppose, you rejoice when it is successful.—I'm sure now the intended marriage of Lady Waitfor't and Lord Scratch gives you great pleasure.

Mari. What! the country gentleman who has lately come to his title? No, if you'll believe me, I don't like him at all;—he's a sour old fellow—is always abusing our sex, and thinks there is only one good woman under heaven:—Now, I'm sure that's a mistake, for I know I'm a good woman, and I think, Letty, you are another,

Letty. Yes,—I hope so, though I confess I think your aunt is better than either of us.

Mari. More shame for you—she is a woman of sentiment, and hums you over with her flourishes about purity and feelings.—Feelings!—'faith, she ought to be ashamed of herself—no other woman would talk in that manner.

Letty. You mistake her—she is a woman of virtue,

and can't help feeling for the vices and misfortunes of others.

Mari. Then why can't she do as I have done, Letty? keep her feelings to herself—If I had given way to them half so much as she has—Oh Lord! I don't know what might have been the consequence.

Letty. For shame! You never hear Lady Waitfor't speak ill of any body.

Mari. No,—How should she, when she talks of nobody but herself?

Letty. Well, your opinion is of little weight; my Lord sees her merit, and is come to Bath on purpose to marry her—he thinks her a prodigy of goodness.

Mari. Then, pray let him have her—every fool knows so, to be sure he does, Letty, that a prodigy of goodness is a very rare thing;—but when he finds her out!—'faith it will be a rare joke, when he finds her out.

Letty. Shameful, Miss Marianne! do speak a little intelligibly, and remember your aunt's favourite observation.

Mari. What is it?—I have forgot.

Letty. That good sentiments are always plain.

Mari. Yes,—so are good women,—bid her remember that, Letty.

Letty. Hush:—say no more—here she comes, and Mr. Willoughby with her.

Mari. Ay—that man is always with her of late—but come, Letty, let's get out of their way—let's take a walk, and look at the beaux.

Letty. The beaux! ah, I see you long to become a woman of fashion.

Mari. No—though I hate the country, I never will become a woman of fashion—I know too well what it is to do many things one don't like, and 'faith, while there is such real pleasure in following my own incli-

nations, I see no reason why, merely out of fashion, I should be obliged to copy other people's.

[*Exit, with* LETTY.

Enter LADY WAITFOR'T *and* WILLOUGHBY.

Lady. [*To* SERVANT.] When my lord returns, tell him I'm gone to Lady Walton's, and shall be back immediately.

Will. Then your ladyship is certain Harry Neville is arrived.

Lady. Yes—the ungrateful man arrived last night, and, as I yet mean to consult his happiness, I have written to him to come to me this evening—but I will ever oppose his union with my lord's ward, Louisa Courtney, because I think it will be the ruin of them both; and you know, Willoughby, one cannot forget one's feelings on those occasions.

Will. Certainly—Ennui, the time-killer, whose only business in life is to murder the hour, is also just arrived; and my lord is resolved on his marrying Louisa instantly.

Lady. True—and only because he'll make a quiet member for his brother in the west. But, for various reasons, I am determined she shall be yours—yet it must be done artfully—my circumstances are deranged, and an alliance with my lord Scratch is the only hope of relief.—Such are the fruits of virtue, Willoughby.

Will. Well—but her fortune is entirely dependent on my lord's consent, and how is that to be obtained? You know I am no favourite, and Ennui is a great one.

Lady. I know it, and therefore we must incense him against Ennui—let me see——can't we contrive some mode,—some little ingenious story—he is a singular character, you know, and has violent prejudices.

Will. True—and of all his prejudices, none is so

violent, or entertaining, as that against authors and actors.

Lady. Yes,—the stage is his aversion, and some way or other——I have it—it's an odd thought, but may do much—suppose we tell him Ennui has written a play.

Will. The luckiest thought in the world! it will make him hate him directly.

Lady. Well, leave it to me—I'll explain the matter to him myself,—and my life on't it proves successful. You see, Willoughby, my only system is to promote happiness.

Will. It is indeed, Lady Waitfor't—but if this fails, may I still hope for your interest with Miss Courtney?

Lady. Yes,—I'm determined she shall be yours, and neither Neville's nor Ennui's.—But come, it's late—here he is.

Will. We'll get rid of him.

Enter ENNUI.

Lady Mr. Ennui, your most obedient—we are going to the Parade—have you seen your cousin Neville?

Ennui. I've an idea, I've just left him.

Lady. I suppose we shall see you at Lady Walton's this evening?—till then, adieu.

[*Exeunt* LADY WAITFOR'T *and* WILLOUGHBY.

Ennui. I've an idea, I don't like this Lady Waitfor't—she wishes to trick me out of my match with Miss Courtney, and if I could trick her in return—[*Takes out his watch.*] How goes the enemy?—only one o'clock!—I thought it had been that an hour ago!—heigho!—here's my patron, Lord Scratch.

Enter LORD SCRATCH.

Lord. What a wonderful virtue is the art of hear-

ing!—may I die, if a listener be found any where:—zounds! am not I a peer, and don't I talk by prerogative?—and, if I mayn't talk ten times as much as another person, what's the use of my peerage?

Ennui. I've an idea—I don't comprehend you.

Lord. That fellow Neville wouldn't hear a word I had to say:—abandoned young dog!—he's come to Bath to invent tales against that divinity, Lady Waitfor't, again, I suppose—but my ward, Louisa, shall be put out of his power for ever—she shall marry you to-morrow.

Ennui. In fact—I always forgot to give your lordship joy of your title, though not of your dress.

Lord. No. of my dress!—ay, ay;—that's the difference—you poor devils, in humble life, are obliged to dress well, to look like gentlemen—we peers may dress as we please—[*Looking at his watch.*] but I shall lose my appointments—past two o'clock.

Ennui. Past two o'clock!—delightful!

Lord. Delightful!—what, at your old tricks?

Ennui. I'd an idea—it had been only one.

Lord. And you're delighted because it's an hour later?

Ennui. To be sure I am—my dear friend, to be sure I am—the enemy has lost a limb.

Lord. So you're happy, because you're an hour nearer the other world?—tell me now,—do you wish to die?

Ennui. No.—But I wish somebody would invent a new mode of killing time—in fact—I think I've found one—private acting.

Lord. Acting!—never talk to me about the stage—I detest a theatre, and every thing that belongs to it: and if ever—but no matter—I must to Lady Waitfor't, and prevail on her to marry me at the same time you marry my ward.—But, remember our agreement—you are to settle your estate on Louisa, and I am to bring you into parliament,

Ennui. In fact—I comprehend—I am to be a hearer and not a speaker.

Lord. Speaker!—if you open your mouth, the Chiltern Hundreds is your portion.—Look ye—you are to be led quietly to the right side—to sleep during the debate—give a nod for your vote—and, in every respect, move like a mandarin, at my command;—in short, you are to be a mandarin member.—So, fare you well till we're both married.

[*Exit.*

Ennui. I've an idea—here's Neville.—In fact—he knows nothing of my marrying Louisa, nor shall he, till after the happy day.—Strange news, Neville.

Enter NEVILLE.

Nev. I've heard it all. Louisa is going to be married; but to whom I know not,—and my Lord persists in his fatal attachment to Lady Waitfor't.

Ennui. In fact—why fatal?

Nev. Because it is the source of every mischief.—While she maintains her power over him, I have no hope of love or fortune:—when my father died, he left his estate to my brother, relying on my lord providing for me—and now, how he deserts me!—and all owing to the artifices of an insidious woman.

Ennui. I've an idea—I comprehend her motive—she loves you.

Nev. Yes, 'tis too plain—and, because I would not listen to her advances, she has ruined me in my uncle's opinion, and degraded me in Louisa's;—but I will see Miss Courtney herself—I will hear my doom from her own mouth; and if she avoids me, I will leave her and this country for ever.

Enter PETER.

Peter. A letter, sir.

Nev. Without direction!—What can it mean

Peter. Sir, 'tis from Lady Waitfor't.—The serv-

ant who brought it said her ladyship had reasons for not directing it, which she would explain to you when she saw you. [*Exit.*

Nev. Oh, the old stratagem:—as it is not directed, she may swear it was designed for another person.

Sir, [*Reads.*

I have heard of your arrival at Bath; and, strange as my conduct may appear, I think it a duty I owe to the virtuous part of mankind, to promote their happiness as much as I can; I have long beheld your merit, and long wished to encourage it.—I shall be at home at six this evening. Yours,

A. WAITFOR'T.

Ennui. In fact—a very sentimental assignation, that would do as well for any other man.

Nev. If I show it to my lord, I know his bigotry is such, that he would, as usual, only suppose it a trick of my own—the more cause there is to condemn, the more he approves.

Ennui. I've an idea—he's incomprehensible.—In fact—who have we here?

Nev. As I live, Vapid, the dramatic author—he is come to Bath to pick up characters I suppose.

Ennui. In fact—pick up!

Nev. Yes—he has the ardor scribendi upon him so strong that he would rather you'd ask him to write an epilogue to a new play than offer him your whole estate—the theatre is his world, in which are included all his hopes and wishes.—In short, he is a dramatic maniac. And to such an extent does he carry his folly, that if he were not the best natured fellow in the world every body would kick him out of doors.

Ennui. Has he not a share of vanity in his composition.

Nev. Oh, yes—he fancies himself a great favourite with the women.

Ennui. Then I've an idea—I've got a thought, by

which you may revenge yourself on Lady Waitfor't —in fact—give him the letter—he'll certainly believe 'tis meant for himself.

Nev. My dear friend, ten thousand thanks!—We'll flatter his vanity, by persuading him she is young and beautiful, and my life on't it does wonders;—but, hush, he comes.

Enter VAPID.

Nev. Vapid! I rejoice to see you,—'tis a long time since we met; give me leave to introduce you to a particular friend of mine—Mr. Ennui—Mr. Vapid.

Ennui. I've an idea—you do me honour—Mr. Vapid, I shall be proud to be better acquainted with you —in fact—any thing of consequence stirring in the fashionable or political world?

Vapid. Some whispers about a new pantomime, sir,—nothing else.

Nev. And I'm afraid, in the present scarcity of good writers, we have little else to expect.—Pray, Vapid, how is the present dearth of genius to be accounted for; particularly dramatic genius?

Vapid. Why, as to dramatic genius, sir, the fact is this—to give a true picture of life, a man should enter into all its scenes,—should follow nature, sir—but modern authors plunder from one another—the mere shades of shadows.—Now, sir, for my part, I dive into the world—I search the heart of man;—'tis true I'm called a rake—but, upon my soul, I only game, drink, and intrigue, that I may be better able to dramatize each particular scene.

Nev. A good excuse for profligacy.—But tell me, Vapid, have you got any new characters since you came to Bath?

Vapid. 'Faith, only two—and those not very new either.

Ennui. In fact—may we ask what they are?

Vapid. If you don't write.

Nev. No, we certainly do not.

Vapid. Then I'll tell you:—The first is a charitable divine, who, in the weighty consideration how he shall best lavish his generosity, never bestows it at all:—and the other is a cautious apothecary, who, in determining which of two medicines is best for his patient, lets him die for want of assistance.—You understand me, I think this last will do something, eh?

Ennui. I've an idea—the apothecary would cut a good figure in a comedy.

Vapid. A comedy! pshaw! I mean him for a tragedy.

Ennui. In fact—I don't comprehend, nor, possibly, the town.

Vapid. I know it—that's the very thing—hark ye, I've found out a secret—what every body understands, nobody approves; and people always applaud most where they least comprehend.—There is a refinement, sir, in appearing to understand things incomprehensible—else whence arises the pleasure at an opera, a private play, or a speech in parliament? why, 'tis the mystery in all these things—'tis the desire to find out what nobody else can—to be thought wiser than others—therefore—you take me—the apothecary is the hero of my tragedy.

Nev. 'Faith, there is some reason in all this—and I'm amazed we have so many writers for the stage.

Vapid. So am I—and I think I'll write no more for an ungrateful public—you don't know any body that has a play coming out, do you?

Nev. No—why do you ask?

Vapid. He'll want an epilogue you know, that's all.

Nev. Why, you won't write him one, will you?

Vapid, I! oh Lord! no;—but genius ought to be encouraged, and as he's a friend of yours—what's the name of the play?

Nev. I really don't know any body that has written one.

Vapid. Yes, yes, you do.

Nev. Upon my word, I do not—a cousin of mine, indeed, wrote one for his amusement, but I don't think he could ever be prevailed on to produce it on the stage.

Vapid. He prevailed on!—the manager you mean—but what did you think of it?

Nev. I never read it, but am told it is a good play—and if performed, Vapid, he will be proud of your assistance.

Vapid. I speak in time, because it is material—many a dull play has been saved by a good epilogue.

Nev. True—but I had almost forgot.—Why, Vapid, the lady in the Grove will enlarge your knowledge amazingly.

Ennui. I've an idea—she's the pattern of perfection.

Nev. The paragon of beauty! Ah, Vapid! I would give worlds for the coldest expression in this letter.

Vapid. That letter!—what do you mean by that letter?

Nev. And you really pretend not to know the young Lady Waitfor't?

Vapid. No,—I hav'n't spoke to a woman at Bath,—but a sweet girl I danced with at the ball; and who she is, by the Lord, I don't know.

Nev. Well, but, Vapid—young Lady Waitfor't—she loves you to distraction.

Vapid. As I hope for fame, I never heard her name before.

Nev. Then she has heard yours, and admires your genius; however, read the letter, and be satisfied she loves you. [VAPID *reads.*

"Arrived at Bath—duty I owe—virtuous part of mankind—beheld your merit—wish to encourage—six this evening.—A Waitfor't—Grove.

Vapid. Yes, yes, it's plain enough now—she admires my talents!—It isn't the first time, Neville, this has happened.—Sweet fond fool!—I'll go and prepare myself directly.

Nev. Ay do, Vapid,—she'll be all on fire to see you.

Vapid. All on fire! I suppose so.—Write a play, Neville, write a play—you see the effect of the muses and graces when they unite—you see, Neville, you see——but, hold, hold—how the devil came you by this letter?

Nev. That's true enough. [*Aside.*] I'll tell you—I was at her party last night, and coming out of the room she slipt it into my hand, and desired me to direct it, and give it to you.—She has often spoke to me in your favour, and I did you all the good I could—however, to be sure it's no mistake, ask the servant, who admits you, if the name at the bottom is not her own hand-writing.

Vapid. Oh, no!—it's no mistake,—there's no doubt of the matter.—Write a play, Neville, write a play—and charm the ladies, you dog!—adieu! [*Exit.*

Ennui. I've an idea—if we've common fortune, this will do every thing.

Nev. No,—Lady Waitfor't's arts are numberless—she is so perfect a hypocrite, that I even doubt her confessing her real sentiments to her minion Willoughby; and when she does a bad action, she ever pretends 'tis from a good motive.

Enter VAPID.

Vapid. 'Gad, I forgot—you'll recollect the epilogue, Neville.

Nev. Yes,—I'll write to my cousin to-day.

Vapid. But, not a word of the love affair to him—any where else indeed it might do one a service—but never tell an intrigue to a dramatic author.

Ennui. In fact—why not, sir?

Vapid. Because it may furnish a scene for a comedy—I do it myself.—Indeed, I think the best part of an intrigue is the hopes of incident, or stage effect —however, I can't stay.

Nev. Nay, we'll walk with you—I, in pursuit of my brother—you, of your mistress.

Vapid. Ay, Neville, there it is—now, do take my advice, and write a play—if any incident happens, remember, it is better to have written a damned play, than no play at all—it snatches a man from obscurity—and being particular, as this world goes, is a very great thing.

Nev. But I confess I have no desire to get into print.

Vapid. Get into print!—pshaw! every body gets into print now.—Kings and quacks—peers and poets —bishops and boxers—tailors and trading justices—can't go lower, you know—all get into print!—But we soar a little higher,—we have privileges peculiar to ourselves.—Now, sir, I—I, for my part, can talk as I please,—say what I will, it is sure to excite mirth,—for, supposing you don't laugh at my wit, I laugh myself, Neville, and that makes every body else do the same—so allons!

Ennui. I've an idea—no bad mode of routing the enemy. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

An Apartment in LADY WAITFOR'T'S *House.—Two Chairs.*

Enter VAPID *and a* SERVANT.

Serv. Sir, my lady will wait on you immediately.

Vapid. Hark ye, sir—Is this young lady of yours very handsome?

Serv. Sir?

Vapid. Is your young mistress, sir, very handsome?

Serv. Yes, sir.—My young mistress is thought a perfect beauty.

Vapid. Charming!—What age do you reckon her?

Serv. About twenty, sir.

Vapid. The right interesting age! and fond of the drama, I suppose?

Serv. Sir?

Vapid. Very fond of plays, I presume?

Serv. Yes, sir, very fond of plays, or any thing relating to them.

Vapid. Delightful!—now am I the happiest dog alive:—yes, yes, Vapid! let the town damn your plays, the women will never desert you. [*Seats himself.*] You needn't stay, sir. [*Exit* SERVANT.] That's a good sign, that fellow isn't used to this kind of business—so much the better—practice is the destruction of love——yes, I shall indulge a beautiful woman, —gratify myself, and, perhaps, get the last scene for my unfinished comedy.

Enter LADY WAITFOR'T.

Lady. Sir, your most obedient.

Vapid. Ma'am. [*Bowing.*

Lady. Pray keep your seat, sir—I beg I mayn't disturb you.

Vapid. By no means, ma'am, give me leave—[*Both sit.*] Who the devil have we here? [*Aside.*

Lady. I am told, sir, you have business for Lady Waitfor't?

Vapid. Yes, ma'am—being my first appearance in that character, but I could wait whole hours for so beautiful a woman.

Lady. Oh, sir!

Vapid. Yes—I am no stranger to her charms——sweet young creature!

Lady. Nay, dear sir, not so *very* young.

Vapid. Your pardon, ma'am,—and her youth enhances her other merits.—But, oh! she has one charm that surpasses all.

Lady. Has she, sir?—What may that be?

Vapid. Her passion for the stage.

Lady. Sir!

Vapid. Yes, her passion for the stage. That, in my mind, makes her the first of her sex.

Lady. Sir, she has no passion for the stage.

Vapid. Yes, yes, she has.

Lady. But I protest she has not.

Vapid. But I declare and affirm it as a fact, she has a strong passion for the stage, and a violent attachment for all the people that belong to it.

Lady. Sir, I don't understand you—explain.

Vapid. Hark ye,—we are alone—promise it shall go no further, and I'll let you into a secret—I know——

Lady. Well, what do you know?

Vapid. I know a certain dramatic author with whom she——he had a letter from her this morning.

Lady. What?

Vapid. Yes,—an assignation—don't be alarmed—the man may be depended on—he is safe—very safe!—Long in the habit of intrigue—a good person too!—a very good person indeed.

Lady. Amazement!

Vapid. [*Whispering her.*] Hark ye, he means to make her happy in less than half an hour.

Lady. [*Rising.*] Sir, do you know who you're talking to?—do you know who I am?

Vapid. No,—How the devil should I?

Lady. Then know I am Lady Waitfor't!

Vapid. You Lady Waitfor't!

Lady. Yes, sir—the only Lady Waitfor't!

Vapid. Mercy on me!—here's incident!

Lady. Yes, and I am convinced you were sent here by that traitor, Neville.—Speak, is he not your friend?

Vapid. Yes, ma'am:—I know Mr. Neville.—Here's equivoque!

Lady. This is some trick, some stratagem of his.—He gave you the letter to perplex and embarrass me.

Vapid. Gave the letter! 'gad that's great.—Pray, ma'am, give me leave to ask you one question—Did you write to Mr. Neville?

Lady. Yes, sir,—to confess the truth, I did—but from motives——

Vapid. Stop, my dear ma'am, stop—I have it—now, let me be clear—first, you send him a letter; is it not so? yes: then he gives it to me—very well: then I come (supposing you only twenty) mighty well!—then you turn out ninety—charming!—then comes the embarrassment: then the eclaircissement! Oh! it's glorious—Give me your hand—you have atoned for every thing.

Lady. O! I owe all this to that villain, Neville—I am not revengeful—but 'tis a weakness to endure

such repeated provocations, and I am convinced the mind that too frequently forgives bad actions, will at last forget good ones.

Vapid. Bravo! encore, encore—it is the very best sentiment I ever heard—say it again, pray say it again—I'll take it down, and blend it with the incident, and you shall be gratified, one day or other, with seeing the whole on the stage.—"The mind that too frequently forgives bad actions will at last forget good ones."

[*Taking it down in his common place book.*

Lady. This madman's folly is not to be borne—if my Lord too should discover him [VAPID *sits and takes notes.*] here, the consequences might be dreadful, and the scheme of Ennui's play all undone.—Sir, I desire you'll quit my house immediately—Oh! I'll be revenged, I'm determined. [*Exit.*

Vapid. What a great exit!—Very well!—I've got an incident, however.—'Faith, I have noble talents—to extract gold from lead has been the toil of numberless philosophers; but I extract it from a baser metal, human frailty—Oh! it's a great thing to be a dramatic genius!—a very great thing indeed. [*As he is going*

Enter LORD SCRATCH.

Vapid. Sir, your most devoted,——How d'ye do?

Lord. Sir, your most obedient.

Vapid. Very warm tragedy weather, sir!—but, for my part, I hate summer, and I'll tell you why,—the theatres are shut, and when I pass by their doors in an evening it makes me melancholy—I look upon them as the tombs of departed friends that were wont to instruct and delight me—I don't know how you feel—perhaps you are not in my way?

Lord. Sir!

Vapid. Perhaps you don't write for the stage—if

you do,—hark ye—there is a capital character in this house for a farce.

Lord. Why! what is all this—who are you?

Vapid. Who am I?—here's a question! in these times who can tell who he is?—for aught I know I may be great uncle to yourself, or first cousin to Lady Waitfor't—the very woman I was about to—but no matter—since you're so very inquisitive, do you know who you are?

Lord. Look ye, sir, I am Lord Scratch.

Vapid. A peer! pshaw! contemptible;—when I ask a man who he is, I don't want to know what are his titles, and such nonsense; no, old Scratch, I want to know what he has written, when he had the curtain up, and whether he's a true son of the drama.—Hark ye, don't make yourself uneasy on my account—In my next pantomine, perhaps, I'll let you know who I am, old Scratch. [*Exit.*

Lord. Astonishing! can this be Lady Waitfort's house—"Very warm tragedy weather, sir!" "In my next pantomine let you know who I am." —Gad, I must go and investigate the matter immediately; and, if she has wronged me, by the blood of the Scratches, I'll bring the whole business before parliament, make a speech ten hours along, reduce the price of opium, and set the nation in a lethargy. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Library in LADY WAITFOR'T'S *House.—A Sofa and two Chairs.*

Enter VAPID.

Vapid. Either this house is a labyrinth, or I, in reflecting on my incident, have forgot myself; for so

it is, I can't find my way out—who have we here? by the sixtieth night, my little partner!

Enter MARIANNE *with a Book in her Hand.*

Mari. The poet I danced with!—he little thinks how much I've thought of him since.—Sir.

[*Courtesying.*

Vapid. Ma'am. [*Bowing.*]

Mari. I hope, sir, you caught no cold the other night?

Vapid. No, ma'am, I was much nearer a fever than a cold.—Pray, ma'am, what is your study?

Mari. I have been reading "All for Love."—Pray, sir, do you know any think about plays?

Vapid. Know any thing about plays!—there's a question!

Mari. I know so much about them, that I once acted at a private theatre.

Vapid. Did you? Then you acted for your own amusement, and nobody's else: what was the play?

Mari. I can't tell.

Vapid. Can't tell!

Mari. No—nobody knew—it's a way they have.

Vapid. Then they never act a play of mine.—With all this partiality for the stage—perhaps you would be content with a dramatist for life—particularly if his morals were fine?

Mari. Lord! I don't care about fine morals—I'd rather my husband had fine teeth—and I'm told most women of fashion are of the same opinion.

Vapid. To be sure they are—but could you really consent to run away with a poet?

Mari. 'Faith—with all my heart—they never have any money, you know, and as I have none, our distress would be complete; and, if we had any luck, our adventures would become public, and then we should get into a novel at last.

Vapid. Into a prison more probably—if she goes on in this way, I must dramatize her first—and run away with her afterwards. [*Aside.*] Come, are you ready?

Lady W. [*Without.*] Tell my lord, sir, I'll wait in the library.

Mari. Oh, lord! my aunt, what's to be done?

Vapid. What's to be done!—why?

Mari. She mustn't find you here—she'll be the death of us, she is so violent.

Vapid. Well, I'm not afraid—she's no manager.

Mari. If you have any pity for me—here—hide yourself for a moment behind this sofa, and I'll get her out of the room directly.

Vapid. Behind the sofa! here's an incident!

Mari. Nay—pray—she's here! come—quick!—quick!—

[VAPID *gets behind the Sofa,* MARIANNE *sits on it, takes out her work-bag, and begins singing*——

Mari. Toll de roll, &c.

Enter LADY WAITFOR'T.

Lady. Marianne, how came you here? I desire you'll leave the room directly.

Mari. Leave the room, aunt?

Lady. Yes, leave the room immediately—what are you looking at?

Mari. Nothing, aunt, nothing—Lord! lord! what will become of poor, poor Mr. Poet? [*Exit.*

Lady. So—here's my lord—now, to mention Ennui's play, and if it does but prejudice him against him, Willoughby marries Louisa, and Neville is in my own power.

Enter LORD SCRATCH.

Lord. That curst pantomime ruffian! nobody knows any thing about him—perhaps my lady has

got a sudden touch of the dramatic mania, and prefers him—here she is—now if she would talk about the stage.

Lady. Pray be seated, my lord—I want to ask you a favour.

Lord. Ask me a favour! Is it possible!

[*They sit.*

Lady. Yes, for your friend Ennui—what do you think he has done?

Lord. What?

Lady. Turned author.—He has written a comedy.

Lord. A comedy!—she has it.

Lady. Yes—it's very true, and it has been approved of by men of the first dramatic fame.

Lord. Dramatic fame! she has it!—dam'me, she has it!

Lady. Nay, if you need farther proof, my lord, it has been approved by the manager of one of the theatres, and the curtain is to draw up next winter.

Lord. The curtain draw up!—Look ye, madam, I care no more for the manager or his theatre——

Lady. Now, my lord, the favour I have to ask of you is this—promise me to peruse the play, make alterations, and write the epilogue.

Lord. The epilogue! fire and forefathers!

[LADY *holds him.*

Lady. Ay, or the prologue.

Lord. The prologue! blood and gunpowder!

[VAPID *comes from behind the sofa, and smacks him on the back.*

Vapid. Prologue or epilogue—I'm the man—I'll write you both.

Lord. There he is again!

Lady. Oh! I shall faint with vexation!—My lord, I desire you'll misinterpret nothing—every thing shall be explained to you.—Marianne!

Lord. Here's the curtain up with a vengeance!

Enter MARIANNE.

Lady. Answer me directly, how came that gentleman in this apartment? I know it is some trick of yours.

Vapid. [*Coming down the stage.*] To be sure, never any thing was so fortunate!—upon my soul, I beg your pardon: but, curse me if I can help laughing, to think how lucky it was for you both I happened to be behind the sofa!—ha! ha! ha!

Mari. [*As if taking the hint.*] 'Faith, no more can I—to be sure it was the luckiest thing in the world! ha! ha! ha!

[*Here they both laugh loud, and point to my* LORD *and* LADY WAITFOR'T, *who stand between them in amazement.*

Lady. Sir, I insist you lay aside this levity, and instantly explain how you came in this room.

Lord. Ay, sir—explain.

Vapid. Never fear old lady—I'll bring you off depend on't.

Lady. Bring me off, sir! speak out, sir, how came you in this apartment?

Vapid. With all my heart—by her ladyship's own appointment.

Lady. My own appointment!——I shall run wild.

Vapid. To be sure—you have hardly forgot your own hand writing.

Lord. Her own hand-writing!—get on, sir—I beseech you, get on.

Vapid. Why, look ye, old Scratch—you seem to be an admirer of this lady's.—Now I think it my duty as a moral dramatist—a moral dramatist, sir; mark that—to expose hypocrisy—therefore, sir, there is the letter, read it, and be convinced of your error.

Lord. Very well; have you done, sir—have you

done?—consider I'm a peer of the realm, and I shall die if I don't talk.

Vapid. And now, sir, I must beg a favour of you—[*Gets close to him.*]—keep the whole affair secret, for if it gets hacknied it loses its force.—To bring it all on the stage: hush! say nothing—it will have a capital effect, and brother bards will wonder where I stole it—your situation will be wonderful—you hav'n't an idea how ridiculous you will look—you will laugh very much at yourself I assure you.

Lord. What is all this! Well, now I will speak—I'll wait no longer.

Vapid. Yes, yes, I shall take care of you,—Falstaff in the buck-basket will be nothing to it—he was only the dupe of another man's wife—you'll be the dupe of your own, you know—"think of that, Master Brook, think of that." Well, your servant. [*Exit.*

Lord. He's gone without hearing me!—then there's an end of every thing, for here I stand, once a barrister—since a country gentleman, and now a peer; and, though I have made twenty attempts to speak, I can't be heard a syllable—mercy! what will this world come to! a peer and not to be heard!

Lady. My lord—assured of my innocence, I have no doubt of justifying my own conduct, and even by means of that letter increasing your affection.—It was written to another person—your ungrateful nephew.

Lord. My nephew?

Lady. Yes, sir, I could not perceive him losing the esteem of his friends, without having the desire to reclaim him—indeed, I knew no better mode of fulfilling my project, than by personally warning him of his situation.—For this purpose I wrote that letter, and I never thought it would have been thus misused.—If there is any improper warmth in the expressions, it only proceeds from my anxiety of

ensuring an interview.—I hope, sir, you are satisfied,

Lord. Why, I believe you my lady; and I should be perfectly satisfied if I could forget your passion for the stage, and that madman behind the sofa.

Lady. As to that, sir, this young lady can best inform you.—I desired him to leave the house an hour ago.

Mari. [*Aside.*] I'm afraid my only way is to confess all.—My lord, if I confess the truth, I hope you'll prevail on my aunt to forgive me.

Lord. Tell what you know, and I'll answer for your forgiveness.

Mari. Why, sir, I found the gentleman alone, and not having had a *tete-a-tete* a long time, I pressed him to stay, and on hearing your voice, I put him behind the sofa—that you might not think any thing had happened—and, indeed, sir, nothing did happen—upon my word he's as quiet, inoffensive a gentleman as yourself.

Lord. My fears are over. Oh! you finished composition! come to my arms, and when I suspect you again—[*Coughs much.*]—this curst cough, it takes one so suddenly.

Enter ENNUI.

Ennui. I've an idea—Floriville is arrived—in fact—I just now spoke to him.

Lord. Floriville arrived!—Come, my lady—let's go see what his travels have done for him.—Hark ye, Ennui—prepare for your interview with Louisa, and remember you make a mandarin member.—Come, my lady—nay, never irritate your feelings.

[*Exeunt* LORD *and* LADY.

Mari. So—poor Mr. Neville is to lose Miss Courtney.—Her present quarrel with him is so violent, that she may marry this ideot merely in revenge.—If I could dupe him now and ensure her contempt.—I'll

try.—Mr. Ennui, have you seen your intended wife yet?

Ennui. No

Mari. So I thought—why you'll never please her while you remain as you are.—You must alter your manners.—She is all life!—all spirits!—and loves a man the very opposite to you.

Ennui. I've an idea—I'm very sorry—in fact—how can I please her?

Mari. There's the difficulty—let me see—the sort of man she prefers is—you know Sir Harry Hustle?—a man all activity and confidence!—who does every thing from fashion and glories in confessing it.

Ennui. Sir Harry Hustle?—in fact—he's a modern blood of fashion.

Mari. I know—that's the reason she likes him, and you must become the same, if you wish to win her affection—a new dress—bold looks—a few oaths, and much swaggering effects the business. [ENNUI *puts himself in attitudes.*] Ay, that's right, you are the very man already.

Ennui. I'm a lad of fashion!—eh, dam'me!—I've an idea—I shall fall asleep in the midst of it.

Mari. No, no;—go about it directly—see Sir Harry Hustle, and study your conversation before hand—but remember Louisa is so fond of fashion, that you can't boast too much of its vices and absurdities.

Ennui. If virtue was the fashion, I should be virtuous!—I should, dam'me!

Mari. Ay, that's the very thing—well—good bye, Mr. Ennui—success attend you—mind you talk enough.

Ennui. Talk!—I'll talk till I fall asleep!—I will, dam'me! [*Exit swaggering.*—MARIANNE *laughing.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

A Saloon in LADY WAITFOR'T'S *House.*

LOUISA *discovered reading.*

Louisa. Heigho! these poets are wonderfully tiresome—always on the same theme—nothing but love—I'm weary of it. [*Lays down the book and rises.*] Ungenerous Neville! how could he use me so cruelly? to attempt to gain my affections, and then address another! Lady Waitfor't has convinced me of the fact—I can never forgive him: yet, I fear I love him still—well, I'll even go examine my heart, and determine whether I do love him or not.

Enter NEVILLE *as she is going out.*

Mr. Neville!—I thought, sir, I had desired we might never meet again.

Nev. 'Tis true, madam, and I meant to obey your commands, hard as they were, implicitly obey them—but I came hither to welcome my brother, and not to intrude on the happiness of her I am doomed to avoid.

Louisa. If I remember, sir, truth was ever among the foremost of your virtues?

Nev. Yes—and I am confident you have no reason to doubt it—though you have cause to censure my presumption, you have none to suspect my fidelity.

Louisa. Oh, no!—I don't suspect your fidelity in

the least; but when people are faithful to more than one, you know, Mr. Neville——

Nev. I don't understand you, ma'am.

Louisa. It is no matter, Mr. Neville—you may spare yourself any trouble in attempting to justify your conduct—I am perfectly satisfied, sir, I'll assure you. [*Going.*

Nev. Oh, do not leave me in this anxious state—perhaps this is the last time we shall ever meet; and to part thus, would embitter every future moment of my life. Indeed, I have no hopes that concern not your happiness—no wishes that relate not to your esteem.

Louisa. Sir, I will freely confess to you, had you shown the least perseverance in your affection, or sincerity in your behaviour, I could have heard your addresses with pleasure; but to listen to them now, Mr. Neville, would be to approve a conduct my honour prompts me to resent and my pride to despise.

Nev. Then I am lost indeed!—'Tis to the perfidious Lady Waitfor't I owe all this—my present

Enter LADY WAITFOR'T *behind.*

misery—my future pain—are all the product of her jealous rage!—She is so vile a hypocrite, that—

Lady. [*Coming forward.*] Who is a hypocrite, sir?

Nev. Madam!

Lady. Who is a hypocrite, sir? answer me.

Nev. Ask your own heart, that can best inform you.

Lady. Tell me, Mr. Neville, what have I done that you dare insult me thus?

Nev. What have you done! look on that lady, madam;—there all my hopes and wishes were combined!—there was the very summit of my bliss!—I thought I had attained it; but in the moment of my happiness, you came, crushed every hope, and baffled all my joys.

Lady. Upon my word, sir, very romantic—but I thank heaven, I look for approbation in a better opinion than that of Mr. Neville's.

Nev. 'Tis well you do, madam; for were I your judge, your punishment should be exemplary.—But I'll waste words no more—I only hope [*To* LOUISA.] you, madam, are satisfied that one of my errors may at least be forgiven, and this last suspicion for ever blotted from your memory.

Lady. Sir—from that lady's forgiveness you have nothing to expect—if she consents to pardon you, I'll take care my lord never shall.

Nev. No—I do not hope for forgiveness—I have heard her determination; and, cruel as it is, to that I must resign;—she may be assured I never will intrude where I know I offend.

Louisa. Do you then leave us, Mr. Neville?

Nev. Yes, madam—and for ever!——May you be as blest in the gratification of your hopes as I have been wretched in the disappointment of mine.

[*Exit.*

Lady. Tyrant! I wish he had stayed to hear reason—I hope he is not serious in leaving us.

Louisa. You hope!—Why does it concern you?

Lady. Oh! no further than from that general love I bear mankind.—You forget my feelings on these occasions, Louisa.

Louisa. Yes, indeed—I have too much reason to attend to my own.—You'll excuse me—I have particular business—I'll return immediately. [*Exit.*

Lady. Oh! the cause of her confusion is evident—she loves him still—but they shall never meet again—I have already sent a letter to Willoughby, which imparts a scheme I have long cherished. My lord, in his anger about my stage mania, has forgot Ennui's play; so, that there may be no bars to Willoughby's happiness, I am determined Louisa shall be his this very night.

Enter LORD SCRATCH.

Lord. Here's a spectacle for a peer! Floriville is below, and has returned from his travels a finished coxcomb.—I'll not give him a farthing.

Lady. Nay, my lord, perhaps you may be mistaken.

Lord. Mistaken! no—he has travelled, not to see, but to say he had seen.

Enter MARIANNE *with a French Watch and Chain.*

Mari. Oh, uncle-in-law! look here—I never saw any thing so elegant in all my life.

Lord. Whose present is this?

Mari. Whose!—why the sweet gentleman's just arrived from Italy—Lord! he's a dear man!—He has promised to do every thing for me—to get me a fortune—to get me a husband—to get me a——

Lord. Hush! you don't know what you are talking about.

Mari. Yes, but I do, though—he has told me every thing—Lord! I have heard such things!—Come here, near—[LORD SCRATCH *gets close to her.*] get my aunt out of the room and I'll tell you stories that shall make your old heart bound again! Hush! do it quietly—I will, upon my honour.—What an old fool it is! [*Aside.*

Lady. Marianne, you mustn't listen to Mr. Floriville—for travellers may persuade you into any thing—and many a woman has been ruined in one country by being told it is the fashion in another.

Lord. Here he comes: I see, as plain as my peerage, I sha'n't keep my temper.

Enter FLORIVILLE.

Flor. Ladies, a thousand pardons, for not waiting

on you before, but this is the first vacant moment I have had since my arrival in Bath.

Mari. Sir, your coming at all is taken as a very great compliment, I'll assure you.

Lady. Leave the room immediately—no reply—I will be obeyed—[*To* MARIANNE, *who exits.*] Mr. Floriville, we are very happy to see you.

Flor. Ma'am, you do me honour—my lord, where's Harry?—I thought to have found him here;—what! he didn't choose to stay?—so much the better—it shows he's not a man of ceremony—we do the same in Italy. But, hark ye, uncle—is this the lady I'm to call my aunt?

Lord. My gorge is rising: I shall certainly do him a mischief.

Flor. [*Spying at her.*] Rather experienced or so—a little antique, eh!—however, the same motive that makes her a good aunt to me, will make her a good wife to you—you understand me?

Lord. Dam'me if I do.

Flor. Well, well, no matter—come, I want to hear every thing—to know what remarkable occurrences have happened since I left England.—Pray, Lady Waitfor't inform me—do let me know every little circumstance.

Lady. Rather, sir, we should ask of you what happened in your travels?

Flor. Oh, nothing so shocking!—no man can be the herald of his own praise.

Lady. Yes, sir—but I wish to know how you like the Chapel of Loretto, the Venus de Medicis of Florence, the Vatican at Rome, and all the numberless curiosities peculiar to the countries you have travelled through?

Lord. Look ye—I'll answer for it, he knows nothing of the gentlemen you mention—do you, my sweet pretty?—Oh! you damned puppy!

Flor. Why swear, my lord?

Lord. Swear, my lord! Zounds! it's my prerogative, and by——tell me how you spent your time, sir?

Flor. Why, in contemplating living angels, not dead antiquities;—in basking in the rays of beauty, not mouldering in the dust of ancestry;—in mirth, festivity, and pleasure; not study, pedantry, and retirement.—Oh, I have lived, sir! lived for myself, not an ungrateful world, who, should I die a martyr to their cause, would only laugh and wonder at my folly.

Lady. You seem to know the world, Mr. Floriville.

Flor. No, ma'am, I know little of mankind and less of myself—I have no pilot, but my pleasures;—no mistress, but my passions;—and I don't believe if it was to save my life, I could reason consequentially for a minute together.

Lord. Granted:—you have seen every thing worth seeing, yet know nothing worth knowing;—and now you have just knowledge enough to prove yourself a fool on every subject.

Flor. Vastly well, my lord—upon my word you improve with your title, but I am perfectly satisfied, believe me—for what I don't know, I take for granted is not worth knowing—therefore we'll call another topic.—I'm in love, my lord.

Lord. In love!—with who, sir?

Flor. Can't you guess?

Lord. No, sir, I cannot.

Flor. With one that will please you very much—at least, ought to please you—you'll be in raptures, dear uncle.

Lord. Raptures! and you shall be in agonies my dear nephew.

Flor. You have known one another a long while, yet you hav'n't met for years—you have loved one another a long while, yet you quarrelled not an hour ago

—you have differed from one another all your lives, yet you are likely to be friends as long as you live—and, above all, the person is now in the house.

Lord. In this house! let me know who it is this moment, or by the blood of the Scratches——

Flor. One who has charms enough to set the world on fire;—one who has fortune enough to set a state at war, sir;—one who has talents, health, and prosperity, and yet not half what the person deserves:—can you tell now, sir?

Lord. No, sir, and if you don't tell this instant—

Flor. Then I'll tell you, [*Slaps him on the back.*] it's myself, sir! my own charming self!—I have searched the world over, and I don't find any thing I like half so well. [*Walks up the stage.*

Lord. I won't disgrace myself—I won't lower the dignity of peerage by chastising a commoner;—else, you Prince of Butterflies——come, my lady——look ye, sir—I intend to be handed down to posterity; and, while you are being lampooned in ballads and newspapers, I mean to cut a figure in the History of England:—so, come along, my lady—in the History of England, you coxcomb!

[*Exeunt* LORD *and* LADY.

Flor. If the face is the picture of the mind, that intended aunt of mine is a great hypocrite, and the story I heard of the poet proves it.—But now for a frolic—'gad it's very strange I could never reform, and become a serious thinking being—but what's the use of thinking?

Reason stays till we call, and then not oft is near,
But honest instinct comes a volunteer!— [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment in LADY WAITFOR'T'S *House.*

Enter WILLOUGHBY *and* SERVANT.

Will. [*To* SERVANT.] Tell your mistress I shall be punctual to the appointment. [*Exit* SERVANT.] So, thanks to fortune, Lady Waitfor't has at length consented to my entreaties, and this night makes Louisa mine for ever!—now to read the letter once more.

[*Reads.*

Louisa accompanies me to-night to Lady Walton's, which you know is at the extremity of the town—on some pretence or other I'll tell her I have ordered the servant at the back gate which adjoins the paddock—there I'll leave her—and if you have a chaise waiting near the spot, you may conduct her where you please.—You know my feelings on this occasion, but it is for her good only, I'll assure you—she don't deserve it, Mr. Willoughby:—indeed she don't deserve it."

A. WAITFOR'T.

So—this is beyond my hopes!—ha! my Lord, and Louisa with him, come to receive Ennui, whom, to my astonishment, I met just now swearing and capering, and boasting of the vices of fashion—but no matter—I must to the rendezvous immediately—now, Louisa, tremble at my vengeance! [*Exit.*

Enter LORD SCRATCH *and* LOUISA.

Lord. Yes, yes:—Ennui will be here in an instant—but he's so reserved—and so mild—

Louisa. So I understand, sir—and so very silent that he won't talk so much in a year, as I intend in an hour.

Lord. I know—that's the reason I bring him into parliament—he'll never speak—only say "Ay", or

"No," and be up stairs to beef-steaks in an instant, [*Knock.*] Here he is!—now encourage him—don't mind his diffidence—

Louisa. No, sir—I'll do all in my power to make him talk.

Lord. That's well—I'll leave you together—I won't interrupt you, [*Stamping without.*] Odso!—I must get out of the way—encourage him, Louisa—I beseech you encourage him! [*Exit.*

Ennui. [*Without.*] Stand by! no ceremony dam'me!—

Louisa. Heaven!—is this diffidence?

Enter ENNUI *and* SERVANT.

Ennui. Get down stairs, you dog—get down—[*Exit* SERVANT.] Here I am, ma'am:—ease is every thing—I'll seat myself—now for business!—yaw—aw. [*Yawns aside.*

Louisa. Sir!

Ennui. In one word, I'll tell you my character—I'm a lad of fashion—I love gaming—I hate thinking—I like racing—I despise reading—I patronize boxing—I detest reasoning—I pay debts of honour,—not honourable debts—in short, I'll kick your servants—cheat your family, and fight your guardian—and so if you like me, take me—heh, dam'me!—I'm tired already!—yaw—aw. [*Yawns aside.*

Louisa. Astonishing!—Mr. Ennui—

Ennui. Ma'am? yaw—aw. [*Aside.*

Louisa. Mr. Ennui, can you be in your senses?

Ennui. In fact—I don't comprehend [*Forgetting himself.*]—Oh—ay—senses! [*Recollecting himself.*] a lad of fashion in his senses!—that's a very good joke!—if one of us had any sense, the rest would shut him up in a cabinet of curiosities, or show him as a wonderful animal:—they would, dam'me!—I can't support it!—yaw—aw. [*Yawns aside.*

Louisa. So, you glory in your ignorance?

Ennui. Ma'am—yaw—aw. *Aside.*

Louisa. So, you glory in your ignorance—in your vices?

Ennui. I've an idea—I can't understand—[*Forgetting himself.*]—vices! Oh:—ay, dam'me, to be sure; [*Recollecting himself.*] you must be wicked, or you can't be visited—singularity is every thing—every man must get a character, and I'll tell you how I first got mine:—I pretended to intrigue with my friend's wife—paragraphed myself in the newspapers, —got caricatured in the print-shops—made the story believed—was abused by every body—noticed for my gallantry by every body—and at length visited by every body—I was, dam'me!—I'm curst sleepy, —yaw—aw. [*Yawns aside.*

Louisa. Incredible!—but if singularity is your system, perhaps being virtuous would make you as particular as any thing.

Ennui. Vastly well!—'gad, you're like me, a wit, and don't know it. [*Taking out his watch.*] How goes the enemy?—more than half the day over!—tol de rol lol! [*Humming a tune.*] I'm as happy as if I was at a fire or a general riot.—Come to my arms, thou angel—thou—[*As he goes to embrace her,* LORD SCRATCH *enters—he embraces him.*] Ah—Scratch! —my friend Scratch!—sit down, my old boy—sit down—we've settled every thing. [*Forces him into a chair and sits by him.*]

Lord. Why—what is all this?

Ennui. She's to intrigue and you and I are to go halves in the damages—some rich old Nabob—we'll draw him into *crim. con.*—bring an action directly, and a ten thousand pound verdict at least—eh, dam'me!—

Lord. Why he's mad!—that dramatic maniac has bit him.

Ennui. Get a divorce—marry another and go halves again, dam'me!

Lord. [*Rising.*] Why, look ye, you impostor! you—didn't you come here to pay your addresses to this lady? and wasn't I to bring you into parliament, for your quiet silent disposition?

Ennui. [*Pushing him out of his way.*] Hold your tongue! out of the way, Scratch!—out of the way, or I'll do you a mischief—I will, dam'me!—Zounds!—a'nt I at the top of the beau monde? and don't I set the fashions?—if I was to cut off my head, wouldn't half the town do the same?—they would, dam'me!—I get sleepy again!—yaw—aw. [*Aside.*

Lord. Here now!—here's a mandarin member;—why, he'd have bred a civil war!—made ten long speeches in a day!—cut your head off, indeed!—curse me but I wish you would—you must be silent then—you couldn't talk without a head, could you?

Ennui. Yes, in parliament—as well without a head as with one—do you think a man wants a head for a long speech, dam'me!

Enter SERVANT.

Servant. Her ladyship is waiting, ma'am.

Louisa. Oh, I attend her—Mr. Ennui, your most obedient.

Ennui. [*Taking her hand.*] With your leave, ma'am.—You see, Scratch—you see.

Lord. Why, Louisa!—

Ennui. Keep your distance, Scratch—contemplate your superiors—look at me with the same awful respect a city beau looks at a prince—this way, most angelic—Scratch, cut your head off—this way, most angelic. [*Exit with* LOUISA.

Lord. Here's treatment!—was ever poor peer so tormented?—what am I to do?—I'll go to Lady Waitfor't, for from her alone I meet relief—find a silent member, indeed!—by my privilege one might as soon find a pin in the ocean—charity in a bench of bishops—or wit in Westminster-hall! [*Exit.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

The Paddock near LADY WALTON'S *House—A View of the House at a distance and partly moonlight.*

WILLOUGHBY *alone.*

'Tis past the hour Lady Waitfor't appointed—why does she delay? I cannot have mistaken the place—yonder's Lady Walton's house—Oh! 'would all were past, and Louisa safely mine! I hear a noise—by heaven 'tis she! and with her all my happiness—I'll withdraw a while and observe them. [*Retires.*

Enter LADY WAITFOR'T *and* LOUISA COURTNEY.

Louisa. My dear Lady Waitfor't, why do you loiter here? you cannot find your servants in this place—let us return to Lady Walton's.

Lady. No, no, they must be here—I ordered them to wait in this very spot to avoid confusion. What can have become of Willoughby? [*Aside.*

Louisa. If you have the least sense of fear for yourself, or regard for me, I beg we may return to Lady Walton's.

Lady. No, no, I tell you I ordered William at the back gate, that he might conduct us through the paddock to our carriage; you know we might have been whole hours getting through the crowd the other way—do be a little patient, hav'n't I as much reason to be alarmed as yourself?

Louisa. Yes, but you have not the apprehension I have; I don't know why, but I am terrified beyond description.

Lady. Well, well, never fear; [*Looking out.*] Oh, yonder's Willoughby! now for the grand design! [*Aside.*] Louisa, if you'll wait here a moment I'll

step to the next gate, and see if they are there;—they cannot escape us then.

Louisa. No, no, don't leave me;—I wouldn't stay by myself for the world.

Lady. Ridiculous! can't you protect yourself for an instant? must you be all your life watched like a baby in leading-strings? Oh! I am ashamed of you—only wait a moment, lest they pass by in my absence, and I'll return to you immediately.

Louisa. Well: don't stay.

Lady. Stay! what have you to be frightened at? I shall not be out of call;—besides, if there's any fear of a personal attack, may not I be as terrified as yourself? It isn't the first time, I'll assure you; but that's no matter;—show yourself a woman of spirit, and at least, emulate one of my virtues.—Now, Willoughby, the rest is thine! [*Exit.*

WILLOUGHBY *comes forward.*

Willoughby. Be not alarmed, Miss Courtney.

Louisa. Mr. Willoughby!

Willoughby. Yes, madam; the man you most avoid.

Louisa. Tell me, sir, immediately, how, and by whose appointment, you came here?

Willoughby. By love, madam; the same passion that has prompted me to pursue you for years, now happily conducts me hither;—I come to lessen your fears, not to increase them.

Louisa. Then, leave me, sir, I can protect myself.

Willoughby. No, not till you have heard and pitied me; I have been long your suitor, and long scorned by you; you have treated me with indifference, and preferred my inferiors; how I have deserved all this, yourself can best explain, but, to prove all former cruelties are forgotten, I here offer you my hand, and with it, my heart.

Louisa. Sir, this is no time for hearing you on this subject; if you wish to oblige me, leave me

Willoughby. No, not till I am answered;—years may elapse ere I shall have another opportunity like the present, therefore no time can be so well as now.

Louisa. Then I command you to leave me,—I will not be threatened into a compliance.

Willoughby. Look ye, Miss Courtney—I would avoid taking advantage of your situation—start not—but if you persist in your contempt of me, I know not to what extremities passion may hurry me; I have every motive for redress; and, if you do not instantly give me your word, to prefer me to that beggar Neville, I may do that my cooler sense would scorn.

Louisa. Beggar, sir!

Willoughby. Yes; and were he not beneath my resentment, I'd tell you more;—but he is too poor —too—

Louisa. Hold, sir; did you resemble him, I might esteem, nay, adore you; but as you are, I loath, I despise, I defy you;—you take advantage of my situation!—Hear me, sir,—though not a friend is near,—though night opposes me, and Heaven deserts me, yet can I smile upon your menaces, and make you tremble, villain as you are.

Willoughby. Have a care, madam! another declaration like that, and I'll delay no longer;—I'll force you to my purpose.

Louisa. You dare not, on your life you dare not.

Willoughby. Nay, then—I am not to be terrified by threats,—[*Lays hold of her.*] all struggling is in vain; this moment gratifies my revenge.—away!

Louisa. Off,—let me go! Oh, help! help!

[*As he is forcing her out, enter* FLORIVILLE, *half drunk.*]

Flor. "Donne, donne, donne, dow." [*Singing part of an Italian air.*] Oh, this burgundy's a glorious liquor! hey-day! who have we here?

Louisa. Oh, sir! if you have any pity for an injured, helpless woman, assist one who never knew distress till now!

Flor. Go on, ma'am, go on—both damn'd drunk I perceive.

Louisa. Do not be deaf to my entreaties—do not desert me—

Flor. Go on, ma'am, go on—I love oratory in a woman.

Louisa. Gracious Heaven! how have I deserved all this? I see, sir, you avoid me. I see you are indifferent to my fate.

Flor. No, ma'am, you wrong me—but in Italy—observe—we always take these things coolly—now, sir, will you explain?

Willoughby. No, sir, I will not.

Flor. You will not?

Willoughby. No, sir, and I warn you not to listen to the wild ravings of a senseless woman—it may be better for you, sir.

Flor. Why so, Prince Prettiman?

Willoughby. No matter, sir, I will not be amused from my purpose.

Flor. You won't, old Pluto, won't you? then, ma'am, observe! you shall behold my mode of fighting—I'll kill him like a gentleman, and he shall die without a groan;—you'll be delighted, ma'am—I learnt it all in Italy.—Come, Belzebub, are you ready?

Willoughby. 'Sdeath! what can I do? he is drunk, perhaps I may disarm him.

Flor. Now, thou original sin, thou prince of darkness! come out; never let her see thy black infernal visage more; or, by my life, I'll pulverize you—you see, ma'am, no bad orator either—learnt it all in Italy.

Willoughby. Come on, sir.

Flor. Ay, now old Sisyphus, push home—but

fight like a gentleman if you can; for remember, there is a lady in company—observe, ma'am, observe; you won't see it again. [*They fight.*—FLORIVILLE *disarms* WILLOUGHBY.]

Flor. What, vanquished, Tarquin? hah! hah! [*Parrying up and down the stage by himself.*—You see, ma'am, you see!—Oh! Italy's your only country!—Now, ma'am, would you have me kill him here "in Allegro," or postpone it, that you may have the pleasure of pinking him yourself "in Penseroso?"

Louisa. [*Coming near* FLORIVILLE, *and discovering him.*] Floriville, my deliverer!—generous man!—No, sir, whatever are his crimes, do not kill him; his greatest punishment will be to live.

Flor. There then, caitiff, take your sword, and, d'ye hear? retire;—that black front of thine offends the lady;—if you want another flourish, you will soon find Floriville—abscond.

Willoughby. Sir, you shall hear from me—distraction? [*Exit.*

Flor. And now, my dear little angel, how can I assist you? I'm very sorry that I can't help it—I'm cursed drunk, and not proper company for a lady of your dignity,—but I won't affront you,—I mean to make myself agreeable, and if I do not—it is the fault of that place, [*Pointing to his head.*] and not of this. [*Pointing to his heart.*]

Louisa. Sir, your conduct has endeared you to me for ever; and while I live, your generosity and valour shall be engraven on my heart.

Flor. Gently, gently, have a care, make no declarations; if you are in love with me, as I suppose you are, keep it secret,—for at this moment you might raise a flame that would consume us both;—poor creature! how fond she is of me! any other time I would indulge her, but not now—[*Looks at her sometime, then runs and kisses her*

hand.]—Oh, you paragon!—"Angels must paint to look as fair as you."—[*Goes from her again.*]—I'll leave you, or, by Heaven, it will be all over with us.

Louisa. No, no, don't desert me! alas! I have no way left but to commit myself to your care—if I could bring him to recollect me, all would be safe. Mr. Floriville, don't you know me?

Flor. No, would to Heaven I did.

Louisa. What, not Miss Courtney?

Flor. What, Louisa? my brother's idol?

Louisa. Alas! the very same.

Flor. Then may I die, if I don't get out of your debt before I leave you—where—where shall I conduct you?

Louisa. I know not—return to lady Waitfor't's again, I will not—I had rather be a wanderer all my life—to lady Walton's there is no excuse for returning, and I know no friend in Bath I dare intrude upon.—I have so high an opinion, Mr. Floriville, of your honour, that, notwithstanding your present situation, there is no man on earth I would sooner confide in;—can you then think of any place where I may rest in safety for a few hours, and then I will set out for my uncle's in the country.

Flor. Indeed I cannot, I am a wanderer myself;—I have no home but what this gentleman is to purchase me [*Taking out his purse.*]—you cannot partake of that.

Louisa. Oh! what will become of me?

Flor. Let me see—I have it—I'll take her to my brother's;—she'll be safe there, and not a soul shall come near her.—Well, Miss Courtney,—I have recollected a place where I know you'll be safe—a friend's house, that will be as secure—nay, don't droop—in Italy we're never melancholy.

Louisa. Oh, Mr. Floriville, to what a hazard has lady Waitfor't exposed me! to her perfidy I owe it all; but yonder's that wretch again; pray let us begone.

Flor. Belzebub again,—no, no, we mustn't stir;—what! an angel fly from a devil? damme, I'll stay and crush him.

Louisa. Nay, sir, reflect; 'twere madness to remain.

Flor. 'Faith, that's true; I believe it's braver to retire,—therefore, Tarquin, adieu; come, my best angel! I'll fight your battles, and if I don't sink all your enemies, may I never see Italy again as long as I live! [*Exeunt.*

Enter WILLOUGHBY.

Ha! gone! I am sorry for it; I would have seen them. Lady Waitfor't has just left me, and treated me like her slave; insulted and derided me: but I'll have done with her for ever, I'll be her dupe no more. She is now gone to Neville's lodgings, under pretence of pursuing Louisa; but, in fact, to see him, and prevent his leaving Bath; this I will write to my lord, and then let him follow, and be witness of her infamy; thus, I hope, I shall make some reparation for the wrongs I have committed, and prove at last I have some sense of virtue. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

NEVILLE'S *Lodgings—A Closet in back Scene.—Two Chairs and a Table, with Wine on it.—A knocking at the Door.*

Enter PETER, *reading a Card.*

Vapid presents his compliments to his friend Neville; has thought of nothing but writing the epilogue for his friend's play since they parted; he has made great progress, and will wait on him to take his judgment on it in a few minutes. If the gentleman

should come soon, I fear my master won't be at home to receive him.

[*Knocks.*—PETER *opens the door, and lets in* VAPID.

Vapid. Well, here it is;—where's Neville?

Peter. Not within, sir.

Vapid. Yes, yes, here it is; I must see him.

Peter. Sir, he's gone out.

Vapid. Gone out? impossible!

Peter. Impossible! it's very true, sir.

Vapid. Gone out! why, I've brought him the epilogue, the new epilogue to Mr. What's-his-name's comedy; the very best thing I ever wrote in my life; I knew it would delight him.

Peter. Sir, he has been gone out above these two hours.

Vapid. Then he'll never forgive himself as long as he lives; why, it's all correct, all chaste! only one half line wanting at the end to make it complete.

Peter. Indeed, sir! it's very unfortunate.

Vapid. Unfortunate! I wanted to have heard him read it too; when another person reads it, one often hits on a thought that might otherwise have escaped; then, perhaps, he would have hit on that cursed half line I have so long been working at.

Peter. Sir, if it is not impertinent, and you'd permit me to read it—

Vapid. You read it!

Peter. Yes, sir, if you'd allow me that honour.

Vapid. 'Faith, I should have no objection; but wouldn't it lower one's dignity? No, no, Moliere used to read his plays to his servant, so I believe all's regular. Come, sir, begin.

Peter. [*Reading Epilogue.*] In ancient times, when agonizing wars,
And bleeding nations, fill'd the world with jars;
When murder, battle, sudden death, prevail'd,
When——

Vapid. Stop—stop—I have it: not a word for your life; I feel it—it's coming on—the last line directly—quick! quick!

Peter. [*Reads.*] The tyrant totters, and the senate nods,
Die all, die nobly!——
Here's something wanting, sir.

Vapid. I know it, say nothing—I have it.
[*Walks backwards and forwards.*
The tyrant totters, and the senate nods,
Die all, die nobly!——

Oh, damn it! damn it! damn it! that cursed half line. I shall never accomplish it, all so chaste, all so correct, and to have it marr'd for want of one half line, one curst half line! I could almost weep for disappointment.

Peter. Never mind, sir, don't perplex yourself, put in any thing.

Vapid. Put in any thing! why, 'tis the last line, and the epilogue must end with something striking, or it will be no trap for applause; no trap for applause, after all this fine writing! Put in any thing! what do you mean, sirrah?

Peter. Methinks this is a strange epilogue to a comedy. [*Knock at the door.*] Perhaps this is my master; [*Looks out.*] no, as I live, 'tis Mr. Floriville and Miss Courtney! she mustn't on any account be seen by this gentleman.

Vapid. Well, who is it?—"The tyrant totters"—

Peter. Sir, it's a friend of my master's, who has brought a lady with him. I'm sure you've too much gallantry to interrupt an amour; and, therefore, you'll be kind enough to get out of the way directly.

Vapid. Get out of the way! what the devil, in the middle of my composition?—"Die all, die nobly"—

Peter. Nay, sir, only step for a moment into this

closet, and you shall be released; now, pray, sir, pray be prevailed on.

Vapid. Well, let me see—in this closet! why here's china: zounds! would you put a live author in a china closet?

Peter. What can I do, sir? there is no way out but that door; get in here for an instant, and I'll show them into the library; now, do, sir.

Vapid. Well, be brief then,—"Die all! die nobly!"—oh! oh! oh!

[*Enters closet, and* FLORIVILLE *and* LOUISA *enter.*]

Flor. Hey-day! my old acquaintance, Peter! where's my brother?

Peter. Sir, he has been out the whole evening.

Louisa. In the same house with Neville! oh, Heavens!

Flor. Well, Miss Courtney, I hope now you are convinced of your safety.

Louisa. Yes, sir, but I would it were in any other place. Lady Waitfor't, ere this, is in pursuit of me, and if she discovers me here, you know too well how much I have to dread.

[*Knock at the door.—Exit* PETER.

Flor. Don't be alarm'd, there's nothing shall molest you.

Louisa. Oh, sir, you don't know the endless malice of lady Waitfor't; she will triumph in my misery, and till my lord is convinced of her duplicity, I see no hope of your brother's happiness, or my own.

Enter PETER.

Peter. Lady Waitfor't is below, inquiring for that lady, or my master.

Flor. For my brother?

Peter. Yes, sir, and my lord has sent to know if Mr. Vapid, or her ladyship, have been here; he was

in bed, but on receiving a letter, got up, and will be here in an instant.

Louisa. For Heaven's sake, Mr. Floriville, let me retire ;—I cannot support the conflict.

Flor. Promise to recall your spirits, and you shall.

Louisa. What I can do I will.

Flor. Then know no apprehension; for, on my life, you shall not be disturbed.

[*Leads her to the door of the library, and talks in dumb show.*

Vapid. [*From closet.*] Peter! Peter! can't you release me?

Peter. No, sir, don't move, you'll ruin every thing.

Vapid. Then give me that candle; I have pen and ink; I think I could finish my epilogue.

Peter. Here, sir. [*Giving candle.*

Vapid. That curst half line—"Die all"—

[PETER *shuts him in.*

Flor. So, now, the storm begins, and if I don't have some sport with the enemy. [*Sits at table, and begins drinking.*] Here she comes.

Enter LADY WAITFOR'T.

Flor. Chairs, Peter, chairs—Sit down, ma'am—sit down—you honour me exceedingly.

Lady. Where is your brother, sir? I insist on seeing him.

Enter LORD SCRATCH.

Lord. There she is! in a man's lodgings at midnight! here's treatment!

Lady. My lord, I came here in search of Louisa, who has been betrayed from my power.

Lord. Look ye, my lady—read that letter, that's all; read that letter, and then say, if we shan't both cut a figure in the print shops.

Lady. [*Taking letter.*] Ha! Willoughby's hand! [*Reads.*] *Lady Waitfor't (I have only time to tell you) is gone to Neville's lodgings to meet one she has long had a passion for—follow her, and be convinced of her duplicity.* Oh, the villain! well, my lord, and pray who is the man I come to meet?

Lord. Why, who should it be but the stage ruffian? if there was a sofa in the room, my life on't, he'd pop from behind it. Zounds! that fellow will lay straw before my door every nine months!

Lady. This is fortunate. [*Aside.*] Well sir, if I discover Louisa, I hope you'll be convinced I came here to redeem her, and not disgrace myself. Tell me, sir, immediately, where she is concealed.

[*To* FLORVILLE.

Flor. Sit down, ma'am—sit down: drink, drink, then we'll talk over the whole affair—there is no doing business without wine; come, here's "The glory of gallantry." I'm sure you'll both drink that.

Lady. No trifling, sir; tell me where she is concealed; nay, then I'll examine the apartment myself. [*Goes to door of Library.*] The door lock'd! give me the key, sir.

Flor. [*Drinking.*] "The glory of gallantry, ma'am."

Lord. Hear me, sir, if the lady's in that apartment, I shall be convinced that you and your brother are the sole authors of all this treachery; if she is there, by the honour of my ancestors, she shall be Willoughby's wife to-morrow morning.

Flor. [*Rising.*] Shall she, my lord? Pray, were you ever in Italy?

Lord. Why, coxcomb?

Flor. Because I'm afraid you've been bitten by a tarantula—you'll excuse me, but the symptoms are wonderfully alarming. There is a blazing fury in your eye, a wild emotion in your countenance, and a green spot—

Lord. Damn the green spot! open that door, and

let me see immediately: I'm a peer, and have a right to look at any thing.

Flor. [*Standing before the door.*] No, sir; this door must not be open'd.

Lord. Then I'll forget my peerage, and draw my sword.

Flor. [*To* LADY WAITFOR'T, *who is going to interfere.*] Don't be alarm'd, ma'am, I'll only indulge him for my own amusement—mere trout fishing, ma'am.

Enter LOUISA *from the Apartment.*

Louisa. Hold! I charge you, hold!—let not my unhappy fate be the source of more calamities.

Lord. 'Tis she herself! My lady did not come to meet the madman.

Flor. By the lord, ma'am, you have ruined all.

Louisa. I know, sir, the consequences of this discovery, and I abide by them. But what I have done I can justify, and 'would to Heaven all here could do the same!

Flor. Indeed, I can't tell. I wish I was in Italy.

Lord. Mark me, madam,—nay, tears are in vain—to-morrow shall make you the wife of Willoughby; and he shall answer for your follies.—No reply, sir, [*To* FLORIVILLE. *who is going to speak.*] I woud'n't hear the chancellor.

Lady. Now, who is to blame? Oh, virtue is ever sure to meet its reward! Come to meet a mad poet, indeed! My lord, I forgive you only on condition of your signing a contract to marry me to-morrow, and Louisa to Willoughby, at the same time.

Lord. I will, thou best of women! draw it up immediately—and Neville shall starve for his treachery.

[LADY WAITFOR'T *goes to the table, and writes.*

Louisa. [*Falling at the feet of* LORD SCRATCH] Hear me, sir, not for myself, but for a wrong'd

friend, I speak:—Mr. Neville knows not of my concealment; on my honour, he is innocent: if that lady's wrongs must be avenged, confine the punishment to me; I'll bear it, with patience bear it.

Lord. Let go! let go, I say! Lady Waitfor't, make haste with the contract.

Lady. It only waits the signature. Now, my lord.

Flor. Look ye, uncle, she's the cause of all this mischief, and if you are not lost——

Lord. Out of my way! O'd, noise and nonsense, don't fancy yourselves in the House of Commons; we're not speaking twenty at a time. Here! give me the pen—I'll sign directly; and now—

As he is going to sign, VAPID *breaks the China in the closet, and rushes out with the epilogue in his hand.*

Vapid. "Die all! die nobly! die like demi-gods!"—Huzza, huzza! 'tis done! 'tis past! 'tis perfect.

Flor. Huzza! the poet at last; "Stop him who can!"

Lady. Confusion! tell me, sir, immediately, what do you mean by this new insult?

Vapid. "Die all! die nobly! die like demi-gods!"—oh, it's glorious!—Ah, old Scratch, are you there?—Joy, joy! give me joy! I've done your business! the work's past! the labour's o'er, my boy! "think of that, Master Brook—think of that!"

Lady. My lord, I am vilely treated. I desire you'll insist on an explanation.

Flor. He can't speak, madam.

[*All this time my* LORD *is slowly walking away.*

Lady. How! are you going to leave me, my lord!

Vapid. [*Taking out his common-place book.*] Faith this mustn't be lost! there's something worth observing. [*Exit* LORD SCRATCH.

Lady. Oh, I shall burst with rage! Mr. Vapid, I desire you'll explain how you came in that closet. Why don't you answer me, sir?

Vapid. Your pardon, ma'am, I was taking a note of the affair—and yet I'm afraid——

Lady. What are you afraid of, sir?

Vapid. That it has been dramatized before;—it is certainly not a new case.

Lady. Insupportable! but I take my leave of you all! I abandon you for ever! I—oh, I shall go wild! [*Exit in a rage.*

Flor. Ay, ay, follow his lordship—virtue is ever sure to meet its reward. Now, Mr. Vapid, tell us how you came in that closet?

Vapid. 'Faith, I can't. I believe the servant hurried me there on your approach.

Flor. Then you didn't come to meet Lady Waitfor't?

Vapid. Meet lady Waitfor't! no, I came to read my epilogue to Neville; and a wonderful production it is—"The tyrant totters, and the senate nods."

[*Walking about.*

Louisa. To what a strange fatality of circumstances has her character been exposed!—but vice often finds its punishment for a crime it never committed, when it escapes for thousands it daily practises.

Flor. Well, Miss Courtney, I hope now your apprehensions are at an end?

Louisa. Yes, sir, I shall remain for the short time necessary to prepare for my journey, and beg I may detain you no longer. I'm afraid I have already been a great intruder.

Flor. No, you have been the occasion of more happiness than ever I experienced. But you won't leave Bath, till you've seen my brother?

Louisa. Oh, I have been cruelly deceived, Mr. Floriville! I have injured your brother so much, that, though I wish, I almost dread to see him.

Flor. Then I'll go in search of him—and if I don't reconcile you——Come, Mr. Vapid, will you walk?

Vapid. With all my heart.

Flor. [*Taking him by the hand.*] By heaven! you are an honest fellow.

Vapid. Madam, good night! if I can be of any service to you in the dramatic, or any other way, you may command me.

Flor. Ay, I'll answer for him, he would die to serve you.

Vapid. Die to serve her! ay, "Die all!—die nobly!—die like demi-gods!" [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

LADY WAITFOR'T'S *Apartment.*

LADY WAITFOR'T *discovered at her Toilette.* LETTY *waiting.*

Lady. Mr. Vapid not come yet, Letty?

Letty. No, ma'am—but the servant who found him at the tavern said he would be here immediately.

Lady. I protest, I am almost weary of them all. [*Noise without.*] See who's there.

[LETTY *listens and returns.*

Letty. Mr. Vapid at last:—now, pray your ladyship, insist on his explaining every thing to my lord.

Lady. Yes; but, vilely as he has treated me, I must still be calm.

VAPID *putting his head in.*

Walk in, sir, walk in.

Vapid. No, ma'am, I'd rather stay here.

Lady. I beg you'll be seated, Mr. Vapid. I have something of consequence to impart to you.

Enter VAPID, *gently.*

Vapid. I'd never have ventured but in hopes of seeing my dear Marianne. [*Aside.*

Lady. Indeed I will not detain you a moment.

Vapid. Very well, ma'am, if that's the case—— [*Slowly seating himself.*] It's very alarming. [*Aside.*

Lady. Letty, leave the room, and fasten the door. [*Exit* LETTY.

Vapid. No, no! don't do that, I beseech you!

Lady. You're very much frightened, Mr. Vapid;—I hope you don't suppose I have any design against you?

Vapid. I don't know, really, ma'am—such things are perfectly dramatic.

Lady. Well, but, to release you from your fears, I'll tell you why I have given you this trouble. My business, Mr. Vapid, was to converse with you on the farcical affair that happened at Neville's.

Vapid. Farcical!

Lady. Yes, sir, the farcical affair that happened at Mr. Neville's.

Vapid. Farcical! what, my epilogue, ma'am? I hope you don't mean to reflect on that?

Lady. No, sir, far from it—I have no doubt but it is a very elegant composition.

Vapid. Doubt!—here it is, read it!—the very first

production of the age !—a regular climax of poetic beauty !—the last line the *ne plus ultra* of genius.

Lady. But to be serious, Mr. Vapid——

Vapid. Why, I am serious: and I'll tell you, Lady Waitfor't, 'tis the last line of an epilogue, and the last scene of a comedy, that always distracts me—'tis the reconciliation of lovers—there's the difficulty ! You find it so in real life, I dare say ?

Lady. Yes. But Mr. Vapid, this affair concerns me excessively, and I wish to know what is to be done.

Vapid. I'll tell you—write a play; and, bad as it may possibly be, say it's a translation from the French, and interweave a few compliments on the English, and, my life on't, it does wonders. Do it, and say you had the thought from me.

Lady. Sir, do you mean to deride me?

Vapid. No. But only be cautious in your style—women are in general apt to indulge that pruriency and warm luxuriancy of fancy they possess—but do be careful—be decent—if you are not, I have done with you.

Lady. Sir, I desire you'll be more respectful. I don't understand it at all. [*Rising.*

Enter MARIANNE.

Vapid. Then here comes one that will explain every thing.

" There's in her all that we believe of heaven;
Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
Eternal joy, and everlasting love !"

My dear sweet little partner, I rejoice to see you !

Mari. And, my dear sweet Mr. Poet, I rejoice to see you !

Lady. Provoking ! have I not told you a thou-

sand times, never to break in upon me when I am alone?

Mari. Alone, my lady!—do you call Mr. Vapid nobody, then?

Lady. Suppose I should—what is that to you?

Mari. Then I have a wrong notion of your nobodies. I always thought them harmless, unmeaning things; but Mr. Vapid's not so very harmless either—are you, Mr. Vapid?

Vapid. Indeed, ma'am, I am not.

Mari. There now, I told you so. Upon my word, you rely too much on your time of life, you do indeed. You think, because you're a little the worse for wear, you may trust yourself any where; but you're mistaken, you're not near so bad as you imagine—nay, I don't flatter, do I, Mr. Vapid?

Vapid. Indeed, ma'am, you do not.

Lady. Look ye, miss—your insolence is not to be borne—you have been the chief cause of all my perplexities.

Mari. Nay, aunt, don't say that.

Lady. No matter, your behaviour is shameless, and it is high time I exerted the authority of a relation—you are a disgrace to me, to yourself, and your friends—therefore, I am determined to put into execution a scheme I have long thought of.

Mari. What is it? something pleasant I hope.

Lady. No, you shall retire to a convent, till you take possession of your fortune.

Mari. A convent! Oh, lord! I can't make up my mind to it, now don't, pray don't think of it—I declare it's quite shocking.

Lady. It is a far better place than you deserve; my resolution is fixed, and we shall see whether a life of solitude and austerity will not awaken some sense of shame in you.

Mari. Indeed, I can't bear the thoughts of it. Oh, do speak to her, Mr. Vapid—tell her about the

nasty monks, now do—a convent! mercy!—what a check to the passions! Oh! I can't bear it.

[*Weeping.*

Vapid. 'Gad, here's a sudden touch of tragedy—pray, Lady Waitfor't, reflect—you can't send a lady to a convent when the theatres are open.

Mari. It will be the death of me! pray, my dear aunt——.

Lady. Not a word—I am determined—to-morrow you shall leave this country, and then I have done with you for ever.

Mari. Oh! my poor heart!—Oh, oh!

Vapid. See! she'll faint!

Mari. Oh! oh! oh!

[MARIANNE *faints in* LADY WAITFOR'T'S *arms.*

Lady. Oh! I have gone too far.—Mr. Vapid!

Vapid. I fly, I'll call the servants.—Have you got any drops?

Lady. I have some drops in this closet may recover her—hold her a moment, and for heaven's sake take care of her. [*Exit.*

[MARIANNE *lays in* VAPID'S *arms.*

Vapid. Here's a situation!—Poor girl!—how I pity her! I really loved her.

Mari. Did you really love me, Mr. Vapid?

Vapid. Hey-day! recovered!—here's incident!

Mari. But did you really love me, Mr. Vapid?

Vapid. Yes I did—here's stage effect!

Mari. And would you have really run away with me, Mr. Vapid?

Vapid. Yes, I really would.

Mari. Then come along this moment.

Vapid. Hush!—here's the old lady! keep dying, as before, and we'll effect the business—more equivoque!

Enter LADY WAITFOR'T.

Lady. Well, Mr. Vapid, how does she do?—lord! she's in strong convulsions.

Vapid. Yes, ma'am, she's dying; where are the drops?

Lady. Here, sir.

Vapid. There are very few—are there any more of the same kind?

Lady. Yes, plenty.

Vapid. Fetch them—'tis the only hope—if you have any hartshorn too, bring a little of that.

Lady. I'm quite shocked! [*Exit.*

Mari. Well, Mr. Vapid, now let's run away—come—why what are you thinking of?

Vapid. My last act, and I fear—

Mari. What do you fear?

Vapid. That it can't be managed—let me see—we certainly run away, and she returns—'faith, I must see her return.

Mari. No, no, pray let us begone, think of this another time.

Vapid. So I will—it will do for the fourth, though not for the fifth act—therefore, my dear little girl, come away, and we'll live and die together.

Mari. Die together!

Vapid. Ay, "Die all! die nobly! die like demi-gods!" [*Exeunt.*

Enter LADY WAITFOR'T.

Lady. Here, Mr. Vapid—here are the drops!—What, gone!—ruined by a writer of epilogues!—Oh! I shall burst with disappointment! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Another Apartment in NEVILLE'S *House—in the back Scene Glass Doors with Curtains.*

Enter LOUISA COURTNEY.

Louisa. Still in the same house, yet still afraid to

meet him! Oh, Neville! my superior in every thing; how can I hope for your forgiveness? while you revealed an affection it had done you credit to deny, I concealed a passion I might have been proud to confess.

Enter VAPID *and* MARIANNE.

Mari. Oh! Miss Courtney! my sweet Miss Courtney! Mr. Vapid, here, has run away with me, and I am so frightened for fear of Lady Waitfor't.

Louisa. Yes, she may well alarm you—she has destroyed my peace for ever! but have you seen Mr. Neville? yet, why do I ask!

Vapid. Seen Mr. Neville!—what, doesn't he yet know you are in his lodgings?

Louisa. No, and I hope never will—the moment his brother returns, I shall set out for my uncle's, and perhaps never see him more.

Vapid. And why not see him, ma'am?

Louisa. Because I cannot bear the sight of one I have so injured.

Vapid. This'll do—mutual equivoque! equal misunderstanding! my own case exactly.

Mari. Your own case! Lord! you base man, have you got a young lady in your lodgings?

Vapid. Ridiculous! don't talk about young ladies at such an awful—the very situation in my comedy! the last scene to a syllable!—here's an opportunity of improving the denouement!

Enter PETER.

Peter. Ma'am, my master is returned—the occasion of his delay has been a long interview with Mr. Willoughby—he doesn't know you are here.

Louisa. Marianne, excuse me—you'll be safe from Lady Waitfor't here—indeed I'm very ill.

Mari. Nay—where are you going?

Louisa. Alas! any where to avoid him—farewell!

and may you enjoy that happiness I have for ever lost! [*Exit.*

Mari. Poor dear girl! I mustn't leave her thus—Mr. Vapid, we won't run away till something is done for her.

Vapid. Go, there's a good girl—follow her, and comfort her.

Mari. I will—Lord! if they must be happy in being friends again, what must I be who make them so! [*Exit.*

Vapid. The picture before me! all from nature—I must heighten his distress, for contrast is every thing—Peter, not a word for your life.

Enter NEVILLE.

Nev. Vapid, I am glad to see you—any letter from my brother? [*To* PETER.

Peter. None, sir.

Nev. No message?

Peter. No, sir.

Nev. Then I need doubt no longer—'tis evident he avoids me—cruel, ungenerous Floriville!—

[*Seats himself.*

Vapid. [*Leaning over his chair.*] Miss Courtney will never see you again.

Nev. I know it—too well I know it—that, and that alone, makes me determined to leave this country for ever.

Vapid. You are unhappy then?

Nev. Completely so.

Vapid. Then stop.—[*Sits by him.*] She was an angel, Harry.

Nev. Ay, a divinity!

Vapid. And then to lose her!

Nev. [*Rising.*] 'Sdeath!—don't torment me!—my griefs are already beyond bearing.

Vapid. It will do—he's as unhappy as I could wish.

Peter. I can hold no longer—sir!

Vapid. Hush!—you d—d dog, you'll ruin the catastrophe.

Peter. I don't care—I'll tell him every thing—sir!—Mr. Neville!

Vapid. You villain!—do you ever go to a play?—did you ever sit in the gallery?

Peter. Yes, sir, sometimes.

Vapid. Then know this is all for your good——you'll applaud it some day or other, you dog—curse it, won't he have happiness enough bye and bye?—what—you are going abroad, Neville?

Nev. Yes, for ever. Farewell, Vapid.

Vapid. Farewell, Neville—good night——Now for the effect!—Miss Courtney is in the next room.

Nev. What!

Vapid. Miss Courtney is in the next room.

Nev. Louisa! is it possible?

Vapid. There's light and shade!—Yes, your brother brought her here, and she expects him to return every moment.

Nev. My brother! then 'tis he means to marry her—nay, perhaps they are already married—heavens! I shall go wild!

Vapid. Don't, don't go wild—that will ruin the denouement.

Nev. No matter—I am resolved—I'll bid her farewell for ever—Vapid, 'tis the last favour I shall ask of you—give her this, [*A letter.*] and tell her, since I have resented Willoughby's attack on her honour, I think I may be allowed to vindicate my own; tell her, great as have been my faults, my truth has still been greater, and wherever I wander—

Vapid. Here's a flourish, now!—why you misunderstand—she is not married, nor going to be married.

Nev. Come, this is no time for raillery.

Vapid. Raillery!—why, I'm serious—serious as the fifth act—she is now weeping on your account.

Nev. Pr'ythee leave fooling, it will produce no effect, believe me.

Vapid. Won't it? it will produce a very great effect though, believe me. Zounds! go to her—preserve the unity of action—marry her directly, and if the catastrophe does not conclude with spirit, damn my comedy—damn my comedy—that's all, damn my comedy.

Nev. 'Would to heaven you were in earnest!

Vapid. Earnest! why there it is now! the women, dear creatures, are always ready enough to produce effect—but the men are so curst undramatic. Go to her, I tell you, go to her.

[*Exit* NEVILLE.—VAPID *stands aside.*

Enter LORD SCRATCH *and* FLORIVILLE.

Lord. That curst dramatic maniac—if I see him again——

Flor. My dear uncle, consent to Harry's marriage, and depend on it he shall trouble you no more.

Lord. I tell you again, sir, I will not.

Flor. Will you give any hopes of future consent?

Lord. By the word of a peer, I will not.

[VAPID, *coming forward, touching* LORD SCRATCH *on the shoulder, and writing in common-place book.*

Vapid. Master Brook, let me persuade you.

Lord. Flames and firebrands, the fiend again!

Vapid. Give consent, and I'll give Neville a fortune—he shall have the entire profit of the different plays in which I intend to have the honour of introducing yourself and the old lady Hurlothrumbo.

Lord. Oh, that I was not a peer! if I was any thing else—but, thank heaven, Louisa is more averse to the match than myself.

Vapid. Is she?

Lord. Yes, she knows his falsehood, and despises him.

Vapid. What, you are confident of it?

Lord. Out of my way, sir—I'll not answer you—I'll go take her to town directly. Out of my way, sir.

Vapid. Stop—you're wrong, Master Brook—she's in that room.

Lord. Where?—behind me?

Vapid. Yes—there—there! [*Pointing.*] Now for it!—what an effect!

[LORD SCRATCH *opens the glass doors, and discovers* NEVILLE *kneeling to* LOUISA. MARIANNE *with them.*

Vapid. There, Peter! there's catastrophe!—Shakspeare's invention nothing! applaud it, you dog—clap, clap, Peter, clap!

Lord. What are you at, you impudent rascal!—get out of the room. [*Exit* PETER.

Vapid. I should set this down—I may forget.

Mari. Lord! he has a very bad memory—I hope he won't forget our marriage.

Nev. Oh! Louisa, what am I to think?

Louisa. That I have wronged thee, Neville! [*Embracing.*

Flor. My dear Harry, let this be my apology for not having seen you before. [*Giving him a paper.*] Miss Courtney, ten thousand joys; could I have found my brother, you should have seen him sooner.

Nev. Why, here is a deed of gift of half your estate!

Flor. I know it, but say nothing. When you gave me money, five years ago, did I say any thing?—no, I forgot it as soon as it was over; and should never have recollected, at this moment, but for my lord's inhumanity. Uncle, I thank you—you have made me the happiest man alive.

Lord. Don't perplex me.—what a compound of folly and generosity!

Mari. Uncle-in-law, what are your feelings on this occasion?—as my aunt says.

Lord. Feelings! I never knew a peer had any.

Mari. Didn't you?

Lord. No; but now I find the contrary: I begin to think I've a heart like other men. It's better to atone for an error, than persist in one—therefore give me that deed, Neville—there, sir, [*Giving it to* FLORIVILLE.] do you think nobody has estates but yourself? —Louisa and her fortune are your own, Neville; and, after my death, you shall have all mine:—and now there's a cursed burden off my mind.

Mari. Now, you're a dear creature! and I won't marry—that's what I won't, without consulting you.

Lord. You marry! why, who should you marry? —and pray, how came you here?

Mari. A gentleman run away with me;—he is now in the room.

Lord. In the room! what, Floriville?

Mari. No, behind you.

[*Pointing to* VAPID *who is writing at a table.*

Lord. Ghosts and spectres! my evil genius!

Mari. Come, my dear, haven't you almost finished?

[VAPID *rises.*

Vapid. Yes, the denouement is complete, and now, Mrs. Vapid, I resign myself to love and you.

Mari. Come, give consent, my lord—my husband will get money, though I have none.

Lord. None! I dare say he can tell you, you will have twelve thousand pounds in less than a year.

Vapid. That's a new incident!

Mari. Shall I? then 'faith, Mr. Vapid, we'll build a theatre of our own! you shall write plays, and I'll act them.

Enter ENNUI.

Ennui. I've an idea—I give you joy, Neville. I mean to kill time, by living single; and, therefore, I hope, the lady and the borough may be yours.

Mari. Mr. Ennui, I hope you'll forgive me, and Sir Harry Hustle, the fatigue we occasioned you?

Ennui. Yaw, aw—don't mention it. The very recollection makes me faint. In fact—my lord, I just met one of Lady Waitfor't's servants, who tells me she has left Bath in a rage.

Flor. I am afraid she has escaped too easily.

Lord. Oh, never think of her! I can answer for her punishment being adequate to her crimes—Willoughby has told me all her schemes—and if ever I hear her name again, may I lose my peerage, and dress like a gentleman.

Ennui. My lord—I've an idea—

Vapid. Sir, I beg your pardon; but really, if you have an idea, I will trouble you to spare it me for my comedy.

Ennui. In fact—I don't comprehend. I have read your "die all" epilogue, and—

Vapid. Oh, then I don't wonder at your having ideas!

Lord. Oh, poor fellow! he's always talking about what he never has. Neville, my boy, may you be as happy as I am.

Flor. Ay, I'll answer for his happiness by my own. Miss Courtney, notwithstanding my brother, I will "still live in your eye—die in your lap—and be buried in your heart:" and, moreover, I will stay with you both in England.

Louisa. Yes, Floriville, if you would behold pure, unsullied love, never travel out of this country. Depend on't,

No foreign climes such high examples prove,
Of wedded pleasure, or connubial love.
Long in this land have joys domestic grown,
Nursed in the cottage—cherish d on the throne.

Printed by Augustus Applegath and Edward Cowper,
24, Nelson-Square, Great Surrey-Street.

COUNT OF NARBONNE.

THE GHOST SHE HASTENED TO THE CAVE AND VANISHED FROM MY SIGHT.

Painted by Cook. Pub. by Longman & C.º 1807. Engraved by C.Heath.

THE

COUNT OF NARBONNE,

A TRAGEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

By ROBERT JEPHSON, Esq.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT-BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

BY MRS INCHBALD.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

EDINBURGH:
Printed by James Ballantyne & Co.

REMARKS.

This tragedy was brought upon the stage in 1780; it was extremely admired, and exceedingly attractive. Neither "The Winter's Tale," nor "Henry VIII." by Shakspeare, were at that time performed at either of the theatres; and the town had no immediate comparison to draw between the conjugal incidents in "The Count of Narbonne," and those which occur in these two very superior dramas.

The Cardinal Wolsey of Shakspeare is, by Jephson, changed into a holy and virtuous priest; but his importance is, perhaps, somewhat diminished by a discovery, which was intended to heighten the interest of his character; but which is introduced in too sudden and romantic a manner to produce the desired consequence upon a well-judging auditor.

One of the greatest faults, by which a dramatist can disappoint and fret his auditor, is also to be met with in this play.—Infinite discourse is exchanged, numberless plans formed, and variety of passions agitated, concerning a person who is never brought upon the stage.—Such is the personal nonentity of Isabel, in this tragedy, and yet the fable could not proceed without her.—Alphonso, so much talked of, yet never seen, is an allowable absentee, having de-

parted to another world; and yet, whether such invisible personages be described as alive, or dead, that play is the most interesting, which makes mention of no one character, but those which are introduced to the sight of the audience.

The lover of romances, whose happy memory, unclouded by more weighty recollections, has retained a wonderful story, by the late Lord Orford, called "The Castle of Otranto," will here, it is said, find a resemblance of plot and incidents, the acknowledged effect of close imitation.

Lord Orford (at that time Mr Horace Walpole,) attended some rehearsals of this tragedy, upon the very account, that himself was the founder of the fabric.

The author was of no mean reputation in the literary world, for he had already produced several successful dramas. "The Count of Narbonne" proved to be his last and his best composition.——Terror is here ably excited by descriptions of the preternatural; horror, by the portraiture of guilt; and compassion, by the view of suffering innocence.—These are three passions, which, divided, might each constitute a tragedy; and all these powerful engines of the mind and heart are here most happily combined to produce that end,—and each forms a lesson of morality.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

AUSTIN	*Mr Harley.*
THEODORE	*Mr Bloomfield.*
FABIAN	*Mr Thompson.*
OFFICERS	*Mr Powell.*
	Mr Evatt.
THE COUNT	*Mr Farren.*
ADELAIDE	*Mrs Merry.*
JAQUELINE	*Mrs Platt.*
COUNTESS	*Mrs Pope.*

OFFICERS, ATTENDANTS, &c.

SCENE,—Narbonne Castle, and the Monastery of St Nicholas, adjoining to the Castle.

THE

COUNT OF NARBONNE.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

A Hall.

Enter the COUNT, *speaking to an* OFFICER; FABIAN *following.*

Count. Not to be found! is this your faithful service?
How could she pass unseen? By hell, 'tis false!
Thou hast betrayed me.
Offi. Noble sir, my duty——
Count. Your fraud, your negligence—away, reply not.
Find her within this hour, else, by my life,
The gates of Narbonne shall be closed against thee;
Then make the world thy country. [*Exit* OFFICER.
Fabian, stay!
Misfortunes fall so thick upon my head,
They will not give me time to think—to breathe.

Fab. Heaven knows, I wish your peace; but am to learn,
What grief more fresh than my young lord's decease,
A sorrow but of three days past, can move you.
Count. O bitter memory! gone, gone for ever!
The pillar of my house, my only son!
Fab. 'Twas terrible indeed.
Count. Ay, was it not?
And then the manner of it! think on that!
Disease, that robbed me of two infant sons,
Approaching slow, bade me prepare to lose them;
I saw my lilies drooping; and, accustomed
To see them dying, bore to see them dead:
But, oh my Edmund!—Thou remember'st, Fabian,
How blithe he went to see the forest's sport!
Fab. 'Would I could not remember!
Count. That cursed barb,
(My fatal gift) that dashed him down the cliff,
Seemed proud of his gay burden.—Breathless, mangled,
They bore him back to me. Fond man! I hoped
This day this happy match with Isabel
Had made our line perpetual; and this day
The unfruitful grave receives him. Yes, 'tis fate!
That dreadful denunciation 'gainst my house,
No prudence can avert, nor prayers can soften.
Fab. Think not on that; some visionary's dream.
What house, what family could e'er know peace,
If such enthusiast's ravings were believed,
And phrensy deemed an insight of the future?
But may I dare to ask, is it of moment
To stir your anger thus, that Isabel
Has left the castle?
Count. Of the deepest moment:
My best hopes hang on her; some future time,
I may instruct thee why.—These cares unhinge me:
Just now, a herald from her angry father
Left me this dire election—to resign

My titles, and this ample signory,
(Worthy a monarch's envy) or to meet him,
And try my right by arms. But pr'ythee tell,
(Nor let a fear to wound thy master's pride
Restrain thy licensed speech) hast thou e'er heard
My father Raymond——(cast not down thine eye)
By any indirect or bloody means,
Procured that instrument, Alphonso's will,
That made him heir to Narbonne?

Fab. My best lord,
At all times would I fain withhold from you
Intelligence unwelcome, but most now.
At seasons such as this, a friendly tongue
Should utter words like balm; but what you ask—

Count. I ask to be informed of. Hast thou known me
From childhood up to man, and canst thou fear
I am so weak of soul, like a thin reed,
To bend and stagger at such puny blast?
No; when the tempest rages round my head,
I give my branches wider to the air,
And strike my root more deeply.—To thy tale:
Away with palliatives and compliments;—
Speak plainly.

Fab Plainly, then, my lord, I have heard,
What, for the little breath I have to draw,
I would not, to the black extent of rumour,
Give credit to.—But you command me speak—

Count. Thy pauses torture me.—Can I hear worse
Than this black scroll contains? this challenge here,
From Isabella's father, haughty Godfrey?
In broad, and unambiguous words, he tells me,
My father was a murderer, and forged
Alphonso's testament.

Fab. From Palestine,
That tale crept hither; where, foul slander says,
The good Alphonso, not, as we believe,
Died of a fever, but a venomed draught,

Your father, his companion of the cross,
Did with his own hands mingle; his hand too,
Assisted by some cunning practisers,
Modell'd that deed, which, barring Godfrey's right,
And other claims from kindred, named Count Raymond
Lord of these fair possessions.

Count. Ha! I have it;
'Tis Godfrey's calumny; he has coin'd this lie;
And his late visit to the Holy Land,
No doubt, has furnish'd likelihood of proof,
To give his fiction colour.

Fab. Sure, 'tis so.

Count. He, too, has forged this idle prophecy,
(To shake me with false terrors) this prediction,
Which, but to think of, used to freeze my veins;
"That no descendant from my father's loins
"Should live to see a grandson; nor Heaven's wrath
"Cease to afflict us, till Alphonso's heir
"Succeeded to his just inheritance."
Hence superstition mines my tottering state,
Loosens my vassals' faith, and turns their tears,
Which else would fall for my calamities,
To gloomy pause and gaping reverence:
While all my woes, to their perverted sense,
Seem but the marvellous accomplishment
Of revelation out of nature's course.

Fab. Reason must so interpret. Good my lord,
What answer was return'd to Godfrey's challenge?

Count. Defiance.

Fab. Heaven defend you!

Count. Heaven defend me!
I hope it will, and this right arm to boot.
But, hark! I hear a noise.—Perhaps my people
Have found the fugitive.—Haste! bid them enter.
[*Exit* FABIAN.
She eyed me with abhorrence: at the sound
Of love—of marriage, fled indignant from me.

Yet must I win her: should she meet my wish,
Godfrey would prop the right he strives to shake,
Securing thus to his fair daughter's issue,
All that now hangs on the sword's doubtful point.

Enter OFFICER.

Now what tidings?
Where is the lady?
Offi. We have search'd in vain
The castle round; left not an aisle, or vault,
Unvisited.
Count. Damnation!
Offi. Near the cloister,
From whence, by the flat door's descent, a passage
Beneath the ground leads onward to the convent,
We heard the echo of a falling weight,
And sought it by the sound.
Count. Well, and what then?
Offi. The unsettled dust left us no room to doubt
The door had just been raised.
Count. She has escaped,
And by confed'racy: to force that bar,
Without more aid, had baffled twice her strength.
Go on.
Offi. We enter'd; with resistance bold,

THEODORE *brought in by* FABIAN *and* ATTENDANTS.

This peasant push'd us backward from the spot.
My arm was raised to smite him, but respect
For something in his aspect, check'd the blow.
He, chiding, parleying by turns, gave time
For whosoever had descended there
(The lady doubtless) to elude our search:
The rest, himself will tell.
Count. [*To* THEODORE.] Ha! what art thou?
Theodore. It seems, thy prisoner: disengage me first
From their rude grasp, and I may tell thee more.

Count. Unhand him. I should know thee; I have seen
Features like thine. Answer me, wert thou found
As these men say?
Theod. I was.
Count. And what thy purpose?
Theod. Chance brought me there.
Count. And did chance lead thee, too,
To aid a fugitive?
Theod. They saw not that.
Count. They saw it not! How! could her delicate hands,
Weak, soft, and yielding to the gentlest touch,
Sustain that pond'rous mass? No; those tough arms,
Thy force, assisted; else, thou young dissembler——
Theod. She had been seized, and by compulsion brought
Where I stand now.
Count. Thou dost avow it then,
Boast it even to my face, audacious stripling!
Such insolence, and these coarse rustic weeds
Are contradictions. Answer me, who art thou?
Theod. Less than I should be; more than what seem.
Count. Hence with this saucy ambiguity.
What is thy name, thy country? That mean habit,
Which should teach humbleness, speaks thy condition.
Theod. My name is Theodore, my country, France,
My habit little suited to my mind,
Less to my birth, yet fit for my condition.
Count. O, thou art then some young adventurer,
Some roving knight, a hero in disguise,
Who, scorning forms of vulgar ceremony,
No leave obtain'd, waiting no invitation,
Enters our castles, wanders o'er our halls,
To succour dames distress'd, or pilfer gold.
Theod. There is a source of reverence for thee here,
Forbids me, though provoked, retort thy taunts.

Count. If I endure this more, I shall grow vile
Even to my hinds——
Theod. Hold, let me stop thy wrath.
I see thy quivering lip, thy fiery eye,
Forerun a storm of passion. To prevent thee
From terms too harsh, perhaps, for thee to offer,
Or me to hear (poor as I seem) with honour,
I will cut short thy interrogatories,
And on this theme give thee the full extent
Of all I know, or thou canst wish to learn.
Count. Do it.
Theod. Without a view to thwart thy purpose,
(Be what it might), was I within thy walls.
In a dim passage of the castle-aisles,
Musing alone, I heard a hasty tread,
And breath drawn short, like one in fear of peril.
A lady entered, fair she seem'd, and young,
Guiding her timorous footsteps by a lamp;
" The lord, the tyrant of this place, (she said)
" For a detested purpose, follows me;
" Aid me, good youth:" then pointing to the ground,
" That door," she added, " leads to sanctuary."
I seized an iron hold, and, while I tugg'd,
To heave the unwilling weight, I learn'd her title.
Count. The Lady Isabel?
Theod. The same. A gleam,
Shot from their torches, who pursued her track,
Prevented more; she hasten'd to the cave,
And vanish'd from my sight.
Count. And did no awe,
No fear of him, she call'd this castle's lord,
Its tyrant, chill thee?
Theod. Awe nor fear I know not,
And trust, shall never; for I know not guilt.
Count. Then thou, it seems, art master here, not I;
Thou canst control my projects, blast my schemes,
And turn to empty air my power in Narbonne.
Nay, should my daughter chuse to fly my castle,

Against my bidding, guards and bolts were vain:
This frize-clad champion, gallant Theodore,
Would lend his ready arm, and mock my caution.
Theod. Thy daughter! O, I were, indeed, too blessed,
Could I but live to render her a service.
Count. My daughter would, I hope, disdain thy service.
Theod. Wherefore am I to blame? What I have done,
Were it to do again, again I'd do it.
And may this arm drop palsied by my side,
When its cold sinews shrink to aid affliction!-
Count. Indeed!
Theod. Indeed. Frown on.—Ask thy own heart,
Did innocence and beauty bend before thee,
Hunted, and trembling, wouldst thou tamely pause,
Scanning pale counsel from deliberate fear,
And weigh each possibility of danger?
No; the instinctive nobleness of blood
Would start beyond the reach of such cold scruples,
And instant gratify its generous ardour.
Count. [*Aside.*] I must know more of this. His phrase, his look,
His steady countenance, raise something here,
Bids me beware of him.—I have no time
To bandy idle words with slaves like thee.
I doubt not thy intent was mischievous;
Booty perhaps, or blood.—Till more enquiry
Clear, or condemn him, hold him in your guard.
Give none admittance. Take him from my sight.
Theod. Secure in her integrity, my soul
Casts back thy mean suspicions, and forgives thee.
[THEODORE *is led out by* ATTENDANTS.
Count. Away with him!—What means this heaviness?
My heart, that, like a well-trimm'd, gallant bark,
Was wont to mount the waves, and dash them off

In ineffectual foam, now seems to crack,
And let in each assailing tide to sink me.
I must not yield to this dull lethargy.
Good Fabian, hie thee to Saint Nicholas';
Bid holy Austin straight repair to me. [*Exit* FABIAN.
His sanctity, and reverend character,
His pious eloquence, made engines for me,
Might save a world of anguish to my soul,
And smooth my unwelcome purpose to Hortensia.
But how prevail with him?—Ambition?—No;
The world is dead in him, and gold is trash
To one, who neither needs nor values it.
Interest and love shall wear the guise of conscience;
I must pretend nice scruples, which I feel not,
And make him mediate for me with the church.
Yet he reveres the countess; and, I fear,
Will spy more sin, in doubts that wound her quiet,
Than in my stifling them. But see, she comes,
With downcast eye, and sad, dejected mien.
I will not yet disclose it.

Enter the COUNTESS.

Where's my child,
My all of comfort now, my Adelaide?

Countess. Dear as she is, I would not have her all;
For I should then be nothing. Time has been,
When, after three long days of absence from you,
You would have question'd me a thousand times,
And bid me tell each trifle of myself;
Then, satisfied at last, that all were well,
At last, unwilling, turn to meaner cares.

Count. This is the nature still of womankind;
If fondness be their mood, we must cast off
All grave-complexioned thought, and turn our souls
Quite from their tenour, to wild levity;
Vary with all their humours, take their hues,
As unsubstantial Iris from the sun:

Our bosoms are their passive instruments;
Vibrate their strains, or all our notes are discord.
Countess. Oh, why this new unkindness? From thy lips
Never till now fell such ungentle words,
Nor ever less was I prepared to meet them.
Count. Never till now was I so urged, beset,
Hemm'd round with perils.
Countess. Ay, but not by me.
Count. By thee, and all the world. But yesterday
With uncontrollable and absolute sway
I ruled this province, was the unquestion'd lord
Of this strong castle and its wide domains,
Stretch'd beyond sight around me; and but now,
The axe perhaps is sharpening, may hew down
My perish'd trunk, and give the soil I sprung from
To cherish my proud kinsman Godfrey's roots.
Countess. Heaven guard thy life! His dreadful summons reach'd me.
This urged me hither. On my knees I beg,
(And I have mighty reasons for my prayer)
O do not meet him on this argument:
By gentler means strive to divert his claim;
Fly this detested place, this house of horror,
And leave its gloomy grandeur to your kinsman.
Count. Rise, fearful woman! What! renounce my birthright?
Go forth, like a poor, friendless, banish'd man,
To gnaw my heart in cold obscurity!
Thou weak adviser! Should I take thy counsel,
Thy tongue should first upbraid—thy spirit scorn me.
Countess. No, on my soul!—Is Narbonne all the world?
My country is where thou art; place is little:
The sun will shine, the earth produce its fruits,
Cheerful, and plenteously, where'er we wander.
In humbler walks, bless'd with my child and thee,

I'd think it Eden in some lonely vale,
Nor heave one sigh for these proud battlements.
Count. Such flowery softness suits not matron lips.
But thou hast mighty reasons for thy prayer:
They should be mighty reasons to persuade
Their rightful lord to leave his large possessions,
A soldier challenged, to decline the combat.
Countess. And are not prodigies, then, mighty reasons?
The owl mistakes his season, in broad day
Screaming his hideous omens; spectres glide,
Gibbering and pointing as we pass along;
While the deep earth's unorganized caves
Send forth wild sounds, and clamours terrible;
These towers shake round us, though the untroubled air
Stagnates to lethargy:—our children perish,
And new disasters blacken every hour.
Blood shed unrighteously, blood unappeased,
(Though we are guiltless,) cries, I fear, for vengeance.
Count. Blood shed unrighteously! have I shed blood?
No; nature's common frailties set aside,
I'll meet my audit boldly.
Countess. Mighty Lord!
O! not on us, with justice too severe,
Visit the sin, not ours.
Count. What can this mean?
Something thou wouldst reveal, that's terrible.
Countess. Too long, alas! 't has weigh'd upon my heart;
A thousand times I have thought to tell thee all;
But my tongue falter'd, and refused to wound thee.
Count. Distract me not, but speak
Countess. I must. Your father
Was wise, brave, politic; but mad ambition,
(Heaven pardon him!) it prompts to desperate deeds,

Count. I scarce can breathe. Pr'ythee be quick, and ease me,

Countess. Your absence on the Italian embassy
Left him, you know, alone to my fond care.
Long had some hidden grief, like a slow fire,
Wasted his vitals;—on the bed of death,
One object seem'd to harrow up his soul,
The picture of Alphonso in the chamber:
On that his eyes were set.—Methinks I see him,
His ashy hue, his grisled, bristling hair,
His palms spread wide. For ever would he cry,
" That awful form—how terrible he frowns!
" See, how he bares his livid, leprous breast,
" And points the deadly chalice!"

Count. Ha! even so!

Countess. Sometimes he'd seize my hands, and grasp them close,
And strain them to his hollow, burning eyes;
Then falter out, " I am, I am a villain!
" Mild angel, pray for me;—stir not, my child;
" It comes again;—oh, do not leave my side."
At last, quite spent with mortal agonies,
His soul went forth—and Heaven have mercy on him!

Count. Enough! Thy tale has almost iced my blood.
Let me not think. Hortensia, on thy duty,
Suffer no breath like this to pass thy lips:
I will not taint my noble father's honour,
By vile suspicions, suck'd from nature's dregs,
And the loose ravings of distemper'd fancy.

Countess. Yet, oh, decline this challenge!

Count. That, hereafter.
Mean time, prepare my daughter to receive
A husband of my choice. Should Godfrey come,
(Strife might be so prevented) bid her try
Her beauty's power. Stand thou but neuter, Fate!
Courage and art shall arm me from mankind.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

A Chamber.

Enter FABIAN *and* JAQUELINE.

Fab. No, no, it cannot be. My lord's commands
Were absolute, that none should visit him.
Jaq. What need he know it?
Fab. But perchance he should?
The study of my life has been his pleasure;
Nor will I risk his favour, to indulge
Such unavailing curiosity.
Jaq. Call it not so; I have kind counsel for him;
Which, if he follow it, may serve to speed
The hour of his deliverance, and appease
The unjustly-anger'd count.
Fab. Pray be content;
I dare not do it. Have this castle's walls
Housed thee nine years, and art thou yet to learn
The temper of the count? Served and obey'd,
There lives not one more gracious, liberal:
Offend him, and his rage is terrible;
I'd rather play with serpents. But, fair Jacqueline,
Setting aside the comeliness and grace
Of this young rustic, which, I own, are rare,
And baits to catch all women, pr'ythee tell,
Why are you thus solicitous to see him?
Jaq. In me, 'twere base to be indifferent:
He was my life's preserver, nay, preserved

A life more precious: yes, my dear young mistress!
But for his aid, the eternal sleep of death
Had closed the sweetest eyes that ever beam'd.
Aloof, and frighted, stood her coward train,
And saw a furious band of desperate slaves,
Inured to blood and rapine, bear her off.

Fab. What! when the gang of outlaw'd Thiery
Rush'd on her chariot, near the wood of Zart,
Was he the unknown youth, who succour'd her?
All good betide him for it.

Jaq. Yes, 'twas he.
From one tame wretch he snatch'd a half-drawn sword,
And dealt swift vengeance on the ruffian crew.
Two at his feet stretch'd dead, the rest, amazed,
Fled, mutter'd curses, while he bore her back,
Unhurt, but by her fears.

Fab. He should be worshipp'd,
Have statues raised to him; for, by my life,
I think, there does not breathe another like her.
It makes me young, to see her lovely eyes:
Such charity! such sweet benevolence;
So fair, and yet so humble! praised for ever,
Nay, wonder'd at, for nature's rarest gifts,
Yet lowlier than the lowest.

Jaq. Is it strange,
Fair Adelaide and I, thus bound to him,
Are anxious for his safety? What offence
(And sure, 'twas unintended) could provoke
The rigorous count thus to imprison him?

Fab. My lord was ever proud and choleric;
The youth, perhaps unused to menaces,
Brook'd them but ill, and darted frown for frown:
This stirr'd the count to fury. But fear nothing;
All will be well; I'll wait the meetest season,
And be his advocate.

Jaq. Mean time, repair to him;
Bid him be patient; let him want no comfort,

Kind care can minister. My lady comes.
May I assure her of your favour to him?
Fab. Assure her, that the man who saved her life
Is dear to Fabian as his vital blood. [*Exit.*

Enter ADELAIDE.

Adel. I sent thee to his prison. Quickly tell me,
What says he, does he know my sorrow for him?
Does he confound me with the unfeeling crew,
Who act my father's bidding? Can his love
Pity my grief, and bear this wrong with patience?
Jaq. I strove in vain to enter. Fabian holds him,
By the count's charge, in strictest custody;
And, fearful to awake his master's wrath,
Though much unwilling, bars me from his presence.
Adel. Unkind old man! I would myself entreat him,
But fear my earnest look, these starting tears,
Might to the experience of his prying age
Reveal a secret, which, in vain, I strive
To hide from my own breast.
Jaq. Alas, dear lady,
Did not your tongue reveal it, your changed mien,
Once lighter than the airy wood-nymph's shade,
Now turn'd to pensive thought and melancholy,—
Involuntary sighs,—your cheek, unlike
Its wonted bloom, as is the red-vein'd rose
To the dim sweetness of the violet—
These had too soon betray'd you. But take heed;
The colour of our fate too oft is tinged,
Mournful, or bright, but from our first affections.
Adel. Foul disproportion draws down shame on love,
But where's the crime in fair equality?
Mean birth presumes a mind uncultivate,
Left to the coarseness of its native soil,
To grow like weeds, and die, like them, neglected
But he was born my equal; lineaged high,

And titled as our great ones.
Jaq. How easy is our faith to what we wish!
His story may be feign'd.
Adel. I'll not mistrust him.
Since the bless'd hour, that brought him first to save me,
How often have I listen'd to the tale!
Gallant, generous youth!
Thy sport, Misfortune, from his infant years,
Wilt thou pursue him still?
Jaq. Indeed, 'tis hard.
Adel. But, oh, the pang, that these ungrateful walls
Should be his prison! Here, if I were aught,
His presence should have made it festival;
These gates, untouch'd, had leap'd to give him entrance,
And songs of joy made glad the way before him.
Instead of this, think what has been his welcome!
Dragg'd by rude hands before a furious judge,
Insulted, menaced, like the vilest slave,
And doom'd, unheard, to ignominious bondage.
Jaq. Your father knew not of his service to you?
Adel. No, his indignant soul disdain'd to tell it.
Great spirits, conscious of their inborn worth,
Scorn, by demand, to force the praise they merit;
They feel a flame beyond their brightest deeds,
And leave the weak to note them, and to wonder.
Jaq. Suppress these strong emotions. The count's eye
Is quick to find offence. Should he suspect
This unpermitted passion, 'twould draw down
More speedy vengeance on the helpless youth,
Turning your fatal fondness to his ruin.
Adel. Indeed, I want thy counsel. Yet, oh, leave me!
Find, if my gold, my gems, can ransom him.
Had I the world, it should be his as freely.

Jaq. Trust to my care. The countess comes to seek you;
Her eye is this way bent. Conceal this grief;
All may be lost, if you betray such weakness. [*Exit.*
Adel. O love! thy sway makes me unnatural.
The tears, which should bedew the grave, yet green,
Of a dear brother, turning from their source,
Forget his death, and fall for Theodore.

Enter the COUNTESS.

Countess. Come near, my love! When thou art from my side,
Methinks I wander like some gloomy ghost,
Who, doom'd to tread alone a dreary round,
Remembers the lost things, that made life precious,
Yet sees no end of cheerless solitude.
Adel. We have known too much of sorrow; yet 'twere wise
To turn our thoughts from what mischance has ravish'd,
And rest on what it leaves. My father's love——
Countess. Was mine, but is no more. 'Tis past, 'tis gone.
That ray, at least, I hoped would never set,
My guide, my light, through fortune's blackest shades:
It was my dear reserve, my secret treasure;
I stored it up, as misers hoard their gold,
Sure counterpoise for life's severest ills:
Vain was my hope; for love's soft sympathy,
He pays me back harsh words, unkind reproof,
And looks that stab with coldness.
Adel. Oh, most cruel!
And, were he not my father, I could rail;
Call him unworthy of thy wondrous virtues;
Blind, and unthankful, for the greatest blessing
Heaven's ever-bounteous hand could shower upon him.

Countess. No, Adelaide; we must subdue such thoughts:
Obedience is thy duty, patience mine.
Just now, with stern and peremptory briefness,
He bade me seek my daughter, and dispose her
To wed, by his direction.
Adel. The saints forbid!
To wed by his direction! Wed with whom?
Countess. I know not whom. He counsels with himself.
Adel. I hope he cannot mean it.
Countess. 'Twas his order.
Adel. O, madam! on my knees——
Countess. What would my child?
Why are thy hands thus raised? Why stream thine eyes?
Why flutters thus thy bosom? Adelaide,
Speak to me! tell me, wherefore art thou thus?
Adel. Surprise and grief—I cannot, cannot speak.
Countess. If 'tis a pain to speak, I would not urge thee.
But can my Adelaide fear aught from me?
Am I so harsh?
Adel. Oh no! the kindest, best!
But, would you save me from the stroke of death,
If you would not behold your daughter, stretch'd,
A poor pale corse, and breathless at your feet,
Oh, step between me and this cruel mandate!
Countess. But this is strange!—I hear your father's step:
He must not see you thus: retire this moment.
I'll come to you anon.
Adel. Yet, ere I go,
O make the interest of my heart your own;
Nor, like a senseless, undiscerning thing,
Incapable of choice, nor worth the question,
Suffer this hasty transfer of your child:

Plead for me strongly, kneel, pray, weep for me;
And angels lend your tongue the power to move him!
[*Exit.*

Countess. What can this mean, this ecstacy of passion!
Can such reluctance, such emotions, spring
From the mere nicety of maiden fear?
The source is in her heart; I dread to trace it.
Must then a parent's mild authority
Be turn'd a cruel engine, to inflict
Wounds on the gentle bosom of my child?
And am I doom'd to register each day
But by some new distraction?—Edmund! Edmund!
In apprehending worse even than thy loss,
My sense, confused, rests on no single grief;
For that were ease to this eternal pulse,
Which, throbbing here, says, blacker fates must follow.

Enter COUNT *and* AUSTIN, *meeting.*

Count. Welcome, thrice welcome! By our holy mother,
My house seems hallow'd, when thou enterest it.
Tranquillity and peace dwell ever round thee;
That robe of innocent white is thy soul's emblem,
Made visible in unstain'd purity.
Once more thy hand.

Aust. My daily task has been,
So to subdue the frailties we inherit,
That my fair estimation may go forth,
Nothing for pride, but to an end more righteous:
For, not the solemn trappings of our state,
Tiaras, mitres, nor the pontiff's robe,
Can give such grave authority to priesthood,
As one good deed of grace and charity.

Count. We deem none worthier. But to thy errand!

Aust. I come commission'd from fair Isabel.

Count. To me, or to the Countess?

Aust. Thus, to both.

For your fair courtesy, and entertainment,
She rests your thankful debtor. You, dear lady,
And her sweet friend the gentle Adelaide,
Have such a holy place in all her thoughts,
That 'twere irreverence to waste her sense
In wordy compliment.

Countess. Alas! where is she?
Till now I scarce had power to think of her;
But 'tis the mournful privilege of grief,
To stand excused from kind observances,
Which else, neglected, might be deem'd offence

Aust. She dwells in sanctuary at Saint Nicholas':
Why she took refuge there——

Count. Retire, Hortensia.
I would have private conference with Austin,
No second ear must witness.

Countess. May I not,
By this good man, solicit her return?

Count. Another time; it suits not now.—Retire.
[*Exit* COUNTESS.
You come commission'd from fair Isabel?

Aust. I come commission'd from a greater power,
The Judge of thee, and Isabel, and all.
The offer of your hand in marriage to her,
With your proposed divorce from that good lady
That honour'd, injured lady, you sent hence,
She has disclosed to me.

Count. Which you approve not:
So speaks the frowning prelude of your brow.

Aust. Approve not! Did I not protest against it,
With the bold fervour of enkindled zeal,
I were the pander of a love, like incest;
Betrayer of my trust, my function's shame,
And thy eternal soul's worst enemy.

Count. Yet let not zeal, good man, devour thy reason.
Hear first, and then determine. Well you know,
My hope of heirs has perish'd with my son;

Since now full seventeen years, the unfruitful curse
Has fallen upon Hortensia. Are these signs,
(Tremendous signs, that startle Nature's order!)
Graves casting up their sleepers, earth convulsed,
Meteors that glare my children's timeless deaths,
Obscure to thee alone?—I have found the cause.
There is no crime our holy church abhors,
Not one high Heaven more strongly interdicts,
Than that commixture, by the marriage rite,
Of blood too near, as mine is to Hortensia.

Aust. Too near of blood! oh, specious mockery!
Where have those doubts been buried twenty years?
Why wake they now? And am I closetted
To sanction them? Take back your hasty words,
That call'd me wise or virtuous; while you offer
Such shallow fictions to insult my sense,
And strive to win me to a villain's office.

Count. The virtue of our churchmen, like our wives,
Should be obedient meekness. Proud resistance,
Bandying high looks, a port erect and bold,
Are from the canon of your order, priest.
Learn this, for here will I be teacher, Austin;
Our temporal blood must not be stirr'd thus rudely:
A front that taunts, a scanning, scornful brow,
Are silent menaces, and blows unstruck.

Aust. Not so, my lord; mine is no priestly pride:
When I put off the habit of the world,
I had lost all that made it dear to me,
And shook off, to my best, its heat and passions.
But can I hold in horror this ill deed,
And dress my brow in false approving smiles?
No: could I carry lightning in my eye,
Or roll a voice like thunder in your ears,
So should I suit my utterance to my thoughts,
And act as fits my sacred ministry.

Count. O, father! did you know the conflict here,
How love and conscience are at war within me,
Most sure, you would not treat my grief thus harshly.

I call the saints to witness, were I master,
To wive the perfect model of my wish,
For virtue, and all female loveliness,
I would not rove to an ideal form,
But beg of Heaven another like Hortensia.—
Yet we must part.

Aust. And think you to excuse
A meditated wrong to excellence,
By giving it acknowledgment and praise?
Rather pretend insensibility;
Feign that thou dost not see like other men;
So may abhorrence be exchanged for wonder,
Or men from cursing fall to pity thee.

Count. You strive in vain; no power on earth can shake me.
I grant my present purpose seems severe,
Yet are there means to smooth severity,
Which you, and only you, can best apply.

Aust. Oh no! the means hang there, there by your side:
Enwring your fingers in her flowing hair,
And with that weapon drink her heart's best blood;
So shall you kill her, but not cruelly,
Compared to this deliberate, lingering murder.

Count. Away with this perverseness! Get thee to her;
Tell her my heart is hers; here deep engraved
In characters indelible, shall rest
The sense of her perfections. Why I leave her,
Is not from cloy'd or fickle appetite
(For infinite is her power to charm;)——
But Heaven will have it so.

Aust. Oh, name not Heaven!
'Tis too profane abuse.

Count. Win her consent,
(I know thy sway is boundless o'er her will,)
Then join my hand to blooming Isabel.
Thus, will you do to all most worthy service;

The curse, averted thus, shall pass from Narbonne;
My house again may flourish; and proud Godfrey,
Who now disputes, will ratify my title,
Pleased with the rich succession to his heirs.

Aust. Has passion drown'd all sense, all memory?
She was affianced to your son, young Edmund.

Count. She never loved my son. Our importunity
Won her consent, but not her heart, to Edmund.

Aust. Did not that speak her soul pre-occupied
Some undivulged and deep-felt preference?

Count. Ha! thou hast roused a thought: This Theodore!
(Dull that I was, not to perceive it sooner!).
He is her paramour! by Heaven, she loves him!
Her coldness to my son; her few tears for him;
Her flight; this peasant's aiding her: all, all,
Make it unquestionable;—but he dies.

Aust. Astonishment! What does thy phrenzy mean?

Count. I thank thee, priest! thou servest me 'gainst thy will.
That slave is in my power. Come, follow me.
Thou shalt behold the minion's heart torn out;
Then to his mistress bear the trembling present.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

A Hall.

Enter ADELAIDE, JAQUELINE *following.*

Jaq. Where do you fly? Heavens! have you lost all sense?

Adel. Oh, 'would I had! for then I should not feel;
But I have sense enough to know I am wretched,
To see the full extent of misery,
Yet not enough to teach me how to bear it.

Jaq. I did not think your gentleness of nature
Could rise to such extremes.

Adel. Am I not tame?
What are these tears, this wild, dishevell'd hair?
Are these fit signs for such despair as mine?
Women will weep for trifles, baubles, nothing,
For very frowardness will weep as I do:
A spirit rightly touch'd would pierce the air,
Call down invisible agents to her aid,
Kindle the elements.—But all is calm;
No thunder rolls, no warning voice is heard,
To tell my frantic father, this black deed
Will sink him down to infinite perdition.

Jaq. Rest satisfied he cannot be so cruel
(Rash as he is) to shed the innocent blood
Of a defenceless unoffending youth.

Adel. He cannot be so cruel? Earth and heaven!
Did I not see the dreadful preparations?
The slaves, who tremble at my father's nod,
Pale, and confounded, dress the fatal block?
But I will fly; fall prostrate at his feet;

If nature is not quite extinguish'd in him,
My prayers, my tears, my anguish, sure will move him.
Jaq. Move him indeed! but to redoubled fury:
He dooms him dead, for loving Isabel;
Think, will it quench the fever of his rage,
To find he durst aspire to charm his daughter?
Adel. Did I hear right? for loving Isabel?
I knew not that before. Does he then love her?
Jaq. Nothing I heard distinctly; wild confusion
Runs through the castle: every busy fool,
All ignorant alike, tell different tales.
Adel Away, it cannot be. I know *his* truth.
Oh! I despise myself, that for a moment
(Pardon me, love!) could suffer mean suspicion
Usurp the seat of generous confidence.
Think all alike unjust, my Theodore,
When even thy Adelaide could join to wrong thee!
Jaq. Yet be advised——
Adel. Oh, leave me to my grief.—
To whom shall I complain? He but preserved
My life a little space, to make me feel
The extremes of joy and sorrow. Ere we met,
My heart was calm as the unconscious babe.

Enter FABIAN.

Fab. Madam, my lord comes this way, and commands
To clear these chambers; what he meditates,
'Tis fit indeed were private. My old age
Has lived too long, to see my master's shame.
Adel. His shame, eternal shame! Oh, more than cruel!
How shall I smother it! Fabian, what means he?
My father—him I speak of—this young stranger—
Fab. My heart is rent in pieces! deaf to reason,
He hears no counsel but from cruelty.
Good Austin intercedes, and weeps in vain.
Jaq. There's comfort yet, if he is by his side.

Look up, dear lady! Ha! that dying paleness——
Adel. It is too much—Oh, Jaqueline!
Jaq. She faints;
Her gentle spirits could endure no more.
Ha! paler still! Fabian, thy arm; support her!
She stirs not yet.
Fab. Soft, bear her gently in.
[ADELAIDE *is carried out.*

SCENE II.

Enter COUNT, *followed by* AUSTIN.

Aust. I do believe thee very barbarous;
Nay, fear thy reason touch'd; for such wild thoughts,
Such bloody purposes, could ne'er proceed
From any sober judgement;—yet thy heart
Will sure recoil at this.
Count. Why think so still;
Think me both ruffian-like, and lunatic;
One proof at least I'll give of temperate reason,—
Not to be baited from my fix'd design
By a monk's ban, or whining intercession.
Aust. Thou canst not mean to do it.
Count. Trust thine eyes.
Thybalt! bring forth the prisoner; bid my marshal
Prepare an axe. The ceremony's short;
One stroke, and all is past. Before he die,
He shall have leave to thank your godliness,
For speeding him so soon from this bad world.
Aust. Where is the right, the law, by which you doom him?
Count. My will's the law.
Aust. A venerable law!
The law by which the tyger tears the lamb,
And kites devour the dove. A lord of France,
Dress'd in a little delegated sway,
Strikes at his sovereign's face, while he profanes

His functions, trusted for the general good.
Count. I answer not to thee.
Aust. Answer to Heaven.
When call'd to audit in that sacred court,
Will that supremacy accept thy plea,
"I did commit foul murder, for I might?"
Count. Soar not too high; talk of the things of earth,
I'll give thee ear. Has not thy penitent,
Young Isabel, disclosed her passion to thee?
Aust. Never.
Count. Just now, her coldness to my son,
You said, bespoke her heart preoccupied.
The frail and fair make you their oracles;
Pent in your close confessionals you sit,
Bending your reverend ears to amorous secrets.
Aust. Scoffer, no more! stop thy licentious tongue;
Turn inward to thy bosom, and reflect—
Count. That is, be fool'd. Yet will I grant his life
On one condition.
Aust. Name it.
Count. Join my hand
To Isabel.
Aust. Not for the world.
Count. He dies.

THEODORE *brought in.*

Come near, thou wretch! When call'd before me first,
With most unwonted patience I endured
Thy bold avowal of the wrong thou didst me;
A wrong so great, that, but for foolish pity,
Thy life that instant should have made atonement
But now, convicted of a greater crime,
Mercy is quench'd: therefore prepare to die.
Theod. I was a captive long 'mongst infidels,
Whom falsely I deem'd savage, since I find
Even Tunis and Algiers, those nests of ruffians,
Might teach civility to polish'd France,
If life depends but on a tyrant's frown.

Count. Out with thy holy trumpery, priest! delay not,
Or, if he trusts in Mahomet, and scorns thee,
Away with him this instant.
Aust. Hold, I charge you!
Theod. The turban'd misbeliever makes some show
Of justice, in his deadly processes;
Nor drinks the sabre blood thus wantonly,
Where men are valued less than nobler beasts.—
Of what am I accused?
Count. Of insolence;
Of bold, presumptuous love, that dares aspire
To mix the vileness of thy sordid lees
With the rich current of a baron's blood.
Aust. My heart is touch'd for him.—Much-injured youth,
Suppress awhile this swelling indignation;
Plead for thy life.
Theod. I will not meanly plead;
Nor, were my neck bow'd to his bloody block,
If love's my crime, would I disown my love.
Count. Then, by my soul, thou diest!
Theod. And let me die:
With my last breath I'll bless her. My spirit, free
From earth's encumbering clogs, shall soar above thee.
Anxious, as once in life, I'll hover round her,
Teach her new courage to sustain this blow,
And guard her, tyrant! from thy cruelty.
Count. Ha! give me way!
Aust. Why this is madness, youth:
You but inflame the rage you should appease.
Theod. He thinks me vile. 'Tis true, indeed, I seem so:
But, though these humble weeds obscure my outside,
I have a soul disdains his contumely;
A guiltless spirit that provokes no wrong,
Nor from a monarch would endure it, offer'd:
Uninjured, lamb-like; but a lion, roused.
Know, too, injurious lord, here stands before thee

The equal of thy birth.
Count. Away, base clod.—
Obey me, slaves,—Wht, all amazed with lies?
Aust. Yet hear him, Narbonne: that ingenuous face
Looks not a lie. Thou saidst thou wert a captive—
Turn not away; we are not all like him.
Theod. My story's brief. My mother and myself,
(I then an infant) in my father's absense,
Were on our frontiers seized by Saracens.
Count. A likely tale! a well-devised imposture!
Who will believe thee?
Aust. Go on, say all.
Theod. To the fierce bashaw, Hamet,
That scourge and terror of the Christian coasts,
Were we made slaves at Tunis.
Aust. Ha! at Tunis?
Seized with thy mother? Lives she, gentle youth?
Theod. Ah, no, dear saint! fate ended soon her woes,
In pity, ended! On her dying couch
She pray'd for blessings on me.
Aust. Be thou blessed!
O fail not, nature, but support this conflict!
'Tis not delusion, sure. It must be he.— [*Aside.*
But one thing more; did she not tell thee too,
Thy wretched father's name?
Theod. The lord of Clarinsal.
Why dost thou look so eagerly upon me?
If yet he lives, and thou know'st Clarinsal,
Tell him my tale.
Aust. Mysterious Providence!
Count. What's this? the old man trembles and turns pale. [*Aside.*
Theod. He will not let his offspring's timeless ghost
Walk unappeased; but on this cruel head
Exact full vengeance for his slaughter'd son.

Aust. O Giver of all good! Eternal Lord!
Am I so bless'd at last, to see my son!
Theod. Let me be deaf for ever, if my ears
Deceive me now! did he not say his son?
Aust. I did, I did! let this, and this, convince thee
I am that Clarinsal; I am thy father.
Count. Why works this foolish moisture to my eyes?
Down, nature! what hast thou to do with vengeance?
Theod. Oh, sir! thus bending, let me clasp your knees;—
Now in this precious moment, pay at once
The long, long debt of a lost son's affection.
Count. [*Aside.*] Destruction seize them both! Must I behold
Their transports, ne'er, perhaps, again to know
A son's obedience, or a father's fondness!
Aust. Dear boy! what miracle preserved thee thus,
To give thee back to France?
Theod. No miracle,
But common chance. A warlike bark of Spain
Bore down, and seized our vessel, as we roved
Intent on spoil: (for many times, alas!
Was I compell'd to join their hated league,
And strike with infidels.) My country known,
The courteous captain sent me to the shore;
Where vain were my fond hopes to find my father;
'Twas desolation all: a few poor swains
Told me the rumour ran he had renounced
A hated world, and here in Languedoc,
Devoted his remains of life to Heaven.
Aust. They told thee truth; and Heaven shall have my prayers,
My soul pour'd out in endless gratitude,
For this unhoped, immeasurable blessing.
Count. Thus far, fond man! I have listen'd to the tale;

And think it, as it is, a gross contrivance—
A trick, devised to cheat my credulous reason,
And thaw me to a woman's milkiness.

Aust. And art thou so unskill'd in nature's language,
Still to mistrust us? Could our tongues deceive,
Credit, what ne'er was feign'd, the genuine heart:
Believe these pangs, these tears of joy and anguish.

Count. Or true, or false, to me it matters not.
I see thou hast an interest in his life,
And by that link I hold thee. Would'st thou save him,
Thou know'st already what my soul is set on,
Teach thy proud heart compliance with my will:
If not—but now no more.—Hear all, and mark me—
Keep special guard, that none, but by my order,
Pass from the castle. By my hopes of heaven,
His head goes off, who dares to disobey me!
Farewell!——if he be dear to thee, remember.

[*Exit* COUNT.

Aust. If he be dear to me! my vital blood!—
Image of her, my soul delighted in,
Again she lives in thee! Yes, 'twas that voice,
That kindred look, raised such strong instinct here,
And kindled all my bosom at thy danger.

Theod. But must we bear to be thus tamely coop'd
By such insulting, petty despotism?
I look to my unguarded side in vain;
Had I a sword——

Aust. Think not of vengeance now;
A mightier arm than thine prepares it for him.
Pass but a little space, we shall behold him
The object of our pity, not our anger.
Yes, he must suffer; my rapt soul foresees it:
Empires shall sink; the pond'rous globe of earth
Crumble to dust; the sun and stars be quench'd;
But O, Eternal Father! of thy will,
To the last letter, all shall be accomplish'd.

Theod. So let it be! but, if his pride must fall,
Ye saints, who watch o'er loveliness and virtue,
Confound not with his crimes, her innocence!
Make him alone the victim; but with blessings
Bright, and distinguish'd, crown his beauteous daughter,
The charming Adelaide, my heart's first passion!

Aust. Oh most disastrous love! My son, my son,
Thy words are poniards here. Alas! I thought
(So thought the tyrant, and for that he raged)
The vows exchanged 'tween Isabel and thee,
Thwarted the issue of his wild designs.

Theod. I knew not Isabel, beyond a moment
Pass'd in surprise and haste.

Aust. O, had malignant fortune toil'd to blast him,
Thus had she snared him in this fatal passion!—
And does young Adelaide return thy love?

Theod. Bless'd powers, she does! How can you frown, and hear it!
Her generous soul, first touch'd by gratitude,
Soon own'd a kinder, warmer sympathy.
Soft as the fanning of a turtle's plumes,
The sweet confession met my enraptured ears.

Aust. What can I do?—Come near, my Theodore;
Dost thou believe my affection?

Theod. Can I doubt it?

Aust. Think what my bosom suffers, when *I tell* thee,
It must not, cannot be.

Theod. My love for Adelaide!

Aust. Deem it delicious poison; dash it from thee:
Thy bane is in the cup.

Theod. O bid me rather
Tear out my throbbing heart; I'd think it mercy,
To this unjust, this cruel interdiction.
That proud, unfeeling Narbonne, from his lips
Well might such words have fallen;—but thou, my father——

Aust. And fond, as ever own'd that tender name.
Not I, my son, not I prevent this union,
To me 'tis bitterness to cross thy wish,
But nature, fate, and Heaven, all, all forbid it.
We must withdraw, where Heaven alone can hear us:
Then must thou stretch thy soul's best faculties;
Call every manly principle to steel thee;
And, to confirm thy name, secure thy honour,
Make one great sacrifice of love to justice. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

A Chamber.

ADELAIDE *discovered.*

Adel. Woe treads on woe.—Thy life, my Theodore,
Thy threaten'd life, snatch'd from the impending stroke,
Just gave a moment's respite to my heart;
And now a mother's grief, with pangs more keen,
Wakes every throbbing sense, and quite o'erwhelms me.
Her soul wrapp'd up in his, to talk thus to her
Divorce her, leave her, wed with Isabel,

And call on Heaven, to sanctify the outrage!
How could my father's bosom meditate
What savage tongues would falter even to speak?
But see, he comes——

Enter AUSTIN *and* JAQUELINE.

O let me bend to thank you;
In this extreme distress, from you alone
(For my poor heart is vain) can she hope comfort.

Aust. How heard she the ill tidings? I had hopes
His cooler reason would subdue the thought;
And Heaven, in pity to her gentle virtues,
Might spare her knowing, how he meant to wrong them.

Jaq. The rumour of the castle reach'd her first;
But his own lips confirm'd the barbarous secret!
Sternly, but now, he enter'd her apartment,
And, stamping, frown'd her women from her presence!
After a little while they had pass'd together,
His visage flush'd with rage and mingled shame,
He burst into the chamber where we waited,
Bade us return and give our lady aid;
Then, covering his face with both his hands,
Went forth like one half-crazed.

Adel. Oh good, kind father!
There is a charm in holy eloquence
(If words can medicine a pang like this)
Perhaps may sooth her. Sighs, and trickling tears,
Are all my love can give. As I kneel by her.
She gazes on me, clasps me to her bosom;
Cries out, My child! my child! then, rising quick,
Severely lifts her streaming eyes to heaven!
Laughs wildly, and half sounds my father's name;
Till, quite o'erpower'd, she sinks from my embrace,
While, like the grasp of death, convulsions shake her.

Aust. Remorseless man! this wound would reach her heart,

And when she falls, his last, best prop, falls with her.
And see, the beauteous mourner moves this way:
Time has but little injured that fair fabric;
But cruelty's hard stroke, more fell than time,
Works at the base, and shakes it to the centre.

Enter the COUNTESS.

Countess. Will, then, these dreadful sounds ne'er leave my ears?
"Our marriage was accursed; too long we have lived
"In bonds forbid; think me no more thy husband;
"The avenging bolt, for that incestuous name,
"Falls on my house, and spreads the ruin wide."
These were his words.

Adel. Oh, ponder them no more!
Lo! where the blessed minister of peace,
He, whose mild counsels wont to charm your care,
Is kindly come to cheer your drooping soul;
And see, the good man weeps.

Countess. What! weep for me?

Aust. Ay, tears of blood from my heart's inmost core,
And count them drops of water from my eyes,
Could they but wash out from your memory
The deep affliction you now labour with.

Countess. Then still there is some pity left in man;
I judged you all by him, and so I wrong'd you.
I would have told my story to the sea,
When it roar'd wildest; bid the lioness,
Robb'd of her young, look with compassion on me;
Rather than hoped in any form of man,
To find one drop of human gentleness.

Aust. Most honour'd lady!

Countess. 'Pray you, come not near me.
I am contagion all! some wicked sin,
Prodigious, unrepented sin, has stain'd me.
Father, 'twould blast thee but to hear the crimes

This woman, who was once the wife of Raymond,
This cursed forsaken woman here, has acted.
Aust. What slanderous tongue dare thus profane your virtue?
Madam, I know you well; and, by my order,
Each day, each hour, of your unspotted life,
Might give as fair a lesson to the world,
As churchmen's tongue can preach, or saints could practise.
Countess. He charges me with all.—Thou, poor Hortensia!
What guilt, prepost'rous guilt, is thine to answer!
Adel. In mercy, wound not thus your daughter's soul.
Aust. A villain or a madman might say this.
Countess. What shall I call him? he who was my husband;
My child, thy father;—He'll disclaim thee too.
But let him cast off all the ties of nature,
Abandon us to grief and misery——
Still will I wander with thee o'er the world:
I will not wish my reason may forsake me,
Nor sweet oblivious dulness steep my sense,
While thy soft age may want a mother's care,
A mother's tenderness to wake and guard thee.
Adel. And, if the love of your dear Adelaide,
Her reverence, duty, endless gratitude
For all your angel goodness, now can move you,
Oh, for my sake (lest quite you break my heart)
Wear but a little outside show of comfort;
A while pretend it, though you feel it not,
And I will bless you for deceiving me.
Countess. I know 'tis weakness—folly, to be moved thus;
And these, I hope, are my last tears for him.
Alas, I little knew, deluded wretch!
His riotous fancy glow'd with Isabel;
That not a thought of me possess'd his mind,

But coldness and aversion; how to shun me,
And turn me forth a friendless wanderer.
Aust. Lady, for your peace,
Think, conscience is the greatest source of anguish:
A bosom, free like yours, has life's best sunshine;
'Tis the warm blaze in the poor herdsman's hut,
That, when the storm howls o'er his humble thatch,
Brightens his clay-built walls, and cheers his soul.
Countess. O father, reason is for moderate sorrows;
For wounds which time has balm'd; but mine are fresh,
All bleeding fresh, and pain beyond my patience.
Ungrateful! cruel! how have I deserved it?
Thou tough, tough heart, break for my ease at once!
Aust. I scarce, methinks, can weigh him with himself;
Vexations strange have fallen on him of late!
And his distemper'd fancy drives him on
To rash designs where disappointment mads him.
Countess. Ah no! his wit is settled, and most subtle;
Pride and wild blood are his distemper, father.
But here I bid farewell to grief and fondness:
Let him go kneel, and sigh to Isabel:
And may he as obdurate find her heart,
As his has been to me.
Aust. Why, that's well said;—
'Tis better thus, than with consuming sorrow
To feed on your own life. Give anger scope:
Time, then, at length, will blunt this killing sense;
And peace, he ne'er must know again, be yours.
Countess. I was a woman, full of tenderness;
I am a woman, stung by injuries.
Narbonne was once my husband—my protector;
He was—what was he not?—He is my tyrant;

The unnatural tyrant of a heart, that loved him.
With cool, deliberate baseness, he forsakes me;
With scorn as steadfast shall my soul repay it.
Aust. You know the imminent danger threatens him,
From Godfrey's fearful claim?
Countess. Too well I know it;
A fearful claim indeed!
Aust. To-morrow's sun
Will see him at these gates; but trust my faith,
No violence shall reach you. The rash count
(Lost to himself) by force detains me here.
Vain is his force:—our holy sanctuary,
Whate'er betides, shall give your virtue shelter;
And peace, and piety, alone, approach you.
Countess. Oh, that the friendly bosom of the earth
Would close on me for ever!
Aust. These ill thoughts
Must not be cherished. That all-righteous Power,
Whose hand inflicts, knows to reward our patience:
Farewell! command me ever as your servant,
And take the poor man's all, my prayers and blessing. [*Exit* AUSTIN.
Adel. Will you not strive to rest? Alas! 'tis long
Since you have slept. I'll lead you to your couch;
And gently touch my lute, to wake some strain
May aid your slumbers.
Countess. My sweet comforter!
I feel not quite forlorn, when thou art near me.
Adel. Lean on my arm.
Countess. No, I will in alone.
My sense is now unapt for harmony.
But go thou to Alphonso's holy shrine;
There with thy innocent hands devoutly raised,
Implore his sainted spirit to receive

Thy humble supplications; and to avert
From thy dear head, the still impending wrath,
For one black deed, that threatens all thy race.
[*Exit* COUNTESS.

Adel. For thee my prayers shall rise, not for myself,
And every kindred saint will bend to hear me.
But, O, my fluttering breast!—'Tis Theodore!
How sad, and earnestly he views that paper!
It turns him pale. Beshrew the envious paper!
Why should it steal the colour from that cheek,
Which danger ne'er could blanch? He sees me not.
I'll wait; and should sad thoughts disturb his quiet,
If love has power, with love's soft breath dispel them.
[*Exit* ADELAIDE.

Enter THEODORE, *with a Paper.*

Theod. My importunity at last has conquer'd:
Weeping, my father gave, and bade me read it.
"'Tis there," he cried, "the mystery of thy birth;
"There, view thy long divorce from Adelaide."
Why should I read it? Why with rav'nous haste
Gorge down my bane? The worst is yet conceal'd;
Then wherefore, eager for my own destruction,
Enquire a secret, which, when known, must sink me?
My eyes start back from it; my heart stands still;
And every pulse and motion of my blood,
With prohibition, strong as sense can utter,
Cries out, "Beware!"—But does my sight deceive?
Is it not she? Up, up, you black contents:
A brighter object meets my ravish'd eyes.
Now, let the present moment, love, be thine!
For ill, come when it may, must come untimely.

Enter ADELAIDE.

Adel. Am I not here unwish'd for?
Theod. My best angel!
Were seas between us, thou art still where I am.

I bear thy precious image ever round me,
As pious men the relics they adore.
Scarce durst I hope to be so blest to see thee,
But could not wish a joy beyond thy presence.
Adel. O Theodore! what wond'rous turns of fortune
Have given thee back to a dear parent's arms?
And spite of all the horrors which surround me,
And worse, each black eventful moment threatens,
My bosom glows with rapture at the thought
Thou wilt at last be bless'd.
Theod. But one way only
Can I be bless'd. On thee depends my fate.
Lord Raymond, harsh and haughty as he is,
And adverse to my father's rigid virtue,
When he shall hear our pure, unspotted vows,
Will yield thee to my wishes;—but, cursed stars!
How shall I speak it?
Adel. What?
Theod. That holy man,
That Clarinsal, whom I am bound to honour,
Perversely bids me think of thee no more.
Adel. Alas! in what have I offended him?
Theod. Not so; he owns thy virtues, and admires them.
But with a solemn earnestness that kills me,
He urges some mysterous, dreadful cause,
Must sunder us for ever.
Adel. Oh, then fly me!
I am not worth his frown; begone this moment;
Leave me to weep my mournful destiny,
And find some fairer, happier maid to bless thee.
Theod. Fairer than thee! Oh, heavens! the delicate hand
Of nature, in her daintiest mood, ne'er fashion'd
Beauty so rare. Love's roseate deity,
Fresh from his mother's kiss, breathed o'er thy mould

That soft, ambrosial hue.—Fairer than thee!
'Twere blasphemy in any tongue but thine,
So to disparage thy unmatch'd perfections.

Adel. No, Theodore, I dare not hear thee longer;
Perhaps, indeed, there is some fatal cause.

Theod. There is not, cannot be. 'Tis but his pride,
Stung by resentment 'gainst thy furious father—

Adel. Ah no; he is too generous, just, and good,
To hate me for the offences of my father.
But find the cause. At good Alphonso's tomb
I go to offer up my orisons;
There bring me comfort, and dispel my fears;
Or teach me, (oh, hard thought!) to bear our parting.

[*Exit* ADELAIDE.

Theod. She's gone, and now, firm fortitude, support me,
For here I read my sentence; life or death.

[*Takes out the Paper.*

Thou art the grandson of the good Alphonso,
And Narbonne's rightful lord.—Ha! is it so?
Then has this boisterous Raymond dared insult me,
Where I alone should rule:—yet not by that
Am I condemn'd to lose her. Thou damn'd scroll!
I fear thou hast worse poison for my eyes.
Long were the champions, bound for Palestine,
(Thy grandsire then their chief) by adverse winds
Detain'd in Naples; where he saw and loved,
And wedded secretly, Vicenza's daughter;
For, till the holy warfare should be closed,
They deem'd it wise to keep the rite conceal'd.
The issue of that marriage was thy mother
But the same hour that gave her to the world,
For ever closed the fair one's eyes who bore her.
Foul treason next cut short thy grandsire's thread;
Poison'd he fell.——

[THEODORE *pauses, and* AUSTIN, *who has been some time behind, advances.*

Aust. By Raymond's felon father,
Who, adding fraud to murder, forged a will,
Devising to himself and his descendants,
Thy rights, thy titles, thy inheritance.
Theod. Then I am lost—
Aust. Now think, unkind young man,
Was it for naught I warn'd thee to take heed,
And smother in its birth this dangerous passion?
The Almighty arm, red for thy grandsire's murder,
Year after year has terribly been stretch'd
O'er all the land, but most this guilty race.
Theod. The murderer was guilty, not his race.
Aust. Great crimes, like this, have lengthen'd punishments.
Why speak the fates by signs and prodigies?
Why one by one falls this devoted line,
Accomplishing the dreadful prophecy,
That none should live to enjoy the fruits of blood?
But waive this argument.—Thou wilt be call'd
To prove thy right,
By combat with the Count.
Theod. In arms I'll meet him;
To-morrow, now.—
Aust And, reeking with his blood,
Offer the hand, which shed it, to his daughter?
Theod. Ha!
Aust. Does it shake thee?——Come, my Theodore.
Let not a gust of love-sick inclination
Root, like a sweeping whirlwind, from thy soul
All the fair growth of noble thoughts and virtue,
Thy mother planted in thy early youth;
Oh, rashly tread not down the promised harvest,
They toil'd to rear to the full height of honour!
Theod. Would I had lived obscure in penury,
Rather than this!—Distraction!—Adelaide!

Enter ADELAIDE

Adel. Oh, whither shall I fly!
Theod. What means my love?
Why thus disturb'd?
Adel. The castle is beset;
The superstitious, fierce, inconstant people,
Madder than storms, with weapons caught in haste,
Menace my father's life; rage, and revile him;
Call him the heir of murderous usurpation;
And swear they'll own no rightful lord but Godfrey.
Aust. Blind wretches! I will hence, and try my power
To allay the tumult. Follow me, my son!
[*Exit* AUSTIN.
Adel. Go not defenceless thus; think on thy safety.
See, yonder porch opes to the armoury;
There coats of mail'd proof, falchions, and casques,
And all the glittering implements of war,
Stand terribly arranged.
Theod. Heavens! 'twas what I wish'd.
Yes, Adelaide, I go to fight for him:
Thy father shall not fall ingloriously:
But, when he sees this arm strike at his foes,
Shall own, thy Theodore deserved his daughter.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE 1.

A Hall.

Enter COUNT, FABIAN, AUSTIN, ATTENDANTS *with* PRISONERS.

Count. Hence to a dungeon with those mutinous slaves;
There let them prate of prophecies and visions;
And when coarse fare and stripes bring back their senses,
Perhaps I may relent, and turn them loose
To new offences, and fresh chastisement.
[*Exeunt* OFFICERS, *&c.*
Fab. You bleed, my lord!
Count. A scratch—death! to be bay'd
By mongrels! curs! They yelp'd, and show'd their fangs,
Growl'd too, as they would bite. But was't not poor,
Unlike the generous strain of Godfrey's lineage,
To stir the rabble up in nobles' quarrels,
And bribe my hinds and vassals to assault me?
Aust. They were not stirr'd by Godfrey.
Count. Who then stirr'd them?
Thyself, perhaps. Was't thou? And yet I wrong thee;
Thou didst preach peace; and straight they crouch'd and shrunk,
More tamed by the persuasion of thy tongue,

Than losing the hot drops my steel drew from them.
Aust. I might, perhaps, have look'd for better thanks,
Than taunts to pay my service.—But no matter.—
My son, too, served thee nobly; he bestrode thee,
And drove those peasants back, whose staves and clubs,
But for his aid, had shiver'd that stout frame:
But both, too well accustom'd to thy transports,
Nor ask, nor hope, thy courtesy.
Count. Your pardon!
I knew my life was saved, but not by whom;
I wish'd it not, yet thank him. I was down,
Stunn'd in the inglorious broil; and nought remember,
More than the shame of such a paltry danger.
Where is he?
Aust. Here.
[THEODORE *advances from the Back of the Stage.*
Count. [*Starting.*] Ha! angels shelter me!
Theod. Why starts he thus?
Count. Are miracles renew'd?
Art thou not risen from the mould'ring grave,
And in the awful majesty of death,
'Gainst nature, and the course of mortal thought,
Assum'st the likeness of a living form,
To blast my soul with horror?
Theod. Does he rave?
Or means he thus to mock me?
Count. Answer me!
Speak, some of you, who have the power to speak;
Is it not he?
Fab. Who, good my lord?
Count. Alphonso.
His form, his arms, his air, his very frown.
Lord of these confines, speak—declare thy pleasure.
Theod. Dost thou not know me then?

Count. Ha! Theodore?
This sameness, not resemblance, is past faith.
All statues, pictures, or the likeness kept
By memory, of the good Alphonso living,
Are faint and shadowy traces, to this image!
Fab. Hear me, my lord, so shall the wonder cease.—
The very arms he wears were once Alphonso's.
He found them in the stores, and braced them on,
To assist you in your danger.
Count. 'Tis most strange.
I strive, but cannot conquer this amazement:
I try to take them off; yet still my eyes
Again are drawn, as if by magic on him.
Aust. [*Aside to* THEODORE.] Hear you, my son?
Theod. Yes, and it wakes within me,
Sensations new till now.
Aust. To-morrow's light
Will show him wonders greater.—Sir, it pleased you,
(Wherefore you best can tell) to make us here
Your prisoners; but the alarm of your danger
Threw wide your gates, and freed us. We return'd
To give you safeguard.—May we now depart?
Count. Ay, to the confines of the farthest earth;
For here thy sight unhinges Raymond's soul.
Be hid, where air or light may never find thee;
And bury too that phantom.
[*Exit* COUNT, *with his* ATTENDANTS.
Theod. Insolence!
Too proud to thank our kindness! yet, what horror
Shook all his frame, when thus I stood before him.
Aust. The statue of thy grandsire
(The very figure as thou stood'st before him,
Arm'd just as thou art), seem'd to move, and live;
That breathing marble, which the people's love
Rear'd near his tomb, within our convent's wall.
Anon I'll lead thee to it.

Theod. Let me hence,
To shake these trappings off.
Aust. Wear them and mark me.
Ere night thy kinsman Godfrey will be master
Of all thy story:—
He is brave, and just,
And will support thy claim. Should proof and reason
Fail with the usurper, thou must try thy sword
(And Heaven will strike for thee) in combat with him.
The conscious flash of this thy grandsire's mail,
Worse than the horrors of the fabled Gorgon,
That curdled blood to stone, will shrink his sinews,
And cast the wither'd boaster at thy feet.
Theod. Grant it, ye powers! but not to shed his blood:
The father of my Adelaide, that name—
Aust. Is dearer far than mine;—my words are air;
My counsels pass unmark'd. But come, my son!
To-night my cell must house thee. Let me show thee
The humble mansion of thy lonely father,
Proud once, and prosperous: where I have wept, and pray'd,
And lost in cold oblivion of the world,
Twice nine long years; thy mother, and thyself,
And God, were all my thoughts.
Theod. Ay, to the convent!
For there my love, my Adelaide, expects me. [*Aside.*

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another Apartment in the Castle.

Enter COUNT *and* FABIAN.

Count. By hell, this legend of Alphonso's death
Hourly gains ground.
Fab. They talk of nought besides;
And their crazed notions are so full of wonder,
There's scarce a common passage of the times,
But straight their folly makes it ominous.
Count. Fame, that, like water, widens from its source,
Thus often swells, and spreads a shallow falsehood.
At first, a twilight tale of village terror,
The hair of boors and beldams bristled at it;
(Such bloodless fancies wake to nought but fear:)
Then, heard with grave derision by the wise,
And from contempt, unsearch'd and unrefuted,
It pass'd upon the lazines of faith,
Like many a lie, gross, and impossible.
Fab. A lie believed, may in the end, my lord,
Prove fatal as a written gospel truth.
Therefore——
Count. Take heed; and ere the lightning strike,
Fly from the sulphurous clouds,—I am not dull;
For, bright as ruddy meteors through the sky,
The thought flames here, shall light me to my safety.
Fabian, away! Send hither to me straight,
Renchild and Thybalt. [*Exit* FABIAN.] They are young and fearless.
Thy flight, ungrateful Isabel, compels me

To this rude course. I would have all with kindness;
Nor stain the snow-white flower of my true love
With spots of violence. But it must be so.
This lordly priest, this Clarinsal, or Austin,
Like a true churchman, by his calling tainted,
Prates conscience; and in craft abets Earl Godfrey,
That Isabel may wed his upstart son.
Let Rome dart all her lightnings at my head,
Till her grey pontiff singe in his own fires;
Spite of their rage, I'll force the sanctuary,
And bear her off this night, beyond their power;
My bride, if she consents; if not, my hostage.

Enter Two OFFICERS.

Come hither, sirs. Take twenty of your fellows;
Post ten at the great gate of Nicholas;
The rest, by two's, guard every avenue
Leads from the convent to the plain or castle.
Charge them (and as their lives shall answer it,)
That none but of my train pass out, or enter.

1 Offi. We will, my lord, about it instantly.

Count. Temper your zeal, and know your orders first.
Take care they spill no blood;—no violence,
More than resisting who would force a passage;
The holy drones may buzz, but have no stings.
I mean to take a bawble from the church,
A reverend thief stole from me. Near the altar,
(That place commands the centre of the aisle)
Keep you your watch. If you espy a woman
(There can be only she), speed to me straight;
You'll find my station near Alphonso's porch.
Be swift as winds, and meet me presently.

[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE III.

The inside of a Convent, with Aisles and Gothic Arches; part of an Altar appearing on one side; the Statue of ALPHONSO, *in Armour, in the centre. Other Statues and Monuments also appearing.* ADELAIDE *veiled, rising from her knees before the Statue of* ALPHONSO.

Adel. Alas! 'tis mockery to pray as I do.
Thoughts fit for Heaven, should rise on seraphs' wings,
Unclogg'd with aught of earth; but mine hang here;
Beginning, ending, all in Theodore.
Why comes he not? 'Tis torture for the unbless'd,
To suffer such suspence as my heart aches with.
What can it be,—this secret, dreadful cause,
This shaft unseen, that's wing'd against our love?
Perhaps—I know not what.—At yonder shrine
Bending, I'll seal my irrevocable vow:
Hear, and record it, choirs of saints and angels!
If I am doom'd to sigh for him in vain
No second flame shall ever enter here;
But, faithful to thy fond, thy first impression,
Turn thou, my breast, to every sense of joy,
Cold as the pale-eyed marbles which surround me.

[ADELAIDE *withdraws.*

Enter AUSTIN *and* THEODORE.

Aust. Look round, my son! This consecrated place
Contains the untimely ashes of thy grandsire.
With all the impious mockery of grief,
Here were they laid by the dire hand which sped him.

There stands his statue; were a glass before thee,
So would it give thee back thy outward self.

Theod. And may the Power, which fashion'd thus my outside,
With all his nobler ornaments of virtue
Sustain my soul! till generous emulation
Raise me, by deeds, to equal his renown,
And—

Aust. To avenge him. Not by treachery,
But, casting off all thoughts of idle love,
Of love ill-matched, unhappy, ominous,—
To keep the memory of his wrongs; do justice
To his great name, and prove the blood you spring from.

Theod. Oh, were the bold possessor of my rghts
A legion arm'd, the terrors of his sword
Resistless as the flash that strikes from Heaven,
Undaunted would I meet him. His proud crest
Should feel the dint of no unpractised edge,
But, while my arm assails her father's life,
The unnatural wound returns to my own breast,
And conquest loses Adelaide for ever.

Aust. The barbarous deed of Raymond's father lost her.

Theod. Pierce not my soul thus. Can you love your son,—
And coldly tell me,
Without one tear, unmoved thus, I must lose her?
But where, where is she? [*Looking out.*] Heavenly innocence!
See the dear saint kneels at the altar's foot;
See, her white hands with fervent clasps are raised;
Perhaps for me. Have you a heart, my father,
And bid me bear to lose her?—Hold me not—
I come, I fly, my life, my all! to join thee. [*Exit.*

Aust. Return, return, rash boy! ——Pernicious chance!

One glance from her will quite destroy my work,
And leave me but my sorrow for my labour.
[*Follows him.*

Enter COUNT.

Count. Am I turn'd coward, that my tottering knees
Knock as I tread the pavement?—'Tis the place;
The sombrous horror of these long-drawn aisles.
My footsteps are beat back by naught but echo,
Struck from the caverns of the vaulted dead;
Yet now it seem'd as if a host pursued me.
The breath, that makes my words, sounds thunder-like.
Sure 'twas a deep-fetch'd groan.—No;—hark, again!
Then 'tis the language of the tombs; and see!—
[*Pointing to the Statue of* ALPHONSO.
Like their great monarch, he stands raised above them.
Who's there?

Enter Two OFFICERS.

1 *Offi.* My lord, where are you?
Count. Here—speak, man!
Why do you shake thus? Death! your bloodless cheeks
Send fear into me. You, sir, what's the matter?
2 *Offi.* We have found the lady.
Count. My good fellows, where?
1 *Offi.* Here, from this spot, you may yourself behold her;
Her face is towards the altar.
Count. [*Looking out.*] Blasts upon me!
Wither my eyes for ever!—Ay, 'tis she;
Austin with Theodore; he joins their hands:—
Destruction seize them! O dull, tardy fool!
My love, and my ambition, both defeated!
A marriage in my sight! Come forth! come forth!
[*Draws a Dagger.*

Arise, grim vengeance, and wash out my shame!
Ill-fated girl! A bloody Hymen waits thee!
[*Rushes out.*

1 *Offi.* His face is black with rage—his eyes flash fire;
I do not like this service.

2 *Offi.* No, nor I.

1 *Offi.* Heard you that shriek?—It thunders. By my soul,
I feel as if my blood were froze within me.
Speak to me. See he comes. [OFFICERS *retire.*

Enter COUNT, *with a bloody Dagger.*

Count. The deed is done.
Hark, the deep thunder rolls. I hail the sign;
It tells me in loud greetings, I'm revenged.

Enter THEODORE, *with his Sword drawn.*

Theod. Where, where's the assassin?

Count. Boy, the avenger's here.
Behold this dagger smokes with her heart's blood!
That thou stand'st there to brave me, thank that mail,
Or, traitor, thou hadst felt me.—But 'tis done.

Theod. Oh, monstrous! monstrous!

Count. Triumph now o'er Narbonne;
Boast how a stripling and a monk deceived
The easy Count; but, if thou lov'st thy bride,
Take that, and use it nobly.
[*Throws down the Dagger.*

Theod. 'Gainst thy heart,
Barbarian, would I use it: but look there;
There are ten thousand daggers.

Aust. [*Without.*] Ring out the alarm;
Fly all; bring aid, if possible, to save her.

Enter ADELAIDE, *wounded, and supported by* AUSTIN. THEODORE *advances to her, and assists in supporting and bringing her forward. Some of the* COUNT'S ATTENDANTS *enter from the Castle, with lighted Torches.*

Count. Ha! lightning shiver me!
Adel. My lord! my father!
Oh, bear me to his feet.
Aust. Thou man of blood,
Past utterance lost; see what thy rage has done!
Count. Ruin! despair! my child, my Adelaide!
Art thou the innocent victim of my fury?
Adel. I am indeed. I know not my offence:
Yet sure 'twas great, when my life answers it.
Will you forgive me now?
Count. Oh misery!
Had I unnumber'd lives, I'd give them all,
To lengthen thine an hour. What phrensy seized me!
That veil, the glimmering light, my rage deceived me.
Unnatural wound! detested parricide!—
Good youth, in pity strike this monster dead!
Adel. Listen not to his ravings. [*To* THEODORE.
Alas, my Theodore!
I struggle for a little gasp of breath;
Draw it with pain; and sure, in this last moment,
You will observe me.—
Live, I charge you:
Forget me not, but love my memory.
If I was ever dear to thee, my father,
(Those tears declare I was,) will you not hear me,
And grant one wish to your expiring child?
Count. Speak, tell me quickly, thou dear suffering angel!
Adel. Be gentle to my mother; her kind nature
Has suffer'd much; she will need all your care:
Forsake her not; and may the All-merciful

Look down with pity on this fatal error;
Bless you—and—oh— [*Dies.*

Count. She dies in prayer for me;
Prays for me, while her life streams from my stroke.
What prayers can rise for such a wretch as I am?
Seize me, ye fiends! rouse all your stings and torments!
See, hell grows darker as I stalk before them.

Theod. [*After looking some time at* ADELAIDE'S *Body.*] 'Tis my black destiny has murder'd thee.
Stand off—[*They hold him*] I will not live.
This load of being is intolerable;
And, in a happier world, my soul shall join her.
[*Rushes out.*

Aust. Observe, and keep him from all means of death.

Enter COUNTESS, FABIAN, *and other* ATTENDANTS.

Countess. Whence were those cries? what meant that fearful bell?
Who shall withhold me? I will not return.
Is there a horror I am stranger to?

Aust. There is; and so beyond all mortal patience,
I can but wish you stripp'd of sense and thought,
That it may pass without destroying you.

Countess. What is it? speak—

Aust. [*Looking towards the Body.*] Turn not your eyes that way,
For there, alas——

Countess. O Lord of earth and heaven!
Is it not she? my daughter, pale and bleeding!
She's cold, stark cold:—can you not speak to me?
Which of you have done this?

Count. 'Twas ease till now;
Fall, fall, thick darkness, hide me from that face!

Aust. Rise, madam, 'tis in vain.—Heaven comfort her!

Countess. Shall I not strive to warm her in my breast?
She is my all; I have nothing left but her.
You cannot force me from her. Adelaide!
My child, my lovely child! thy mother calls thee.
She hears me not;—she's dead.—Oh, God! I know thee—
Tell me, while I have sense, for my brain burns;
Tell me—yet what avails it? I'll not curse—
There is a Power to punish.
Count. Look on me!
Thou hadst much cause to think my nature cruel;
I wrong'd thee sore, and this was my last deed.
Countess. Was thine? thy deed? Oh, execrable monster!
Oh, greatly worthy of thy blood-stain'd sire!
A murderer he, and thou a parricide!
Why did thy barbarous hand refrain from me?
I was the hated bar to thy ambition;
A stab like this, had set thee free for ever;
Saved thee from shame, upbraiding, perjuries;
But she—this innocent—what had she done?
Count. I thank thee. I was fool enough, or coward,
To think of life one moment, to atone
By deep repentance for the wrongs I did thee.
But hateful to myself, hated by thee,
By Heaven abandon'd, and the plague of earth,
This, this remains, and all are satisfied.
[*Stabs himself.*
Forgive me, if 'tis possible—but—oh— [*Dies.*
Countess. [*After looking some time distractedly.*]—Where am I? Ruin, and pale death surround me.
I was a wife; there gasping lies my husband!
A mother too; there breathless lies my child!
Look down, oh Heaven! look down with pity on me!—
I know this place;

I'll kneel once more. Hear me, great God of Nature!
For this one boon let me not beg in vain;
Oh, do not mock me with the hopes of death;
These pangs, these struggles, let them be my last;
Release thy poor, afflicted, suffering creature;
Take me from misery, too sharp to bear,
And join me to my child!

[*Falls on the Body of* ADELAIDE.

Aust. Heaven comfort thee!
Hard was your lot, thou lovely innocent!
But palms, eternal palms, above, shall crown you.
For this rash man,—yet mercy's infinite.

[*The* COUNT.

You stand amazed. Know, this disastrous scene,
Ending the fatal race, concludes your sorrows.
To-morrow, meet me round this sacred shrine;
Then shall you hear at full a tale of wonder;
The rightful Lord of Narbonne shall be own'd;
And Heaven in all its ways be justified.

[*Curtain falls.*

THE END.

INKLE AND YARICO

INKLE. BY HEAVENS! A WOMAN!

ACT. I. SCENE. III.

PUBLISHED BY LONGMAN & CO

INKLE AND YARICO;

AN OPERA,

IN THREE ACTS;

By GEORGE COLMAN, THE YOUNGER.

AS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRES

COVENT-GARDEN AND HAY-MARKET.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

By Mrs INCHBALD.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN,
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REMARKS.

THIS is a drama, which might remove from Mr Wilberforce his aversion to theatrical exhibitions, and convince him, that the teaching of moral duty is not confined to particular spots of ground, for, in those places, of all others, the doctrine is most effectually inculcated, where exhortation is the most required—the resorts of the gay, the idle, and the dissipated.

This opera was written when the author was very young; and, should he live to be very old, he will have reason to be proud of it to his latest day—for it is one of those plays which is independent of time, of place, or of circumstance, for its value. It was popular before the subject of the abolition of the slave trade was popular. It has the peculiar honour of preceding that great question. It was the bright forerunner of alleviation to the hardships of slavery.

The trivial faults of this opera are—too much play on words (as it is called) by Trudge; and some clas-

sical allusions by other characters, in whose education such knowledge could not be an ingredient.

A fault more important is—that the scene at the commencement of the opera, instead of Africa, is placed in America. It would undoubtedly have been a quick passage, to have crossed a fourth part of the western globe, during the interval between the first and second acts; still, as the hero and heroine of the drama were compelled to go to sea, imagination, with but little more exertion, might have given them a fair wind as well from the coast whence slaves are *really* brought, as from a shore where no such traffic is held.*

As an opera, Inkle and Yarico has the singular merit not to be protected, though aided, by the power of music: the characters are so forcibly drawn, that even those performers who sing, and study that art alone, can render every part effectual: and singers and actors of future times, like those of the past, and of the present, will find every character exactly suited to their talents.

* No doubt the author would have ingenuity to argue away this objection—but that which requires argument for its support in a dramatic work, is a subject for complaint. As slaves are imported from Africa, and never from America, the audience, in the two last acts of this play, feel as if they had been in the wrong quarter of the globe during the first act. Inkle could certainly steal a native from America, and sell her in Barbadoes, but this is not so consonant with that nice imitation of the order of things as to rank above criticism.

This opera has been performed in every London theatre, and in every theatre of the kingdom, with the same degree of splendid success. It would have been wonderful had its reception been otherwise; for the subject is a most interesting one, and in the treatment of it, the author has shewn taste, judgment—virtue.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

COVENT-GARDEN.

INKLE	*Mr Johnstone.*
SIR CHRISTOPHER CURRY	*Mr Quick.*
CAMPLEY	*Mr Davies.*
MEDIUM	*Mr Wewitzer.*
TRUDGE	*Mr Edwin.*
MATE	*Mr Darley.*
YARICO	*Mrs Billington.*
NARCISSA	*Mrs Mountain.*
WOWSKI	*Mrs Martyr.*
PATTY	*Mrs Rock.*

HAY-MARKET.

INKLE	*Mr Bannister, jun.*
SIR CHRISTOPHER CURRY	*Mr Parsons.*
MEDIUM	*Mr Baddeley.*
CAMPLEY	*Mr Davies.*
TRUDGE	*Mr Edwin.*
MATE	*Mr Meadows.*
YARICO	*Mrs Kemble.*
NARCISSA	*Mrs Bannister.*
WOWSKI	*Miss George.*
PATTY	*Mrs Forster.*

SCENE,—First on the Main of America: Afterwards in Barbadoes.

INKLE AND YARICO.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

An American Forest.

Medium. [*Without.*] Hilli ho! ho!
Trudge. [*Without.*] Hip! hollo! ho!—Hip!——

Enter MEDIUM *and* TRUDGE.

Med. Pshaw! it's only wasting time and breath. Bawling won't persuade him to budge a bit faster, and, whatever weight it may have in *some* places, bawling, it seems, don't go for argument here. Plague on't! we are now in the wilds of America.

Trudge. Hip, hillio—ho—hi!——

Med. Hold your tongue, you blockhead, or——

Trudge. Lord! sir, if my master makes no more haste, we shall all be put to the sword by the knives of the natives. I'm told they take off heads like hats, and hang 'em on pegs, in their parlours. Mercy on us! My head aches with the very thoughts of it. Hollo! Mr Inkle! master! hollo!

Med. [*Stops his mouth.*] Head aches! Zounds, so does mine, with your confounded bawling. It's enough to bring all the natives about us; and we shall be stripped and plundered in a minute.

Trudge. Ay; stripping is the first thing that would happen to us; for they seem to be woefully off for a wardrobe. I myself saw three, at a distance, with less clothes than I have when I get out of bed, all dancing about in black buff, just like Adam in mourning.

Med. This is to have to do with a schemer! a fellow who risks his life, for a chance of advancing his interest.—Always advantage in view! Trying, here, to make discoveries, that may promote his profit in England. Another Botany-Bay scheme, mayhap. Nothing else could induce him to quit our foraging party, from the ship; when he knows every inhabitant here is not only as black as a pepper-corn, but as hot into the bargain—and *I*, like a fool, to follow him! and then to let him loiter behind.—Why, nephew;—Why, Inkle.—[*Calling.*]

Trudge. Why, Inkle——Well! only to see the difference of men! he'd have thought it very hard, now, if I had let him call so often after me. Ah! I wish he was calling after me now, in the old jog-trot way, again. What a fool was I to leave London for foreign parts!——That ever I should leave Threadneedle-street, to thread an American forest, where a man's as soon lost as a needle in a bottle of hay!

Med. Patience, Trudge! Patience! If we once recover the ship———

Trudge. Lord, sir, I shall never recover what I have lost in coming abroad. When my master and I were in London, I had such a mortal snug birth of it! Why, I was *factotum.*

Med. Factotum to a young merchant is no such sinecure, neither.

Trudge. But then the honour of it. Think of that, sir; to be clerk as well as *own man.* Only consider. You find very few city clerks made out of a man, now-a-days. To be king of the counting-house, as well as lord of the bed-chamber. Ah! if I had him

but now in the little dressing-room behind the office, tying his hair with a bit of red tape, as usual.

Med. Yes, or writing an invoice in lampblack, and shining his shoes with an ink-bottle, *as usual*, you blundering blockhead!

Trudge. Oh, if I was but brushing the accounts or casting up the coats!—Mercy on us! what's that?

Med. That! What?

Trudge. Didn't you hear a noise?

Med. Y—es—but—hush! Oh, heavens be praised! here he is at last.

Enter INKLE.

Now, nephew!

Inkle. So, Mr Medium.

Med. Zounds, one would think, by your confounded composure, that you were walking in St James's Park, instead of an American forest: and that all the beasts were nothing but good company; the hollow trees, here, sentry boxes, and the lions in 'em, soldiers; the jackalls, courtiers; the crocodiles, fine women; the baboons, beaux. What the plague made you loiter so long?

Inkle Reflection.

Med. So I should think; reflection generally comes lagging behind. What, scheming, I suppose; never quiet At it again, eh? What a happy trader is your father, to have so prudent a son for a partner! Why, you are the carefullest Co. in the whole city. Never losing sight of the main chance; and that's the reason, perhaps, you lost sight of us, here, on the main of America.

Inkle. Right, Mr Medium. Arithmetic, I own, has been the means of our parting at present.

Trudge. Ha! A sum in division, I reckon. [*Aside.*

Med. And pray, if I may be so bold, what mighty scheme has just tempted you to employ your head, when you ought to make use of your heels?

Inkle. My heels! Here's pretty doctrine! Do you think I travel merely for motion? What, would you have a man of business come abroad, scamper extravagantly here and there and every where, then return home, and have nothing to tell, but that he has *been* here and there and every where? 'Sdeath, sir, would you have me travel like a lord?

Med. No, the Lord forbid!

Inkle. Travelling, uncle, was always intended for improvement; and improvement is an advantage; and advantage is profit, and profit is gain; which in the travelling translation of a trader, means, that you should gain every advantage of improving your profit. I have been comparing the land, here, with that of our own country.

Med. And you find it like a good deal of the land of our own country——cursedly encumbered with black-legs, I take it.

Inkle. And calculating how much it might be made to produce by the acre.

Med. You were?

Inkle. Yes; I was proceeding algebraically upon the subject.

Med. Indeed!

Inkle. And just about extracting the square root.

Med. Hum!

Inkle. I was thinking too, if so many natives could be caught, how much they might fetch at the West India markets.

Med. Now let me ask you a question or two, young cannibal-catcher, if you please.

Inkle. Well.

Med. Ar'n't we bound for Barbadoes, partly to trade, but chiefly to carry home the daughter of the governor, Sir Christopher Curry, who has till now been under your father's care, in Threadneedle-street, for polite English education?

Inkle. Granted.

Med. And isn't it determined, between the old folks, that you are to marry Narcissa as soon as we get there?

Inkle. A fixed thing.

Med. Then what the devil do you do here, hunting old hairy negroes, when we ought to be obliging a fine girl in the ship? Algebra, too! You'll have other things to think of when you are married, I promise you. A plodding fellow's head, in the hands of a young wife, like a boy's slate, after school, soon gets all its arithmetic wiped off: and then it appears in its true simple state,—dark, empty, and bound in wood, Master Inkle.

Inkle. Not in a match of this kind. Why, it's a table of interest from beginning to end, old Medium.

Med. Well, well, this is no time to talk. Who knows but, instead of sailing to a wedding, we may get cut up, here, for a wedding dinner; tossed up for a dingy duke, perhaps, or stewed down for a black baronet, or eat raw by an inky commoner?

Inkle. Why sure you ar'n't afraid?

Med. Who, I afraid? Ha! ha! ha! No, not I! What the deuce should I be afraid of? Thank Heaven I have a clear conscience, and need not be afraid of any thing. A scoundrel might not be quite so easy on such an occasion; but it's the part of an honest man not to behave like a scoundrel;—I never behaved like a scoundrel—for which reason I am an honest man, you know. But come—I hate to boast of my good qualities.

Inkle. Slow and sure, my good, virtuous Mr Medium! Our c panions can be but half a mile before us: and, if we do but double their steps, we shall overtake 'em at one mile's end, by all the powers of arithmetic.

Med. Oh curse your arithmetic! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another part of the Forest.—A ship at anchor in the bay at a small distance.—Mouth of a cave.

Enter SAILORS *and* MATE, *as returning from foraging.*

Mate. Come, come, bear a hand, my lads. Tho'f the bay is just under our bowsprits, it will take a damned deal of tripping to come at it—there's hardly any steering clear of the rocks here. But do we muster all hands? All right, think ye?

1*st Sail.* All to a man——besides yourself and a monkey——the three land lubbers, that edged away in the morning, go for nothing, you know—they're all dead, mayhap, by this.

Mate. Dead! you be—Why they're friends of the captain; and if not brought safe aboard to night, you may all chance to have a salt eel for your supper—that's all—Moreover the young plodding spark, he with the grave, foul-weather face, there, is to man the tight little frigate, Miss Narcissa—what d'ye call her? that is bound with us for Barbadoes. Rot'em for not keeping under weigh, I say! But come, let's see if a song will bring 'em to. Let's have a full chorus to the good merchant ship, the Achilles, that's wrote by our captain.

SONG.

The Achilles, though christen'd, good ship, 'tis surmised,
From that old man of war, great Achilles, so prized,
Was he, like our vessel, pray, fairly baptized?
Ti tol lol, &c.

Poets sung that *Achilles—if, now, they've an itch*
To sing this, *future ages may know which is which:*
And that one rode in Greece—and the other in pitch.
Ti tol lol, &c.

What tho' but a merchant ship—sure our supplies :
Now your men of war's gain in a lottery lies,
And how blank they all look, when they can't get a prize!
Ti tol lol, &c.

What are all their fine names? when no rhino's behind,
The Intrepid, and Lion, look sheepish you'll find ;
Whilst, alas ! the poor Æolus can't raise the wind !
Ti tol lol, &c.

Then the Thunderer's dumb ; out of tune the Orpheus ;
The Ceres has nothing at all to produce ;
And the Eagle, I warrant you, looks like a goose!
Ti tol lol, &c.

1*st Sail.* Avast! look a-head there. Here they come, chased by a fleet of black devils.

Midsh. And the devil a *fire* have I to give them. We ha'n't a grain of powder left. What must we do, lads?

2*d Sail.* Do? Sheer off to be sure.

Midsh. [*Reluctantly.*] Well, if I must, I must. [*Going to the other side, and halloing to* INKLE, *&c.*] Yoho, lubbers! crowd all the sail you can, d'ye mind me? [*Exeunt* SAILORS.

Enter MEDIUM, *running across the stage, as pursued by the Blacks.*

Med. Nephew! Trudge! run—scamper! Scour—fly! Zounds, what harm did I ever do to be hunted to death by a pack of bloodhounds? Why, nephew! Oh! confound your long sums in arithmetic! I'll take care of myself; and if we must have any arithmetic, dot and carry one for my money. [*Runs off.*

Enter INKLE *and* TRUDGE, *hastily.*

Trudge. Oh! that ever I was born, to leave pen, ink, and powder for this!

Inkle. Trudge, how far are the sailors before us?

Trudge. I'll run and see, sir, directly.

Inkle. Blockhead, come here. The savages are close upon us; we shall scarce be able to recover our party. Get behind this tuft of trees with me; they'll pass us, and we may then recover our ship with safety.

Trudge. [*Going behind.*] Oh! Threadneedle-street, Thread—

Inkle. Peace!

Trudge. [*Hiding.*]—Needle-street. [*They hide behind trees. Natives cross. After a long pause,* INKLE *looks from the trees.*]

Inkle. Trudge.

Trudge. Sir. [*In a whisper.*]

Inkle. Are they all gone by?

Trudge. Won't you look and see?

Inkle. [*Looking round.*] So, all is safe at last. [*Coming forward.*] Nothing like policy in these cases; but you'd have run on like a booby! A tree, I fancy, you'll find, in future, the best resource in a hot pursuit.

Trudge. Oh, charming! It's a retreat for a king, sir: Mr Medium, however, has not got up in it; your uncle, sir, *has run on like a booby;* and has got up with our party by this time, I take it; who are now most likely at the shore. But what are we to do next, sir?

Inkle. Reconnoitre a little, and then proceed.

Trudge. Then pray, sir, proceed to reconnoitre; for the sooner the better.

Inkle. Then look out, d'ye hear? and tell me if you discover any danger.

Trudge. Y——Ye—s—Yes.

Inkle. Well, is the coast clear?

Trudge. Eh! Oh lord!—Clear! [*Rubbing his eyes.*] Oh dear! oh dear! the coast will soon be clear enough now, I promise you——The ship is under sail, sir!

Inkle. Confusion! my property carried off in the vessel.

Trudge. All, all, sir, except me.

Inkle. They may report me dead, perhaps, and dispose of my property at the next island. [*The vessel appears under sail.*]

Trudge. Ah! there they go. [*A gun fired.*]——— That will be the last report we shall ever hear from 'em I'm afraid.—That's as much as to say, Good bye t'ye. And here we are left—two fine, full-grown babes in the wood!

Inkle. What an ill-timed accident! Just, too, when my speedy union with Narcissa, at Barbadoes, would so much advance my interests.—Ah, my Narcissa, I never shall forget thy last adieu.—Something must be hit upon, and speedily; but what resource? [*Thinking.*]

Trudge. The old one—a tree, sir—'Tis all we have for it now. What would I give, now, to be perched upon a high stool, with our brown desk squeezed into the pit of my stomach—scribbling away an old parchment!——But all my red ink will be spilt by an old black pin of a negro.

SONG.

[Last Valentine's Day.]

A voyage over seas had not enter'd my head,
Had I known but on which side to butter my bread,
Heigho! sure I—for hunger must die!
I've sail'd like a booby; come here in a squall,
Where, alas! there's no bread to be butter'd at all!
Oho! I'm a terrible booby!
Oh, what a sad booby am I!

In London, what gay chop-house signs in the street!
But the only sign here is of nothing to eat.
Heigho! that I—for hunger should die!
My mutton's all lost; I'm a poor starving elf!
And for all the world like a lost mutton myself.
Oho! I shall die a lost mutton!
Oh! what a lost mutton am I!

For a neat slice of beef I could roar like a bull;
And my stomach's so empty, my heart is quite full.
Heigho! that I—for hunger should die!
But, grave without meat, I must here meet my grave,
For my bacon, I fancy, I never shall save.
Oho! I shall ne'er save my bacon!
I can't save my bacon, not I!

Trudge. Hum! I was thinking——I was thinking, sir—if so many natives could be caught, how much they might fetch at the West India markets!

Inkle. Scoundrel! is this a time to jest?

Trudge. No, faith, sir! Hunger is too sharp to be jested with. As for me, I shall starve for want of food. Now you may meet a luckier fate: you are able to extract the square root, sir; and that's the very best provision you can find here to live upon. But I! [*Noise at a distance.*] Mercy on us! here they come again.

Inkle. Confusion! Deserted on one side, and pressed on the other, which way shall I turn?—This cavern may prove a safe retreat to us for the present. I'll enter, cost what it will.

Trudge. Oh Lord! no don't, don't——we shall pay too dear for our lodging, depend on't.

Inkle. This is no time for debating. You are at the mouth of it: lead the way, Trudge.

Trudge. What! go in before your honour! I know my place better, I assure you—I might walk into more mouths than one, perhaps. [*Aside.*]

Inkle. Coward! then follow me [*Noise again.*]

Trudge. I must, sir; I must! Ah, Trudge, Trudge! what a damned hole are you getting into!

[*Exeunt into a cavern.*

SCENE III.

cave, decorated with skins of wild beasts, feathers, &c. In the middle of the scene, a rude kind of curtain, by way of door to an inner apartment.

Enter INKLE *and* TRUDGE, *as from the mouth of the cavern.*

Inkle. So far, at least, we have proceeded with safety. Ha! no bad specimen of savage elegance. These ornaments would be worth something in England.—We have little to fear here, I hope: this cave rather bears the pleasing face of a profitable adventure.

Trudge. Very likely, sir! But for a pleasing face, it has the cursed'st ugly mouth I ever saw in my life. Now do, sir, make off as fast as you can. If we once get clear of the natives' houses, we have little to fear from the lions and leopards: for by the appearance of their parlours, they seem to have killed all the wild beasts in the country. Now pray, do, my good master, take my advice, and run away.

Inkle. Rascal! Talk again of going out, and I'll flea you alive.

Trudge. That's just what I expect for coming in.—All that enter here appear to have had their skins stript over their ears; and ours will be kept for curiosities.—We shall stand here, stuffed, for a couple of white wonders.

Inkle. This curtain seems to lead to another apartment: I'll draw it.

Trudge. No, no, no, don't; don't. We may be called to account for disturbing the company: you may get a curtain-lecture, perhaps, sir.

Inkle. Peace, booby, and stand on your guard.

Trudge. Oh! what will become of us! Some grim, seven-footed fellow ready to scalp us.

Inkle. By heaven! a woman.

[*As the curtain draws,* YARICO *and* WOWSKE *discovered asleep.*

Trudge. A woman! [*Aside.*]—[*Loud.*] But let him come on; I'm ready—dam'me, I don't fear facing the devil himself—faith it is a woman—fast asleep too.

Inkle. And beautiful as an angel!

Trudge. And egad! there seems to be a nice, little plump bit in the corner; only she's an angel of rather a darker sort.

Inkle. Hush! keep back—she wakes. [YARICO *comes forward*—INKLE *and* TRUDGE *retire to opposite sides of the scene.*]

SONG.—YARICO.

When the chace of day is done,
And the shaggy lion's skin,
Which for us our warriors win,
Decks our cells at set of sun;
Worn with toil, with sleep opprest,
I press my mossy bed, and sink to rest.

Then, once more, I see our train,
With all our chase renew'd again
Once more 'tis day,
Once more our prey
Gnashes his angry teeth, and foams in vain.
Again, in sullen haste, he flies,
Ta'en in the toil, again he lies,
Again he roars—and, in my slumbers, dies.

INKLE *and* TRUDGE *come forward.*

Inkle. Our language!

Trudge. Zounds, she has thrown me into a cold sweat!

Yar. Hark! I heard a noise! Wowski, awake! whence can it proceed? [*She awakes* WOWSKI, *and they both come forward*—YARICO *towards* INKLE; WOWSKI *towards* TRUDGE.]

Yar. Ah! what form is this?——are you a man?

Inkle. True flesh and blood, my charming heathen, I promise you.

Yar. What harmony in his voice! What a shape! How fair his skin too——[*Gazing.*]

Trudge. This must be a lady of quality, by her staring.

Yar. Say, stranger, whence come you?

Inkle. From a far-distant island; driven on this coast by distress, and deserted by my companions.

Yar. And do you know the danger that surrounds you here? Our woods are filled with beasts of prey—my countrymen too——(yet, I think, they cou'dn't find the heart)—might kill you.——It would be a pity if you fell in their way——I think I should weep if you came to any harm.

Trudge. O ho! It's time, I see, to begin making interest with the chamber-maid. [*Takes* WOWSKI *apart.*]

Inkle. How wild and beautiful! sure there is magic in her shape, and she has rivetted me to the place. But where shall I look for safety? let me fly and avoid my death.

Yar. Oh! no—don't depart.——But I will try to preserve you; and if you are killed, Yarico must die too! Yet, 'tis I alone can save you; your death is certain, without my assistance; and, indeed, indeed you shall not want it.

Inkle. My kind Yarico! what means, then, must be used for my safety?

Yar. My cave must conceal you: none enter it, since my father was slain in battle. I will bring you food by day, then lead you to our unfrequented groves by moonlight, to listen to the nightingale. If you should sleep, I'll watch you, and awake you when there's danger.

Inkle. Generous maid! Then, to you will I owe my life; and whilst it lasts, nothing shall part us.

Yar. And sha'n't it, sha'n't it indeed?

Inkle. No, my Yarico! For when an opportunity

offers to return to my country, you shall be my companion.

Yar. What! cross the seas!

Inkle. Yes. Help me to discover a vessel, and you shall enjoy wonders. You shall be decked in silks, my brave maid, and have a house drawn with horses to carry you.

Yar. Nay, do not laugh at me—but is it so?

Inkle. It is indeed!

Yar. Oh wonder! I wish my countrywomen could see me——But won't your warriors kill us?

Inkle. No, our only danger on land is here.

Yar. Then let us retire further into the cave. Come—your safety is in my keeping.

Inkle. I follow you—Yet, can you run some risk in following me?

DUETT.

[O say, Bonny Lass.]

Inkle. *O say, simple maid, have you form'd any notion*
Of all the rude dangers in crossing the ocean?
When winds whistle shrilly, ah! won't they remind you,
To sigh with regret, for the grot left behind you?

Yar. *Ah! no, I could follow, and sail the world over,*
Nor think of my grot, when I look at my lover;
The winds, which blow round us, your arms for my pillow,
Will lull us to sleep, whilst we're rock'd by each billow.

Both. *O say then, my true love, we never will sunder,*
Nor shrink from the tempest, nor dread the big thunder:
Whilst constant, we'll laugh at all changes of weather,
And journey all over the world both together.

[Exeunt, as retiring further into the cave.

Manent TRUDGE *and* WOWSKI.

Trudge. Why, you speak English as well as I, my little Wowski.

Wows. Iss.

Trudge. Iss! and you learnt it from a strange man, that tumbled from a big boat, many moons ago, you say?

Wows. Iss—Teach me—teach good many.

Trudge. Then, what the devil made them so surprised at seeing us! was he *like me?* [WOWSKI *shakes her head.*] Not so smart a body, mayhap. Was his face, now, round and comely, and—eh! [*Stroking his chin.*] Was it like mine?

Wows. Like dead leaf—brown and shrivel.

Trudge. Oh, ho, an old shipwrecked sailor, I warrant. With white and grey hair, eh, my pretty beauty spot?

Wows. Iss; all white. When night come, he put it in pocket.

Trudge. Oh! wore a wig. But the old boy taught you something more than English, I believe?

Wows. Iss.

Trudge. The devil he did! What was it?

Wows. Teach me put dry grass, red hot, in hollow white stick.

Trudge. Aye, what was that for?

Wows. Put in my mouth—go poff, poff!

Trudge. Zounds! did he teach you to smoke?

Wows. Iss.

Trudge. And what became of him at last? What did your countrymen do for the poor fellow?

Wows. Eat him one day—Our chief kill him.

Trudge. Mercy on us! what damned stomachs, to swallow a tough old tar! Ah, poor Trudge! your killing comes next.

Wows. No, no—not you—no—[*Running to him anxiously.*]

Trudge. No? why what shall I do, if I get in their paws?

Wows. I fight for you!

Trudge. Will you? Ecod she's a brave good-natured wench! she'll be worth a hundred of your English wives.—Whenever they fight on their husband's account, it's *with* him instead of *for* him, I fancy. But how the plague am I to live here?

Wows. I feed you—bring you kid.

SONG.—WOWSKI.

[One day, I heard Mary say.]

White man, never go away——
Tell me, why need you?
Stay, with your Wowski, stay
Wowski will feed you.
Cold moons are now coming in;
Ah, don't go grieve me!
I'll wrap you in leopard's skin:
White man, don't leave me.

And when all the sky is blue,
Sun makes warm weather,
I'll catch you a cockatoo,
Dress you in feather.
When cold comes, or when 'tis hot,
Ah, don't go grieve me!
Poor Wowski will be forgot—
White man, don't leave me!

Trudge. Zounds! leopard's skin for winter wear, and feathers for a summer's suit! Ha, ha! I shall look like a walking hammer-cloth, at Christmas, and an upright shuttlecock, in the dog days. And for all this, if my master and I find our way to England you shall be part of our travelling equipage; and, when I get there, I'll give you a couple of snug rooms, on a

first floor, and visit you every evening, as soon as I come from the counting-house. Do you like it?

Wows. Iss.

Trudge. Damme, what a flashy fellow I shall seem in the city! I'll get her a *white* boy to bring up the tea-kettle. Then I'll teach you to write and dress hair.

Wows. You great man in your country?

Trudge. Oh yes, a very great man. I'm head clerk of the counting-house, and first valet-de-chambre of the dressing-room. I pounce parchments, powder hair, black shoes, ink paper, shave beards, and mend pens. But hold! I had forgot one material point—you ar'n't married, I hope?

Wows. No; you be my chum-chum!

Trudge. So I will. It's best, however, to be sure of her being single; for Indian husbands are not quite so complaisant as English ones, and the vulgar dogs might think of looking a little after their spouses. But you have had a lover or two in your time; eh, Wowski?

Wows. Oh, iss—great many—I tell you.

DUETT.

Wows. *Wampum, Swampum, Yanko, Lanko, Nanko, Pownatowski,*
Black men—plenty—twenty—fight for me,
White man, woo you true?

Trudge. *Who?*

Wows. *You.*

Trudge. *Yes, pretty little Wowski!*

Wows. *Then I leave all, and follow thee.*

Trudge. *Oh then turn about, my little tawny tight one!*
Don't you like me?

Wows. *Iss, you're like the snow!*
If you slight one——

Trudge. *Never, not for any white one;*
You are beautiful as any sloe.

Wows. *Wars, jars, scars, can't expose ye,*
In our grot——
Trudge. *So snug and cosey*
Wows. *Flowers, neatly*
Pick'd, shall sweetly
Make your bed.
Trudge. *Coying, toying,*
With a rosy
Posey,
When I'm dosey,
Bear-skin nightcaps too shall warm my head.
Both. *Bear-skin nightcaps, &c. &c.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

The Quay at Barbadoes, with an Inn upon it. People employed in unlading vessels, carrying bales of goods, &c.

Enter several PLANTERS.

1*st Plant.* I saw her this morning, gentlemen, you may depend on't. My telescope never fails me. I popp'd upon her as I was taking a peep from my balcony. A brave tight ship, I tell you, bearing down directly for Barbadoes here.

2*d Plant.* Ods, my life! rare news! We have not had a vessel arrive in our harbour these six weeks.

3*d Plant.* And the last brought only Madam Narcissa, our Governor's daughter, from England; with a parcel of lazy, idle, white folks about her. Such cargoes will never do for our trade, neighbour.

2*d Plant.* No, no; we want slaves. A terrible

dearth of 'em in Barbadoes, lately! But your dingy passengers for my money. Give me a vessel like a collier, where all the lading tumbles out as black as my hat. But are you sure, now, you ar'n't mistaken? [*To 1st Planter.*]

1st Plant. Mistaken! 'sbud, do you doubt my glass? I can discover a gull by it six leagues off: I could see every thing as plain as if I was on board.

2d Plant. Indeed! and what were her colours?

1st Plant. Um! why English——or Dutch——or French——I don't exactly remember.

2d Plant. What were the sailors aboard?

1st Plant. Eh! why they were English too——or Dutch——or French——I can't perfectly recollect.

2d Plant. Your glass, neighbour, is a little like a glass too much: it makes you forget every thing you ought to remember. [*Cry without,* "A sail, a sail!"]

1st Plant. Egad, but I'm right though. Now, gentlemen!

All. Ay, ay; the devil take the hindmost.

[*Exeunt hastily.*

Enter NARCISSA *and* PATTY.

SONG.

Freshly now the breeze is blowing,
As yon ship at anchor rides;
Sullen waves, incessant flowing,
Rudely dash against the sides.
So my heart, its course impeded,
Beats in my perturbed breast;
Doubts, like waves by waves succeeded,
Rise, and still deny it rest.

Patty. Well, ma'am, as I was saying——

Nar. Well, say no more of what you were saying. Sure, Patty, you forget where you are; a little caution will be necessary now, I think.

Patty. Lord, madam, how is it possible to help talking? We are in Barbadoes here, to be sure—but then, ma'am, one may let out a little in a private morning's walk by ourselves.

Nar. Nay, it's the same thing with you in doors.

Patty. I never blab, ma'am, never, as I hope for a gown.

Nar. And your never blabbing, as you call it, depends chiefly on that hope, I believe.

Patty. I have told the story of our voyage, indeed, to old Guzzle, the butler.

Nar. And thus you lead him to imagine I am but little inclined to the match.

Patty. Lord, ma'am, how could that be? Why I never said a word about Captain Campley.

Nar. Hush! hush! for heaven's sake.

Patty. Aye! there it is now. But if our voyage from England was so pleasant, it wasn't owing to Mr Inkle, I'm certain. He didn't play the fiddle in our cabin, and dance on the deck, and come languishing with a glass of warm water in his hand, when we were sea-sick. Ah, ma'am, that water warm'd your heart, I'm confident. Mr Inkle! No, no; Captain Cam——

Nar. There is no end to this! Remember, Patty, keep your secrecy, or you entirely lose my favour.

Patty. Never fear me, ma'am. But if somebody I know is not acquainted with the Governor, there's such a thing as dancing at balls, and squeezing hands when you lead up, and squeezing them again when you cast down. I'm as close as a patch box. Mum's the word, ma'am, I promise you. [*Exit.*

Nar. How awkward is my present situation! Promised to one, who, perhaps, may never again be heard of; and who, I am sure, if he ever appears to claim me, will do it merely on the score of interest—pressed too by another, who has already, I fear, too much

interest in my heart—what can I do? What plan can I follow?

Enter CAMPLEY.

Camp. Follow my advice, Narcissa, by all means. Enlist with me under the best banners in the world, General Hymen for my money! little Cupid's his drummer: he has been beating a round rub-a-dub on our hearts, and we have only to obey the word of command, fall into the ranks of matrimony, and march through life together.

Nar. Then consider our situation.

Camp. That has been duly considered. In short, the case stands exactly thus—your intended spouse is all for money; I am all for love. He is a rich rogue; I am rather a poor honest fellow. He would pocket your fortune; I will take you without a fortune in your pocket.

Nar. Oh! I am sensible of the favour, most gallant Captain Campley; and my father, no doubt, will be very much obliged to you.

Camp. Aye, there's the devil of it! Sir Christopher Curry's confounded good character knocks me up at once. Yet I am not acquainted with him neither; not known to him even by sight: being here only as a private gentleman, on a visit to my old relation, out of regimentals, and so forth; and not introduced to the Governor, as other officers of the place. But then, the report of his hospitality—his odd, blunt, whimsical friendship—his whole behaviour—

Nar. All stare you in the face; eh, Campley?

Camp. They do, till they put me out of countenance.

Nar. What signifies talking to *me*, when you have such opposition from others? Why hover about the city, instead of boldly attacking the guard? Wheel about, captain! face the enemy! March! Charge! Rout 'em!—Drive 'em before you, and then——

Camp. And then—

Nar. Lud ha' mercy on the poor city!

Enter PATTY, *hastily.*

Patty. Oh lud, ma'am, I'm frightened out of my wits! sure as I'm alive, ma'am, Mr Inkle is not dead; I saw his man, ma'am, just now, coming ashore in a boat, with other passengers, from the vessel that's come to the island. [*Exit.*

Nar. Then one way or other I must determine.—[*To* CAMPLEY.] Look ye, Mr Campley, something has happened which makes me waive ceremonies.—If you mean to apply to my father, remember, that delays are dangerous.

Camp. Indeed!

Nar. I mayn't be always in the same mind, you know. [*Smiling.*] [*Exit.*

Camp. Nay, then—Gad, I'm almost afraid to—but living in this state of doubt is torment. I'll e'en put a good face on the matter: cock my hat; make my bow; and try to reason the Governor into compliance. Faint heart never won a fair lady.

SONG.

Why should I vain fears discover,
Prove a dying, sighing swain?
Why turn shilly shally lover,
Only to prolong my pain?

When we woo the dear enslaver,
Boldly ask, and she will grant;
How should we obtain a favour,
But by telling what we want?

Enter TRUDGE *and* WOWSKI, (*as from the ship*), *with a dirty Runner to one of the inns.*

Run. This way, sir; if you will let me recommend——

Trudge. Come along, Wows! Take care of your furs, and your feathers, my girl!

Wows. Iss.

Trudge. That's right.—Somebody might steal 'em, perhaps.

Wows. Steal!—What that?

Trudge. Oh Lord! see what one loses by not being born in a Christian country.

Run. If you would, sir, but mention to your master, the house that belongs to my master; the best accommodations on the quay.

Trudge. What's your sign, my lad?

Run. The Crown, sir.—Here it is.

Trudge. Well, get us a room for half an hour, and we'll come: and, harkee! let it be light and airy, d'ye hear? My master has been used to your open apartments lately.

Run. Depend on it.—Much obliged to you, sir. [*Exit.*

Wows. Who be that fine man? He great prince?

Trudge. A prince—Ha! ha!——No, not quite a prince—but he belongs to the Crown. But how do you like this, Wows? Isn't it fine?

Wows. Wonder!

Trudge. Fine men, eh?

Wows. Iss! all white, like you.

Trudge. Yes, all the fine men are like me. As different from your people as powder and ink, or paper and blacking.

Wows. And fine lady—Face like snow.

Trudge. What! the fine ladies' complexions? Oh, yes, exactly; for too much heat very often dissolves 'em! Then their dress, too.

Wows. Your countrymen dress so?

Trudge. Better, better a great deal. Why, a young flashy Englishman will sometimes carry a whole fortune on his back. But did you mind the women?

All here—and there: [*Pointing before and behind.*] they have it all from us in England.—And then the fine things they carry on their heads, Wowski.

Wows. Iss. One lady carry good fish——so fine, she call every body to look at her.

Trudge. Pshaw! an old woman bawling flounders. But the fine girls we meet, here, on the quay—so round and so plump!

Wows. You not love me now?

Trudge. Not love you! Zounds, have I not given you proofs?

Wows. Iss. Great many: but now you get here, you forget poor Wowski!

Trudge. Not I. I'll stick to you like wax.

Wows. Ah! I fear! What make you love me now?

Trudge. Gratitude, to be sure.

Wows. What that?

Trudge. Ha! this it is, now, to live without education. The poor dull devils of her country are all in the practice of gratitude, without finding out what it means; while we can tell the meaning of it, with little or no practice at all.—Lord, Lord, what a fine advantage Christian learning is! Harkee, Wows!

Wows. Iss.

Trudge. Now we've accomplish'd our landing, I'll accomplish you. You remember the instructions I gave you on the voyage?

Wows. Iss.

Trudge. Let's see now—What are you to do, when I introduce you to the nobility, gentry, and others—of my acquaintance?

Wows. Make believe sit down; then get up.

Trudge. Let me see you do it. [*She makes a low courtesy.*] Very well! and how are you to recommend yourself, when you have nothing to say, amongst all our great friends?

Wows. Grin—shew my teeth.

Trudge. Right! they'll think you've lived with people of fashion. But suppose you meet an old shabby friend in misfortune, that you don't wish to be seen speak to—what would you do?

Wows. Look blind—not see him.

Trudge. Why would you do that?

Wows. 'Cause I can't see good friend in distress.

Trudge. That's a good girl! and I wish every body could boast of so kind a motive for such cursed cruel behaviour.—Lord! how some of your flashy bankers' clerks have *cut* me in Threadneedle-street.—But come, though we have got among fine folks, here, in an English settlement, I won't be ashamed of my old acquaintance; yet, for my own part, I should not be sorry, now, to see my old friend with a new face.—Odsbobs! I see Mr Inkle—go in, Wows; call for what you like best.

Wows. Then I call for you—ah! I fear I not see you often now. But you come soon——

SONG.

Remember when we walk'd alone,
And heard, so gruff, the lion growl
And when the moon so bright it shone,
We saw the wolf look up and howl
I led you well, safe to our cell,
While tremblingly,
You said to me,
—And kiss'd so sweet—dear Wowski, tell,
How could I live without ye?

But now you come across the sea,
And tell me here no monsters roar;
You'll walk alone, and leave poor me,
When wolves, to fright you, howl no more.

But ah! think well on our old cell,
Where tremblingly,
You kiss'd poor me—
Perhaps you'll say—dear Wowski, tell,
How can I live without ye?
[*Exit* WOWSKI.

Trudge. Who have we here?

Enter FIRST PLANTER.

Plant. Hark'ee, young man! Is that young Indian of yours going to our market?

Trudge. Not she—she never went to market in all her life.

Plant. I mean, is she for our sale of slaves? Our black fair?

Trudge. A black fair, ha! ha! ha! You hold it on a brown green, I suppose.

Plant. She's your slave, I take it?

Trudge. Yes; and I'm her humble servant, I take it.

Plant. Aye, aye, natural enough at sea.—But at how much do you value her?

Trudge. Just as much as she has saved me—My own life.

Plant. Pshaw! you mean to sell her?

Trudge. [*Staring.*] Zounds! what a devil of a fellow! Sell Wows!—my poor, dear, dingy wife!

Plant. Come, come, I've heard your story from the ship.—Don't let's haggle; I'll bid as fair as any trader amongst us. But no tricks upon travellers, young man, to raise your price.——Your wife, indeed! Why she's no Christian!

Trudge. No; but I am; so I shall do as I'd be done by: and, if you were a good one yourself, you'd know, that fellow-feeling for a poor body, who wants your help, is the noblest mark of our religion—

I wou'dn't be articled clerk to such a fellow for the world.

Plant. Hey-day! the booby's in love with her! Why, sure, friend, you would not live here with a black?

Trudge. Plague on't; there it is. I shall be laughed out of my honesty, here.—But you may be jogging, friend: I may feel a little queer, perhaps, at showing her face—but, damn me, if ever I do any thing to make me ashamed of showing my own.

Plant. Why, I tell you, her very complexion—

Trudge. Rot her complexion!—I'll tell you what, Mr *Fair-trader*, if your head and heart were to change places, I've a notion you'd be as black in the face as an ink-bottle.

Plant. Pshaw! the fellow's a fool—a rude rascal—he ought to be sent back to the savages again. He's not fit to live among us Christians. [*Exit* PLANTER.

Trudge. Oh, here comes my master, at last.

Enter INKLE, *and a second* PLANTER.

Inkle. Nay, sir, I understand your customs well; your Indian markets are not unknown to me.

2*d Plant.* And, as you seem to understand business, I need not tell you, that dispatch is the soul of it. Her name, you say, is—

Inkle. Yarico: but urge this no more, I beg you; I must not listen to it: for, to speak freely, her anxious care of me demands, that here,—though here it may seem strange—I should avow my love for her.

Plant. Lord help you for a merchant!—It's the first time I ever heard a trader talk of love; except, indeed, the love of trade, and the love of the *Sweet Molly*, my ship.

Inkle. Then, sir, you cannot feel my situation.

Plant. Oh yes, I can! we have a hundred such cases just after a voyage; but they never last long on

land. It's amazing how constant a young man is in a ship! But, in two words, will you dispose of her, or no?

Inkle. In two words, then, meet me here at noon, and we'll speak further on this subject: and lest you think I trifle with your business, hear why I wish this pause. Chance threw me, on my passage to your island, among a savage people. Deserted, defenceless,—cut off from companions,—my life at stake,—to this young creature I owe my preservation;—she found me, like a dying bough, torn from its kindred branches; which, as it drooped, she moistened with her tears.

Plant. Nay, nay, talk like a man of this world.

Inkle. Your patience.—And yet your interruption goes to my present feelings; for on our sail to this your island—the thoughts of time mispent—doubt—fears—for call it what you will—have much perplexed me;—and as your spires arose, reflections still rose with them; for here, sir, lie my interests, great connexions, and other weighty matters—which now I need not mention——

Plant. But which her presence here will mar.

Inkle. Even so—and yet the gratitude I owe her—

Plant Pshaw! So because she preserved your life, your gratitude is to make you give up all you have to live upon?

Inkle. Why, in that light indeed—this never struck me yet, I'll think on't.

Plant. Ay, ay, do so—Why, what return can the wench wish more than taking her from a wild, idle, savage people, and providing for her, here, with reputable hard work, in a genteel, polished, tender, Christian country?

Inkle. Well, sir, at noon—

Plant. I'll meet you—but remember, young gentleman, you must get her off your hands—you must, indeed.—I shall have her a bargain, I see that—your

servant!—Zounds, how late it is—but never be put out of your way for a woman—I must run—my wife will play the devil with me for keeping breakfast. [*Exit.*

Inkle. Trudge.

Trudge. Sir!

Inkle. Have you provided a proper apartment?

Trudge. Yes, sir, at the Crown here; a neat, spruce room, they tell me. You have not seen such a convenient lodging this good while, I believe.

Inkle. Are there no better inns in the town?

Trudge. Um——Why there is the Lion, I hear, and the Bear, and the Boar—but we saw them at the door of all our late lodgings, and found but bad accommodations within, sir.

Inkle. Well, run to the end of the quay, and conduct Yarico hither. The road is straight before you: you can't miss it.

Trudge. Very well, sir. What a fine thing it is to turn one's back on a master, without running into a wolf's belly! One can follow one's nose on a message here, and be sure it won't be bit off by the way. [*Exit.*

Inkle. Let me reflect a little. Part with her!—My interest, honour, engagements to Narcissa, all demand it. My father's precepts too—I can remember, when I was a boy, what pains he took to mould me.—School'd me from morn to night—and still the burden of his song was—Prudence! Prudence! Thomas, and you'll rise. His maxims rooted in my heart, and as I grew—*they* grew, till I was reckoned, among our friends, a steady, sober, solid, good young man; and all the neighbours called me *the prudent Mr Thomas.* And shall I now, at once, kick down the character which I have raised so warily?—Part with her—sell her?—The thought once struck me in our cabin, as she lay sleeping by me; but, in her slumbers, she passed her arm round me, murmured a blessing on my name, and broke my meditations.

Enter YARICO *and* TRUDGE.

Yar. My love!

Trudge. I have been showing her all the wigs and bales of goods we met on the quay, sir.

Yar. Oh! I have feasted my eyes on wonders.

Trudge. And I'll go feast on a slice of beef, in the inn, here. [*Exit.*

Yar. My mind has been so busy, that I almost forgot even you. I wish you had staid with me—You would have seen such sights!

Inkle. Those sights have become familiar to me, Yarico.

Yar. And yet I wish they were not—You might partake my pleasures—but now again, methinks, I will not wish so—for, with too much gazing, you might neglect poor Yarico.

Inkle. Nay, nay, my care is still for you.

Yar. I am sure it is: and if I thought it was not, I would tell you tales about our poor old grot—bid you remember our palm-tree near the brook, where in the shade you often stretched yourself, while I would take your head upon my lap, and sing my love to sleep. I know you'll love me then.

SONG.

Our grotto was the sweetest place!
The bending boughs, with fragrance blowing,
Would check the brook's impetuous pace,
Which murmur'd to be stopp'd from flowing.
'Twas there we met and gazed our fill:
Ah! think on this, and love me still.

'Twas then my bosom first knew fear,
—Fear to an Indian maid a stranger—
The war-song, arrows, hatchet, spear,
All warn'd me of my lover's danger.
For him did cares my bosom fill:—
Ah! think on this, and love me still.

For him, by day, with care conceal'd,
To search for food I climb'd the mountain;
And when the night no form reveal'd,
Jocund we sought the bubbling fountain.
Then, then would joy my bosom fill;
Ah! think on this and love me still.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

An Apartment in the House of SIR CHRISTOPHER CURRY.

Enter SIR CHRISTOPHER *and* MEDIUM.

Sir Chr. I tell you, old Medium, you are all wrong. Plague on your doubts! Inkle *shall* have my Narcissa. Poor fellow! I dare say he's finely chagrined at this temporary parting—Eat up with the blue devils, I warrant.

Med. Eat up by the black devils, I warrant; for I left him in hellish hungry company.

Sir Chr. Pshaw! he'll arrive with the next vessel, depend on't—besides, have not I had this in view ever since they were children? I must and will have it so, I tell you. Is not it, as it were, a marriage made above? They *shall* meet, I'm positive.

Med. Shall they? Then they must meet where the marriage was made; for hang me, if I think it will ever happen below.

Sir Chr. Ha!—and if that is the case—hang me, if I think you'll ever be at the celebration of it.

Med. Yet, let me tell you, Sir Christopher Curry, my character is as unsullied as a sheet of white paper.

Sir Chr. Well said, old fools-cap! and it's as mere

a blank as a sheet of white paper. You are honest, old Medium, by comparison, just as a fellow sentenced to transportation is happier than his companion condemned to the gallows—Very worthy, because you are no rogue; tender-hearted, because you never go to fires and executions; and an affectionate father and husband, because you never pinch your children, or kick your wife out of bed.

Med And that, as the world goes, is more than every man can say for himself. Yet, since you force me to speak my positive qualities—but no matter,—you remem r me in London: didn't I, as member of the Humane Society, bring a man out of the New River, who, it was afterwards found, had done me an injury?

Sir Chr. And, dam'me, if I would not kick any man into the New River that had done me an injury. There's the difference of our honesty. Oons! if you want to be an honest fellow, act from the impulse of nature. Why, you have no more gall than a pigeon.

Med. And you have as much gall as a turkey cock, and are as hot into the bargain—You're always so hasty; among the hodge-podge of your foibles, passion is always predominant.

Sir Chr. So much the better.——Foibles, quotha? foibles are foils that give additional lustre to the gems of virtue. You have not so many foils as I, perhaps.

Med And what's more, I don't want 'em, Sir Christopher, I thank you.

Sir Chr. Very true; for the devil a gem have you to set off with 'em.

Med. Well, well; I never mention errors; that, I flatter myself, is no disagreeable quality—It don't become me to say you are hot.

Sir Chr. 'Sblood! but it does become you: it becomes every man, especially an Englishman, to speak the dictates of his heart.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. An English vessel, sir, just arrived in the harbour.

Sir Chr. A vessel! Od's my life!——Now for the news—If it is but as I hope— Any dispatches?

Serv. This letter, sir, brought by a sailor from the quay. [*Exit.*

Sir Chr. [*Opening the letter.*] Huzza! here it is. He's safe—safe and sound at Barbadoes.

[Reading.]——*Sir,*

My master, Mr Inkle, is just arrived in your harbour. Here, read, read! old Medium—

Med. [Reading.] Um'—*Your harbour;—we were taken up by an English vessel, on the 14th ult. He only waits till I have puffed his hair, to pay his respects to you and Miss Narcissa: In the mean time, he has ordered me to brush up this letter for your honour, from*

Your humble servant, to command,

TIMOTHY TAUDGE.

Sir Chr. Hey-day! Here's a style! the voyage has jumbled the fellow's brains out of their places; the water has made his head turn round. But no matter; mine turns round too I'll go and prepare Narcissa directly; they shall be married slap-dash, as soon as he comes from the quay. From Neptune to Hymen: from the hammock to the bridal bed—Ha! old boy!

Med. Well, well; don't flurry yourself—you're so hot!

Sir Chr. Hot! blood, ar'n't I in the West Indies? Ar'n't I governor of Barbadoes? He shall have her as soon as he sets his foot on shore. "But plague on't, he's so slow."—She shall rise to him like Venus out of the sea. His hair puffed? He ought to have been puffing, here, out of breath, by this time.

Med. Very true; but Venus's husband is always supposed to be lame, you know, Sir Christopher.

Sir Chr. Well, now do, my good fellow, run down to the shore, and see what detains him.

[*Hurrying him off.*

Med. Well, well; I will, I will. [*Exit.*

Sir Chr. In the mean time I'll get ready Narcissa, and all shall be concluded in a second. My heart's set upon it.—Poor fellow! after all his rumbles, and tumbles, and jumbles, and fits of despair—I shall be rejoiced to see him. I have not seen him since he was that high.—But, zounds! he's so tardy!

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. A strange gentleman, sir, come from the quay, desires to see you.

Sir Chr. From the quay? Od's my life!——'Tis he—'Tis Inkle! Show him up directly. [*Exit Servant.*] The rogue is expeditious after all.—I'm so happy.

Enter CAMPLEY.

My dear fellow! [*Shakes hands.*] I'm rejoiced to see you. Welcome; welcome here, with all my soul

Camp. This reception, Sir Christopher, is beyond my warmest wishes—Unknown to you——

Sir Chr. Ay, ay; we shall be better acquainted by and by. Well, and how, eh! tell me!—But old Medium and I have talked over your affair a hundred times a day, ever since Narcissa arrived.

Camp. You surprise me! Are you then really acquainted with the whole affair?

Sir Chr. Every tittle.

Camp. And can you, sir, pardon what is past?—

Sir Chr. Pooh! how could you help it?

Camp. Very true—sailing in the same ship—and—But when you consider the past state of my mind—the black prospect before me.—

Sir Chr. Ha! ha! Black enough, I dare say.

Camp. The difficulty I have felt in bringing myself face to face to you.

Sir Chr. That I am convinced of—but I knew you would come the first opportunity.

Camp. Very true: yet the distance between the Governor of Barbadoes and myself. [*Bowing.*]

Sir Chr. Yes—a devilish way asunder.

Camp. Granted, sir: which has distressed me with the cruellest doubts as to our meeting.

Sir Chr. It was a toss up.

Camp. The old gentleman seems devilish kind. Now to soften him. [*Aside.*] Perhaps, sir, in your younger days, you may have been in the same situation yourself.

Sir Chr. Who? I! 'sblood! no, never in my life.

Camp. I wish you had, with all my soul, Sir Christopher.

Sir Chr. Upon my soul, sir, I am very much obliged to you. [*Bowing.*]

Camp. As what I now mention might have greater weight with you.

Sir Chr. Pooh! pr'ythee! I tell you I pitied you from the bottom of my heart.

Camp. Indeed! if, with your leave, I may still venture to mention Miss Narcissa—

Sir Chr. An impatient, sensible young dog! like me to a hair! Set your heart at rest, my boy. She's yours; yours before to-morrow morning.

Camp. Amazement! I can scarce believe my senses.

Sir Chr. Zounds! you ought to be out of your senses: but dispatch—make short work of it, ever while you live, my boy. Here she is.

Enter NARCISSA *and* PATTY.

Here, girl: here's your swain. [*To* NAR.

Camp. I just parted with my Narcissa, on the quay, sir.

Sir Chr. Did you? Ah, sly dog——had a meeting before you came to the old gentleman.—But here—Take him, and make much of him—and, for fear of further separations, you shall e'en be tacked together directly. What say you, girl?

Camp. Will my Narcissa consent to my happiness?

Nar. I always obey my father's commands, with pleasure, sir.

Sir Chr. Od! I'm so happy, I hardly know which way to turn; but we'll have the carriage directly; drive down to the quay; trundle old Spintext into church, and hey for matrimony!

Camp. With all my heart, Sir Christopher; the sooner the better.

SIR CHRISTOPHER, CAMPLEY, NARCISSA, PATTY.

Sir Chr. *Your Colinettes and Arriettes,*
Your Damons of the grove,
Who like fallals, and pastorals,
Waste years in love;
But modern folks know better jokes,
And, courting once begun,
To church they hop at once—and pop—
Egad, all's done!

All. *In life we prance a country dance,*
Where every couple stands;
Their partners set—a while curvet
But soon join hands.

Nar. *When at our feet, so trim and neat,*
The powder'd lover sues,
He vows he dies, the lady sighs,
But can't refuse.
Ah! how can she unmoved e'er see
Her swain his death incur?
If once the squire is seen expire,
He lives with her.

All. *In life, &c. &c.*

Patty. *When John and Bett are fairly met,*
John boldly tries his luck;
He steals a buss, without more fuss,
The bargain's struck.
Whilst things below are going so,
Is Betty pray to blame,
Who knows up stairs, her mistress fares
Just, just the same?

All. *In life we prance, &c. &c.* [Exeunt.

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

The Quay.

Enter PATTY.

Patty. Mercy on us! what a walk I have had of it! Well, matters go on swimmingly at the Governor's —The old gentleman has ordered the carriage, and the young couple will be whisked here, to church,

in a quarter of an hour. My business is to prevent young sobersides, young Inkle, from appearing, to interrupt the ceremony.—Ha! here's the Crown, where I hear he is housed: So now to find Trudge, and trump up a story, in the true style of a chamber-maid. [*Goes into the house.*] [PATTY *within.*] I tell you it don't signify, and I will come up. [TRUDGE *within.*] But it does signify, and you can't come up.

Re-enter PATTY *with* TRUDGE.

Patty. You had better say at once, I sha'n't.

Trudge. Well then, you sha'n't.

Patty. Savage! Pretty behaviour you have picked up amongst the Hottypots! Your London civility, like London itself, will soon be lost in smoke, Mr Trudge: and the politeness you have studied so long in Threadneedle-street, blotted out by the blacks you have been living with.

Trudge. No such thing; I practised my politeness all the while I was in the woods. Our very lodging taught me good manners; for I could never bring myself to go into it without bowing.

Patty. Don't tell me! A mighty civil reception you give a body, truly, after a six weeks parting.

Trudge. Gad you're right; I am a little out here, to be sure. [*Kisses her.*] Well, how do you do?

Patty. Pshaw, fellow! I want none of your kisses.

Trudge. Oh! very well—I'll take it again. [*Offers to kiss her.*]

Patty. Be quiet. I want to see Mr Inkle: I have a message to him from Miss Narcissa. I shall get a sight of him, now, I believe.

Trudge. May be not. He's a little busy at present.

Patty. Busy—ha! Plodding! What, he's at his multiplication table again?

Trudge. Very likely; so it would be a pity to interrupt him, you know.

Patty. Certainly; and the whole of my business was to prevent his hurrying himself—Tell him, we sha'n't be ready to receive him at the Governor's till to-morrow, d'ye hear?

Trudge. No?

Patty. No. Things are not prepared. The place isn't in order; and the servants have not had proper notice of the arrival. Sir Christopher intends Mr Inkle, you know, for his son-in-law, and must receive him in public form, (which can't be till to-morrow morning) for the honour of his governorship: why the whole island will ring of it.

Trudge. The devil it will!

Patty. Yes; they've talked of nothing but my mistress's beauty and fortune for these six weeks. Then he'll be introduced to the bride, you know.

Trudge. O, my poor master!

Patty. Then a breakfast; then a procession; then—if nothing happens to prevent it—he'll get into church, and be married in a crack.

Trudge. Then he'll get into a damn'd scrape, in a crack.

Patty. Hey-day! a scrape! How!

Trudge. Nothing, nothing——It must out——Patty!

Patty. Well!

Trudge. Can you keep a secret?

Patty. Try me.

Trudge. Then [*Whispering.*] My master keeps a girl.

Patty. Oh, monstrous! another woman?

Trudge. As sure as one and one make two.

Patty. [*Aside.*] Rare news for my mistress!—Why

I can hardly believe it: the grave, sly, steady, sober Mr Inkle, do such a thing!

Trudge. Pooh! it's always your sly, sober fellows, that go the most after the girls.

Patty. Well; I should sooner suspect *you*.

Trudge. Me? Oh Lord! he! he!—Do you think any smart, tight, little, black-eyed wench, would be struck with my figure? [*Conceitedly.*]

Patty. Pshaw! never mind your figure. Tell me how it happened?

Trudge. You shall hear: when the ship left us ashore, my master turned as pale as a sheet of paper. It isn't every body that's blest with courage, Patty.

Patty. True.

Trudge. However, I bid him chear up; told him, to stick to my elbow; took the lead, and began our march.

Patty. Well?

Trudge. We hadn't gone far, when a damn'd one-eyed black boar, that grinned like a devil, came down the hill in a jog trot! My master melted as fast as a pot of pomatum!

Patty. Mercy on us!

Trudge. But what does I do, but whips out my desk knife, that I used to cut the quills with at home; met the monster, and slit up his throat like a pen—The boar bled like a pig.

Patty. Lord! Trudge, what a great traveller you are!

Trudge. Yes; I remember we fed on the flitch for a week.

Patty. Well, well; but the lady.

Trudge. The lady! Oh, true. By and by we came to a cave—a large hollow room, under ground, like a warehouse in the Adelphi.—Well; there we were half an hour, before I could get him to go in. there's no accounting for fear, you know. At last, in we

went, to a place hung round with skins, as it might be a furrier's shop, and there was a fine lady, snoring on a bow and arrows.

Patty. What, all alone?

Trudge. Eh!—No—no.—Hum—She had a young lion, by way of a lap-dog.

Patty. Gemini! what did you do?

Trudge Gave her a jog, and she opened her eyes—she struck my master immediately.

Patty. Mercy on us! with what?

Trudge. With her beauty, you ninny, to be sure: and they soon brought matters to bear. The wolves witnessed the contract—I gave her away—the crows croaked amen; and we had board and lodging for nothing.

Patty. And this is she he has brought to Barbadoes?

Trudge. The same.

Patty. Well; and tell me, Trudge;—she's pretty you say—Is she fair or brown, or——

Trudge. Um! she's a good comely copper.

Patty. How! a tawny?

Trudge. Yes, quite dark; but very elegant; like a Wedgwood teapot.

Patty. Oh! the monster! the filthy fellow! Live with a black-a-moor!

Trudge. Why, there's no great harm in't, I hope?

Patty. Faugh! I wou'dn't let him kiss me for the world: he'd make my face all smutty.

Trudge. Zounds! you are mighty nice all of a sudden; but I'd have you to know, Madam Patty, that black-a-moor ladies, as you call 'em, are some of the very few whose complexions never rub off! 'Sbud, if they did, Wows and I should have changed faces by this time—But mum; not a word for your life.

Patty. Not I! except to the Governor and family.

[*Aside.*] But I must run—and, remember, Trudge, if your master has made a mistake here, he has himself to thank for his pains. [*Exit* PATTY.

Trudge. Pshaw! these girls are so plaguy proud of their white and red! but I won't be shamed out of Wows, that's flat.—

Enter WOWSKI.

Ah! Wows, I'm going to leave you.

Wows. For what you leave me?

Trudge. Master says I must.

Wows. Ah, but you say in your country, women know best; and I say you not leave me.

Trudge. Master, to be sure, while we were in the forest, taught Yarico to read, with his pencil and pocket-book. What then? Wows comes on fine and fast in her lessons. A little awkward at first, to be sure—Ha! ha!—She's so used to feed with her hands, that I can't get her to eat her victuals, in a genteel, Christian way, for the soul of me; when she has stuck a morsel on her fork, she don't know how to guide it, but pops up her knuckles to her mouth, and the meat goes up to her ear. But, no matter—After all the fine, flashy London girls, Wowski's the wench for my money.

SONG.

A clerk I was in London gay,
Jemmy linkum feedle,
And went in boots to see the play,
Merry fiddlem tweedle.
I march'd the lobby, twirled my stick,
Diddle, daddle, deedle;
The girls all cry'd, "He's quite the kick
Oh, Jemmy linkum feedle.

Hey! for America I sail,
Yankee doodle, deedle;
The sailor-boys cry'd, "Smoke his tail!"
Jemmy linkum feedle.
On English belles I turn'd my back,
Diddle, daddle, deedle,
And got a foreign fair quite black,
O twaddle, twaddle, tweedle!

Your London girls, with roguish trip,
Wheedle, wheedle, wheedle,
May boast their pouting under-lip,
Fiddle, faddle, feedle.
My Wows would beat a hundred such,
Diddle, daddle, deedle,
Whose upper-lip pouts twice as much,
O, pretty double wheedle!

Rings I'll buy to deck her toes;
Jemmy linkum feedle;
A feather fine shall grace her nose,
Waving siddle seedle.
With jealousy I ne'er shall burst;
Who'd steal my bone of bone-a?
A white Othello, I can trust
A dingy Desdemona. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

A Room in the Crown.

Enter INKLE.

Inkle. I know not what to think—I have given her distant hints of parting; but still, so strong her confidence in my affection, she prattles on without re-

garding me. Poor Yarico! I must not—cannot quit her. When I would speak, her look, her mere simplicity disarms me; I dare not wound such innocence. Simplicity is like a smiling babe; which, to the ruffian that would murder it, stretching its little naked, helpless arms, pleads, speechless, its own cause. And yet, Narcissa's family—

Enter TRUDGE.

Trudge. There he is, like a beau bespeaking a coat—doubting which colour to choose—Sir—

Inkle. What now?

Trudge. Nothing unexpected, sir:—I hope you won't be angry; but I am come to give you joy, sir!

Inkle. Joy!——of what?

Trudge. A wife, sir! a white one.—I know it will vex you, but Miss Narcissa means to make you happy, to-morrow morning.

Inkle. To-morrow!

Trudge. Yes, sir; and as I have been out of employ, in both my capacities, lately, after I have dressed your hair, I may draw up the marriage articles.

Inkle. Whence comes your intelligence, sir?

Trudge. Patty told me all that has passed in the Governor's family, on the quay, sir. Women, you know, can never keep a secret. You'll be introduced in form, with the whole island to witness it.

Inkle. So public, too!——Unlucky!

Trudge. There will be nothing but rejoicings, in compliment to the wedding, she tells me; all noise and uproar! Married people like it, they say.

Inkle. Strange! that I should be so blind to my interest, as to be the only person this distresses.

Trudge. They are talking of nothing else but the match, it seems.

Inkle. Confusion! How can I, in honour, retract?

Trudge. And the bride's merits——

Inkle. True!—A fund of merits!—I would not—but from necessity—a case so nice as this—I—would not wish to retract.

Trudge. Then they call her so handsome.

Inkle. Very true! so handsome! the whole world would laugh at me: they'd call it folly to retract.

Trudge. And then they say so much of her fortune.

Inkle. O death! it would be *madness* to retract. Surely my faculties have slept, and this long parting from my Narcissa has blunted my sense of her accomplishments. 'Tis this alone makes me so weak and wavering. I'll see her immediately. [*Going.*]

Trudge. Stay, stay, sir; I am desired to tell you, the Governor won't open his gates to us till to-morrow morning.

Inkle. Well, be it so; it will give me time, at all events, to put my affairs in train.

Trudge. Yes; it's a short respite before execution; and if your honour was to go and comfort poor Madam Yarico——

Inkle. Damnation! Scoundrel, how dare you offer your advice?—I dread to think of her!

Trudge. I've done, sir, I've done—But I know I should blubber over Wows all night, if I thought of parting with her in the morning.

Inkle. Insolence! begone, sir!

Trudge. Lord, sir, I only——

Inkle. Get down stairs, sir, directly.

Trudge. [*Going out.*] Ah! you may well put your

hand to your head; and a bad head it must be, to forget that Madam Yarico prevented her countrymen from peeling off the upper part of it. [*Aside.*

[*Exit.*

Inkle. 'Sdeath, what am I about? How have I slumbered! Is it I?—I—who, in London, laughed at the younkers of the town—and, when I saw their chariots, with some fine, tempting girl, perked in the corner, come shopping to the city, would cry—Ah! —there sits ruin—there flies the Green-horn's money! then wondered with myself how men could trifle time on women; or, indeed, think of any women without fortunes. And now, forsooth, it rests with *me* to turn romantic puppy, and give up all for love—Give up!—Oh, monstrous folly!—thirty thousand pounds!

TRUDGE. [*Peeping in at the door.*]

Trudge. May I come in, sir?
Inkle. What does the booby want?
Trudge. Sir, your uncle wants to see *you.*
Inkle. Mr Medium! show him up directly.

[*Exit* TRUDGE.

He must not know of this. To-morrow! I wish this marriage were more distant, that I might break it to her by degrees: she'd take my purpose better, were it less suddenly delivered.

Enter MEDIUM.

Med. Ah! here he is! Give me your hand, nephew! welcome, welcome to Barbadoes, with all my heart.

Inkle. I am glad to meet you here, uncle.

Med. That you are, that you are, I'm sure. Lord! Lord! when we parted last, how I wished we were

in a room together, if it were but the black-hole! I have not been able to sleep o'nights for thinking of you. I've laid awake, and fancied I saw you sleeping your last, with your head in the lion's mouth, for a night-cap! and I've never seen a bear brought over to dance about the streets, but I thought you might be bobbing up and down in its belly.

Inkle. I am very much obliged to you.

Med. Ay, ay, I am happy enough to find you safe and sound, I promise you. But you have a fine prospect before you now, young man. I am come to take you with me to Sir Christopher, who is impatient to see you.

Inkle. To-morrow, I hear, he expects me.

Med. To-morrow! directly—this moment—in half a second.—I left him standing on tip-toe, as he calls it, to embrace you; and he's standing on tip-toe now in the great parlour, and there he'll stand till you come to him.

Inkle. Is he so hasty?

Med. Hasty! he's all pepper—and wonders you are not with him, before it's possible to get at him. Hasty, indeed! Why, he vows you shall have his daughter this very night.

Inkle. What a situation!

Med. Why, it's hardly fair just after a voyage. But come, bustle, bustle, he'll think you neglect him. He's rare and touchy, I can tell you; and if he once takes it into his head that you show the least slight to his daughter, it would knock up all your schemes in a minute.

Inkle. Confusion! If he should hear of Yarico! [*Aside.*]

Med. But at present you are all in all with him; he has been telling me his intentions these six weeks; you'll be a fine warm husband, I promise you.

Inkle. This cursed connexion! [*Aside.*

Med. It is not for me, though, to tell you how to play your cards; you are a prudent young man, and can make calculations in a wood.

Inkle. Fool! fool! fool! [*Aside.*

Med. Why, what the devil is the matter with you?

Inkle. It must be done effectually, or all is lost; mere parting would not conceal it. [*Aside.*

Med. Ah! now he's got to his damned square root again, I suppose, and Old Nick would not move him.—Why, nephew!

Inkle. The planter that I spoke with cannot be arrived—but time is precious—the first I meet—common prudence now demands it. I'm fixed, I'll part with her. [*Aside and exit.*

Med. Damn me, but he's mad! The woods have turned the poor boy's brains; he's scalped, and gone crazy! Hoho! Inkle! Nephew! Gad, I'll spoil your arithmetic, I warrant me. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

The Quay.

Enter SIR CHRISTOPHER CURRY.

Sir Chr. Ods, my life! I can scarce contain my happiness. I have left them safe in church, in the middle of the ceremony. I ought to have given Narcissa away, they told me; but I capered about so much for joy, that Old Spintext advised me to go and cool my heels on the quay, till it was all over. Ods

I'm so happy; and they shall see, now, what an old fellow can do at a wedding.

Enter INKLE.

Inkle. Now for dispatch! Hark'ee, old gentleman! [*To the Governor.*

Sir Chr. Well, young gentleman!

Inkle. If I mistake not, I know your business here.

Sir Chr. 'Egad, I believe half the island knows it by this time.

Inkle. Then to the point—I have a female, whom I wish to part with.

Sir Chr. Very likely; it's a common case, now a-days, with many a man.

Inkle. If you could satisfy me you would use her mildly, and treat her with more kindness than is usual—for, I can tell you, she's of no common stamp—perhaps we might agree.

Sir Chr. Oho! a slave! Faith, now I think on't, my daughter may want an attendant or two extraordinary; and as you say she's a delicate girl, above the common run, and none of your thick-lipped, flat-nosed, squabby, dumpling dowdies, I don't much care if—

Inkle. And for her treatment—

Sir Chr. Look ye, young man; I love to be plain: I shall treat her a good deal better than you would, I fancy; for though I witness this custom every day, I can't help thinking the only excuse for buying our fellow creatures, is to rescue them from the hands of those who are unfeeling enough to bring them to market.

Inkle. Fair words, old gentleman; an Englishman won't put up an affront.

Sir Chr. An Englishman! more shame for you!

Let Englishmen blush at such practices. Men, who so fully feel the blessings of liberty, are doubly cruel in depriving the helpless of their freedom.

Inkle. Let me assure you, sir, it is not my occupation; but for a private reason—an instant pressing necessity—

Sir Chr. Well, well, I have a pressing necessity too; I can't stand to talk now; I expect company here presently; but if you'll ask for me to-morrow, at the Castle—

Inkle. The Castle!

Sir Chr. Ay, sir, the Castle; the Governor's Castle; known all over Barbadoes.

Inkle. 'Sdeath, this man must be on the Governor's establishment: his steward, perhaps, and sent after me, while Sir Christopher is impatiently waiting for me. I've gone too far; my secret may be known—As 'tis, I'll win this fellow to my interest. [*To him.*] —One word more, sir: my business must be done immediately; and as you seem acquainted at the Castle, if you should see me there—and there I mean to sleep to-night——

Sir Chr. The devil you do!

Inkle. Your finger on your lips; and never breathe a syllable of this transaction.

Sir Chr. No! Why not?

Inkle. Because, for reasons, which, perhaps, you'll know to-morrow, I might be injured with the Governor, whose most particular friend I am.

Sir Chr. So! here's a particular friend of mine coming to sleep at my house, that I never saw in my life. I'll sound this fellow. [*Aside.*] I fancy, young gentleman, as you are such a bosom friend of the Governor's, you can hardly do any thing to alter your situation with him.

Inkle. Oh! pardon me; but you'll find that

hereafter—besides, you, doubtless, know his character?

Sir Chr. Oh, as well as I do my own. But let's understand one another. You may trust me, now you've gone so far. You are acquainted with his character, no doubt, to a hair?

Inkle. I am—I see we shall understand each other. You know him too, I see, as well as I.—A very touchy, testy, hot old fellow.

Sir Chr. Here's a scoundrel! I hot and touchy! Zounds! I can hardly contain my passion!—But I won't discover myself. I'll see the bottom of this—— [*To him.*] Well now, as we seem to have come to a tolerable explanation—let's proceed to business—bring me the woman.

Inkle. No: there you must excuse me. I rather would avoid seeing her more; and wish it to be settled without my seeming interference. My presence might distress her—You conceive me?

Sir Chr. Zounds! what an unfeeling rascal! The poor girl's in love with him, I suppose.—No, no, fair and open. My dealing is with you and you only: I see her now, or I declare off.

Inkle. Well then, you must be satisfied: yonder's my servant—ha—a thought has struck me. Come here, sir.

Enter TRUDGE.

I'll write my purpose, and send it her by him—It's lucky that I taught her to decypher characters; my labour now is paid. [*Takes out his pocket-book, and writes.*]—This is somewhat less abrupt; 'twill soften matters. [*To himself.*] Give this to Yarico; then bring her hither with you.

Trudge. I shall, sir. [*Going.*

Inkle. Stay; come back. This soft fool, if unin-

structed, may add to her distress. When she has read this paper, seem to make light of it; tell her it is a thing of course, done purely for her good. I here inform her that I must part with her. D'ye understand your lesson?

Trudge. Pa—part with Ma—madam Ya-ri-co!

Inkle. Why does the blockhead stammer!—I have my reasons. No muttering—And let me tell you, sir, if your rare bargain were gone too, 'twould be the better: she may babble our story of the forest, and spoil my fortune.

Trudge. I'm sorry for it, sir; I have lived with you a long while; I've half a year's wages too due the 25th ult. for dressing your hair, and scribbling your parchments; but take my scribbling; take my frizzing; take my wages; and I, and Wows, will take ourselves off together—she saved my life, and rot me, if any thing but death shall part us.

Inkle. Impertinent! Go, and deliver your message.

Trudge. I'm gone, sir. Lord, Lord! I never carried a letter with such ill-will in all my born days.

[*Exit.*

Sir Chr. Well—shall I see the girl?

Inkle. She'll be here presently. One thing I had forgot: when she is yours, I need not caution you, after the hints I've given, to keep her from the Castle. If Sir Christopher should see her, 'twould lead, you know, to a discovery of what I wish concealed.

Sir Chr. Depend upon *me*—Sir Christopher will know no more of our meeting, than he does at this moment.

Inkle. Your secrecy shall not be unrewarded; I'll recommend you particularly to his good graces.

Sir Chr. Thank ye, thank ye; but I'm pretty much in his good graces, as it is; I don't know any body he has a greater respect for.——

Re-enter TRUDGE.

Inkle. Now, sir, have you performed your message?

Trudge. Yes, I gave her the letter.

Inkle. And where is Yarico? did she say she'd come? didn't you do as you were ordered? didn't you speak to her?

Trudge. I cou'dn't, sir, I cou'dn't—I intended to say what you bid me—but I felt such a pain in my throat, I cou'dn't speak a word, for the soul of me; and so, sir, I fell a-crying.

Inkle. Blockhead!

Sir Chr. 'Sblood, but he's a very honest blockhead. Tell me, good fellow—what said the wench?

Trudge. Nothing at all, sir. She sat down with her two hands clasped on her knees, and looked so pitifully in my face, I could not stand it. Oh, here she comes. I'll go and find Wows: if I must be melancholy, she shall keep me company. [*Exit.*

Sir Chr. Ods my life, as comely a wench as ever I saw!

Enter YARICO, *who looks for some time in* INKLE'S *face, bursts into tears, and falls on his neck.*

Inkle. In tears! nay, Yarico! why this?

Yar. Oh do not—do not leave me!

Inkle. Why, simple girl! I'm labouring for your good. My interest, here, is nothing: I can do nothing from myself. You are ignorant of our country's customs. I must give way to men more powerful, who will not have me with you. But see, my Yarico, ever anxious for your welfare, I've found a kind, good person who will protect you.

Yar. Ah! why not you protect me?

Inkle. I have no means—how can I?

Yar. Just as I sheltered you. Take me to yonder mountain, where I see no smoke from tall, high houses, filled with your cruel countrymen. None of your princes, there, will come to take me from you. And should they stray that way, we'll find a lurking place, just like my own poor cave, where many a day I sat beside you, and blessed the chance that brought you to it—that I might save your life.

Sir Chr. His life! Zounds! my blood boils at the scoundrel's ingratitude!

Yar. Come, come, let's go. I always feared these cities. Let's fly and seek the woods; and there we'll wander hand in hand together. No cares shall vex us then—We'll let the day glide by in idleness; and you shall sit in the shade, and watch the sunbeam playing on the brook, while I sing the song that pleases you. No cares, love, but for food—and we'll live cheerily, I warrant—In the fresh, early morning you shall hunt down our game, and I will pick you berries—and then, at night, I'll trim our bed of leaves, and lie me down in peace—Oh! we shall be so happy!——

Inkle. Hear me, Yarico. My countrymen and yours differ as much in minds as in complexions. We were not born to live in woods and caves——to seek subsistence by pursuing beasts——We Christians, girl, hunt money; a thing unknown to you—But, here, 'tis money which brings us ease, plenty, command, power, every thing; and, of course, happiness. You are the bar to my attaining this; therefore 'tis necessary for my good——and which, I think, you value——

Yar. You know I do; so much, that it would break my heart to leave you.

Inkle. But we must part: if you are seen with me, I shall lose all.

Yar. I gave up all for you—my friends—my coun-

try; all that was dear to me; and still grown dearer since you sheltered there.—All, all was left for you —and were it now to do again—again I'd cross the seas, and follow you, all the world over.

Inkle. We idle time; sir, she is yours. See you obey this gentleman; 'twill be the better for you. [*Going.*

Yar. O barbarous! [*Holding him.*] Do not, do not abandon me!

Inkle. No more.

Yar. Stay but a little. I sha'n't live long to be a burden to you: your cruelty has cut me to the heart. Protect me but a little—or I'll obey this man, and undergo all hardships for your good; stay but to witness 'em.—I soon shall sink with grief; tarry till then, and hear me bless your name when I am dying; and beg you now and then, when I am gone, to heave a sigh for your poor Yarico.

Inkle. I dare not listen. You, sir, I hope, will take good care of her. [*Going.*

Sir Chr. Care of her!—that I will—I'll cherish her like my own daughter; and pour balm into the heart of a poor, innocent girl, that has been wounded by the artifices of a scoundrel.

Inkle. Hah! 'Sdeath, sir, how dare you!—

Sir Chr. 'Sdeath, sir, how dare you look an honest man in the face?

Inkle. Sir, you shall feel—

Sir Chr. Feel!—It's more than ever you did, I believe. Mean, sordid wretch! dead to all sense of honour, gratitude, or humanity—I never heard of such barbarity! I have a son-in-law, who has been left in the same situation; but, if I thought him capable of such cruelty, dam'me if I would not turn him to sea, with a peck-loaf, in a cockle-shell—Come, come, cheer up, my girl! You sha'n't want a friend to pro-

tect you, I warrant you.—[*Taking* YARICO *by the hand.*]

Inkle. Insolence! The Governor shall hear of this insult.

Sir Chr. The Governor! liar! cheat! rogue! impostor! breaking all ties you ought to keep, and pretending to those you have no right to. The Governor never had such a fellow in the whole catalogue of his acquaintance—the Governor disowns you—the Governor disclaims you—the Governor abhors you; and to your utter confusion, here stands the Governor to tell you so. Here stands old Curry, who never talked to a rogue without telling him what he thought of him.

Inkle. Sir Christopher!—Lost and undone!

Med. [*Without.*] Holo! Young Multiplication! Zounds! I have been peeping in every cranny of the house. Why, young Rule of Three! [*Enters from the inn.*] Oh, here you are at last—Ah, Sir Christopher! What are you there! too impatient to wait at home. But here's one that will make you easy, I fancy.

[*Clapping* INKLE *on the shoulder.*

Sir Chr. How came you to know him?

Med. Ha! ha! Well, that's curious enough too. So you have been talking here, without finding out each other.

Sir Chr. No, no; I have found him out with a vengeance.

Med. Not you. Why this is the dear boy. It's my nephew that is, your son-in-law that is to be. It's Inkle!

Sir Chr. It's a lie; and you're a purblind old booby,—and this dear boy is a damn'd scoundrel.

Med. Hey-day! what's the meaning of this? One was mad before, and he has bit the other, I suppose.

Sir Chr. But here comes the dear boy—the true

boy—the jolly boy, piping hot from church, with my daughter.

Enter CAMPLEY, NARCISSA, *and* PATTY.

Med. Campley

Sir Chr. Who? Campley?—It's no such thing.

Camp. That's my name, indeed, Sir Christopher.

Sir Chr. The devil it is! And how came you, sir, to impose upon me, and assume the name of Inkle? a name which every man of honesty ought to be ashamed of.

Camp. I never did, sir.—Since I sailed from England with your daughter, my affection has daily increased: and when I came to explain myself to you, by a number of concurring circumstances, which I am now partly acquainted with, you mistook me for that gentleman. Yet had I even then been aware of your mistake, I must confess, the regard for my own happiness would have tempted me to let you remain undeceived.

Sir Chr. And did you, Narcissa, join in—

Nar. How could I, my dear sir, disobey you?

Patty. Lord your honour, what young lady could refuse a captain?

Camp. I am a soldier, Sir Christopher. Love and war is the soldier's motto; though my income is trifling to your *intended* son-in-law's, still the chance of war has enabled me to support the object of my love above indigence. Her fortune, Sir Christopher, I do not consider myself by any means entitled to.

Sir Chr. 'Sblood! but you must though. Give me your hand, my young Mars, and bless you both together!—Thank you, thank you for cheating an old fellow into giving his daughter to a lad of spirit, when he was going to throw her away upon one, in

whose breast the mean passion of avarice smothers the smallest spark of affection or humanity.

Nar. I have this moment heard a story of a transaction in the forest, which I own would have rendered compliance with your former commands very disagreeable.

Patty. Yes, sir, I told my mistress he had brought over a Hottypot gentlewoman.

Sir Chr. Yes, but he would have left her for you; [*To* NARCISSA.] and you for his interest; and sold you, perhaps, as he has this poor girl to me, as a requital for preserving his life.

Nar. How!

Enter TRUDGE *and* WOWSKI.

Trudge. Come along, Wows! take a long last leave of your poor mistress: throw your pretty, ebony arms about her neck.

Wows. No, no;—she not go; you not leave poor Wowski. [*Throwing her arms about* YARICO.

Sir Chr. Poor girl! A companion, I take it!

Trudge. A thing of my own, sir. I cou'dn't help following my master's example in the woods——*Like master, like man,* sir.

Sir Chr. But you would not sell her, and be hang'd to you, you dog, would you?

Trudge. Hang me, like a dog, if I would, sir.

Sir Chr. So say I to every fellow that breaks an obligation due to the feelings of a man. But, old Medium, what have you to say for your hopeful nephew?

Med. I never speak ill of my friends, Sir Christopher.

Sir Chr. Pshaw!

Inkle. Then let me speak: hear me defend a conduct——

Sir Chr. Defend! Zounds! plead guilty at once—it's the only hope left of obtaining mercy.

Inkle. Suppose, old gentleman, you had a son?

Sir Chr. 'Sblood! then I'd make him an honest fellow; and teach him, that the feeling heart never knows greater pride than when it's employed in giving succour to the unfortunate. I'd teach him to be his father's own son to a hair.

Inkle. Even so my father tutored me: from my infancy, bending my tender mind, like a young sapling, to his will—Interest was the grand prop round which he twined my pliant green affections: taught me in childhood to repeat old sayings—all tending to his own fixed principles, and the first sentence that I ever lisped, was—*Charity begins at home.*

Sir Chr. I shall never like a proverb again as long as I live.

Inkle. As I grew up, he'd prove—and by example—were I in want, I might e'en starve, for what the world cared for their neighbours; why then should I care for the world? Men now lived for themselves. These were his doctrines: then, sir, what would you say, should I, in spite of habit, precept, education, fly in my father's face, and spurn his councils?

Sir Chr. Say? why, that you were a damn'd honest, undutiful fellow. O curse such principles! Principles, which destroy all confidence between man and man—Principles which none but a rogue could instil, and none but a rogue could imbibe.—Principles——

Inkle. Which I renounce.

Sir Chr. Eh!

Inkle. Renounce entirely. Ill-founded precept too long has steeled my breast—but still 'tis vulnerable—this trial was too much—Nature, 'gainst habit combating within me, has penetrated to my heart; a heart, I own, long callous to the feelings of sensibility; but now it bleeds—and bleeds for my poor Yarico. Oh, let me clasp her to it, while 'tis glowing,

and mingle tears of love and penitence. [*Embracing her.*]

Trudge. [*Capering about.*] Wows, give me a kiss! [WOWSKI *goes to* TRUDGE.

Yar. And shall we—shall we be happy?

Inkle. Ay; ever, ever, Yarico.

Yar. I knew we should—and yet I feared—but shall I still watch over you? Oh! love, you surely gave your Yarico such pain, only to make her feel this happiness the greater.

Wows. [*Going to* YARICO.] Oh Wowski so happy! —and yet I think I not glad neither.

Trudge. Eh, Wows! How!—why not?

Wows. 'Cause I can't help cry——

Sir Chr. Then, if that's the case—curse me, if I think I'm very glad either. What the plague's the matter with my eyes?—Young man, your hand—I am now proud and happy to shake it.

Med. Well, Sir Christopher, what do you say to my hopeful nephew now?

Sir Chr. Say! Why, confound the fellow, I say, that is ungenerous enough to remember the bad action of a man who has virtue left in his heart to repent it—As for you, my good fellow, [*To* TRUDGE.] I must, with your master's permission, employ you myself.

Trudge. O rare!—Bless your honour!—Wows! you'll be lady, you jade, to a governor's factotum.

Wows. Iss—I Lady Jactotum.

Sir Chr. And now, my young folks, we'll drive home, and celebrate the wedding. Ods my life! I long to be shaking a foot at the fiddles, and I shall dance ten times the lighter, for reforming an Inkle, while I have it in my power to reward the innocence of a Yarico.

FINALE.

[La Belle Catharine.]

CAMPLEY.

Come, let us dance and sing,
While all Barbadoes bells shall ring:
Love scrapes the fiddle string,
And Venus plays the lute;
Hymen gay, foots away,
Happy at our wedding-day,
Cocks his chin, and figures in,
To tabor, fife, and flute.

CHORUS.

Come then dance and sing,
While all Barbadoes bells shall ring, &c.

NARCISSA.

Since thus each anxious care
Is vanish'd into empty air,
Ah! how can I forbear
To join the jocund dance?
To and fro, couples go,
On the light fantastic toe,
While with glee, merrily,
The rosy hours advance.
Chorus. *Come then, &c.*

YARICO.

When first the swelling sea
Hither bore my love and me,
What then my fate would be,
Little did I think——
Doom'd to know care and woe,
Happy still is Yarico;
Since her love will constant prove,
And nobly scorns to shrink.
Chorus. *Come then, &c.*

WOWSKI.

Whilst all around rejoice,
Pipe and tabor raise the voice,
It can't be Wowski's choice,
Whilst Trudge's to be dumb.
No, no, dey blithe and gay,
Shall like massy, missy play,
Dance and sing, hey ding, ding,
Strike fiddle and beat drum.
Chorus. *Come then, &c.*

TRUDGE.

'Sbobs! now I'm fix'd for love,
My fortune's fair, though black's my wife,
Who fears domestic strife—
Who cares now a sous!
Merry cheer my dingy dear
Shall find with her Factotum here;
Night and day, I'll frisk and play
About the house with Wows.
Chorus. *Come then, &c.*

INKLE.

Love's convert here behold,
Banish'd now my thirst of gold,
Bless'd in these arms to fold
My gentle Yarico.
Hence all care, all doubt, and fear,
Love and joy each want shall cheer,
Happy night, pure delight,
Shall make our bosoms glow.
Chorus. *Come then, &c.*

PATTY.

Let Patty say a word——
A chambermaid may sure be heard.
Sure men are grown absurd,
Thus taking black for white;
To hug and kiss a dingy miss,
Will hardly suit an age like this,
Unless, here, some friends appear,
Who like this wedding night.
Chorus. *Come then, &c.*

THE END.

BATTLE OF HEXHAM.

MARGARET. — STRIKE NOT, ON THY ALLEGIANCE.
ACT II. SCENE III.

Painted by Howard. Pub. by Longman & Co. 1817. Engraved by C. Heath.

THE

BATTLE OF HEXHAM;

OR,

DAYS OF OLD;

A PLAY,

IN THREE ACTS;

By GEORGE COLMAN, THE YOUNGER.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

BY MRS INCHBALD.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

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REMARKS.

Mr Colman acquaints his readers, in his preface to this play, dated 1808, that it was written near twenty years ago: then, stating, as an apology to his jocose accusers, this reason for having made Shakspeare the model for his dialogue—that plays, which exhibit incidents of former ages, should have the language of the characters conform to their dress—he adds, "To copy Shakspeare, in the general *tournure* of his phraseology, is a mechanical task, which may be accomplished with a common share of industry and observation:—and this I have attempted (for the reason assigned); endeavouring, at the same time, to avoid a servile quaintness, which would disgust. To aspire to a resemblance of his boundless powers, would have been the labour of a coxcomb; and had I been vain enough to have essayed it, I should have placed myself in a situation similar to that of the strolling actor, who advertised his performance of a part—'In imitation of the inimitable Garrick."

"The Battle of Hexham" has been one of the author's most popular works; and has, perhaps, to charge its present loss of influence with the public, to

those historical events of modern times, which have steeled the heart against all minor scenes of woe, and deprived of their wonted interest the sorrows of Queen Margaret and her child.

There is a short, but well-known narrative, written by one Clery, an humble valet de chambre, which, for pathetic claims in behalf of suffering majesty and infant royalty, may bid defiance to all that history has before recorded, or poets feigned, to melt the soul to sympathy.

Nor can anxiety be now awakened in consequence of a past battle at Hexham, between a few thousand men, merely disputing which of two cousins should be their king, when, at this present period, hundreds of thousands yearly combat and die, in a cause of far less doubtful importance.

The loyal speeches of Gondibert, in this play, his zeal in the cause of his sovereign, every reader will admire; yet one difficulty occurs to abate this admiration—Did Gondibert know who his sovereign *was*? This question seems to be involved in that same degree of darkness, in which half the destructive battles which ever took place have been fought.

The adverse parties at Hexham had each a sovereign. Edward the Fourth was the lawful king of the York adherents, as Henry the Sixth was of those of Lancaster; and Edward had at least birthright on his side, being the lineal descendant of the elder brother of Henry the Fourth, and, as such, next heir to Richard the Second, setting aside the usurper. But, possibly, the degraded state of Henry the Sixth was

the strongest tie which bound this valiant soldier to his supposed allegiance; for there are politicians so compassionate towards the afflicted, or so envious of the prosperous, they will not cordially acknowledge a monarch until he is dethroned. Even the people of England never would allow the Bourbon family to be the lawful kings of France, till within these last fifteen years.*

The youthful reader will delight in the conjugal ardour of Adeline; whilst the prudent matron will conceive, that, had she loved her blooming offspring, as she professes, it had been better to have remained at home for their protection, than to have wandered in camps and forests, dressed in vile disguise, solely for the joy of seeing their father. But prudence is a virtue which would destroy the best heroine that ever was invented. A mediocrity of discretion even, dispersed among certain characters of a drama, might cast a gloom over the whole fable, divest every incident of its power to surprise, take all point from the catastrophe, and, finally, draw upon the entire composition the just sentence of condemnation.

It was since the French Revolution that the crown of England relinquished its title and claim to the kingdom of France.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MARQUIS OF MONTAGUE,	*Mr Gardner.*
DUKE OF SOMERSET,	*Mr Johnson.*
A NOBLEMAN,	*Mr Iliffe.*
LA VARENNE,	*Mr Williamson.*
PRINCE OF WALES	*Miss Gaudry.*
GONDIBERT	*Mr Bannister, jun.*
BARTON,	*Mr Aickin.*
GREGORY GUBBINS,	*Mr Edwin.*
FOOL,	*Mr R. Palmer.*
CORPORAL,	*Mr Baddeley.*
DRUMMER,	*Mr Moss.*
FIFER,	*Mr Barret.*
FIRST ROBBER,	*Mr Bannister, sen.*
SECOND DITTO,	*Mr Davies.*
THIRD DITTO,	*Mr Chapman.*
FOURTH DITTO,	*Mr Rees.*
OTHER ROBBERS,	*Mr Mathews.* *Mr Chambers, &c.*
FIRST MALE VILLAGER,	*Mr Burton.*
SECOND DITTO,	*Mr Painter.*
FIRST FEMALE SINGING VILLAGER,	*Mrs Bannister.*
SECOND DITTO,	*Mrs Iliffe.*
MARGARET,	*Mrs S. Kemble.*
ADELINE,	*Mrs Goodall.*

Various ROBBERS, SOLDIERS, VILLAGERS, *&c. &c.*

SCENE—Northumberland.

THE

BATTLE OF HEXHAM.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I

An open Country, near Hexham, in Northumberland, with a distant View of HENRY THE SIXTH'S *Camp. Time, day-break.*

Enter ADELINE, *in Man's Habit and Accoutrements.*

Adeline. Heigho! Six dark and weary miles, and not yet at the camp. How tediously affliction paces!—Come, Gregory! come on. Why, how you lag behind!—Poor simple soul! what cares has he to weigh him down? Oh, yes,—he has served me from my cradle; and his plain honest heart feels for his mistress's fallen fortunes, and is heavy.—Come, my good fellow, come!

Enter GREGORY.

Gregory. Mercy on us, how my poor legs do ache!

Adeline. What, with only six miles this morning—Fie!

Gregory. Six!—sixteen, if we've gone an inch; my feet are cut to pieces. A man may as well do penance with pease in his shoes, as trudge over these confounded roads in Northumberland. I used to wonder, when we were at home, in the south, where it is as smooth as a bowling-green, what the labourers did with all the loose stones they carried off the highways; but now I find they come and shoot their rubbish in the northern counties. I wish we had never come into them, with all my heart!

Adeline. Then, you are weary of my service—you wish you had not followed me.

Gregory. Who, I? Heaven forbid!—I'd follow you to the end of the world:—nay, for that matter, I believe I shall follow you there; for I have tramped after you a deuced long way, without knowing where we are going. But I'd live, ay, and die for you too.

Adeline. Well, well; we must to the wars, my good fellow.

Gregory. The wars! O lud! that's taking me at my word with a vengeance! I never could abide fighting—there's something so plaguy quarrelsome in it.

Adeline. Then you had best return. We now, Gregory, are approaching King Henry's camp.

Gregory. Are we? Oh dear, oh dear! Pray, then, let us wheel about as fast as we can.

Adeline. Don't you observe the light breaking through the tents, yonder?

Gregory. Mercy on me! they are tents, sure enough! Come, madam, let's be going, if you please.

Adeline. Why, whither should I go, poor simpleton? My home is wretchedness. The wars I seek have made it so; they have robbed me of my husband; comfort now is lost to me. Oh! Gondibert, too faithful to a weak cause, our ruin is involved with our betters!

Gregory. Oh, rot the cause, say I! Plague on the

house of Lancaster! it has been many a noble gentleman's undoing. The white and red roses have caused more eyes to water in England, than if we had planted the whole island with onions. Such a coil kept up with their two houses!—one's so old and t'other's so old!—they ought both to be pulled down, for a couple of nuisances to the nation.

Adeline. Peace! peace, man!—half such a word, spoken at random, might cost your life. The times, Gregory, are dangerous.

Gregory. Very true, indeed, madam. Death has no modesty in him now-a-days; he stares every body full in the face. I wish we had kept quiet at home, out of his way. Who knows but my master, Lord Gondibert, might have returned to us, unexpectedly; I'm sure he left us unexpectedly enough: for the deuce a bit of any notice did he give us of his going.

Adeline. Ay, Gregory; was it not unkind? And yet I will not call him so—the times are cruel—not my husband.—His affection had too much thought in it to change His regular love, corrected by the steady vigour of his mind, knew not the turbulence of boyish raptures; but, like a sober river in its banks, flowed with a sweet and equal current. Oh! it was such a placid stream of tenderness!—How long is it since your master left us, Gregory?

Gregory. Six months come to-morrow, madam. I caught a violent cold the very same day: it has settled in my eyes, I believe, for they have been troublesome to me ever since. Ah! I shall never forget that morning, when the spies of the house of York, that's got upon the throne, surrounded him for being an old friend to the Lancasters. Egad, he laid about him like a lion!—Out whips his broad sword; whack he comes me one over the sconce; pat he goes me another on the cheek; and, after putting them all out of breath, about he wheels his horse, and we have never seen nor heard of him since.

Adeline. And, from that day to this, I have in vain cherished hopes of his return—Fearful, no doubt, of being surprised, he keeps concealed.—Thus is he torn from me—torn from his children—poor tender blossoms! too weak to be exposed to the rude tempest of the times, and leaves their innocence unsheltered!

Gregory. Yes, and mine among the rest. But what is it you mean to do, madam?

Adeline. To seek him in the camp. The Lancasters again are making head, here, in the north. If he have had an opportunity of joining them, 'tis more than probable he is in their army. Thither will we;—and for this purpose have I doff'd my woman's habit; leaving my house to the care of a trusty friend: and, thus accoutred, have led you, Gregory, the faithful follower of my sorrows, a weary journey half over England.

Gregory. Weary! oh dear, no—not at all—I could turn about again directly, and walk back brisker by half than I came.

Adeline. What, man, afraid! Come, come; we run but little risk. Example, too, will animate us. The very air of the camp, Gregory, will brace your courage to the true pitch.

Gregory. That may be, madam; and yet, for a bracing air, people are apt to die in it, sooner than in any other place.

Adeline Pshaw! pr'ythee, man, put but a confident look on the matter, and we shall do, I warrant. A bluff and blustering outside often conceals a chicken heart. Mine aches, I am sure! but I will hide my grief under the veil of airy carelessness.—Down, sorrow! I'll be all bustle, like the occasion. Come, Gregory! Mark your mistress, man, and learn: See how she'll play the pert young soldier.

SONG.—ADELINE.

The mincing step, the woman's air,
The tender sigh, the soften'd note,
Poor Adeline must now forswear,
Nor think upon the petticoat.

Since love has led me to the field,
The soldier's phrase I'll learn by rote;
I'll talk of drums, of sword and shield,
And quite forget my petticoat.

When the loud cannon's roar I hear,
And trumpets bray with brazen throat,
With blust'ring, then, I'll hide my fear,
Lest I betray my petticoat.

But, ah! how slight the terrors past,
If he on whom I fondly dote,
Is to my arms restored at last;—
Then--- give me back my petticoat!

[Exit ADELINE.

Gregory. Well, if I must go, I must. I cannot help following my poor Lady Adeline—affection has led many a bolder man by the nose than I. I wonder, though, how your bold fellows find themselves just before they're going to fight. I wonder if they have any uncomfortable sort of sticking in the throat, and a queer kind of a cold tickling feel in some part of the flesh. Ah! Gregory, Gregory Gubbins! your peaceable qualities will never do for a camp. I never could bear gunpowder, since I got fuddled at the fair, and the boys tied crackers under Dobbin's tail, in the market-place.

SONG.—GREGORY GUBBINS.

What's a valiant hero?
Beat the drum,
And he'll come :—
Row de dow dero !

Nothing does he fear, O!
Risks his life,
While the fife—
Twittle, twittle twero—
Row de dow de dow,
Twittle, twittle twero.

Havock splits his ear, O!
Groans abound,
Trumpets sound,
Ran tan tan ta tero—
Twittle, twittle twero.

Then the scars he'll bear, O!
Muskets roar,
Small shot pour—
Rat tat tat to tero—
Pop, pop, pop,
Twittle twittle twero.

What brings up the rear, O?
In comes Death ;
Stops his breath ;—
Good bye, valiant hero !—
Twittle twittle, rat a tat,
Pop, pop, pop, row de dow, &c. &c. [Exit.

SCENE II.

HENRY THE SIXTH'S *Camp, at Hexham.*

Enter a DRUMMER *and a* FIFER.

Drum. Morrow to you, Master Tooting—a merry day-breaking to your worship.

Fifer. A sad head-breaking, I fancy. Plaguy troublesome times, brother! Buffetted, by the opposite party, out of one place, and now waiting till they come to buffet us out of another. Whenever they do come, let me tell you, a man will scarce have time to get up from his straw bed, before he's laid down again by a long shot of the enemy. We shall be popp'd at like a parcel of partridges rising from stubble.

Drum. Pshaw! plague, what signifies taking matters to heart? Luck's all. War's a chance, you know. If one day's bad, another's better. What matters an odd drubbing, or so? A soldier should never grumble.

Fifer. Why, zouns! flesh and blood, nor any thing that belongs to a camp, can't help it. Do, now, only give your drum a good beating, and mind what a damn'd noise it will make.—Not grumble, when we take so many hard knocks?

Drum. No, to be sure; else how should we be able to return them?

Fifer. Ay, there stands the case; we never can return them. Others can have a blow, and give a blow; but as for me, and yourself, and Kit Crackcheeks, the trumpeter, 'sbud, they may thump us from morning

to night, and all the revenge we have is—toot-a-too, rub-a-dub, and tantararara.

Drum. O fie! learn to know our consequence better, brother, I beseech you. My word for it, we are the heroes that do all the execution. Who but we keep up the vigour of an engagement, and the courage of the soldiers? Fear, brother, is, for all the world, like your bite of a tarantula; there's no conquering its effects without music. We are of as much consequence to an army, as wind to a windmill: the wings can't be put in motion without us.

Fifer. Marry, that's true: and if two armies ever meet without coming to blows, nothing but our absence can be the occasion of it. The only way to restore harmony, is to take away our music.

Enter a CORPORAL *and* SOLDIERS.

Soldier. Come along, my boys; now for the news!

Corp. Silence!

Soldiers. Ay, ay—Silence.

Corp. Hold your peace, there, and listen to what I'm going to inform you—Hem!—Who am I?

All Soldiers. Our corporal! Alick Puff;—our corporal.

Corp. O ho! am I so?—then obey orders, you riotous rascals, and keep your tongues between the few teeth the civil war has been civil enough to leave you. What! is it for a parcel of pitiful privates to gabble before their superior officer! know yourselves for a set of ignorant boobies, as you are—and do not forget that I am at the head of you.

Drum. But, pr'ythee, good Master Corporal, what news?

Corp. Ay, there it is; good Master Corporal, and sweet Master Corporal, the news? who is to tell you, but I? and what do I ever get by it?

Fifer. Come, come, you shall have our thanks with all our hearts;—we promise you that.

Soldier. Ay, ay, that you shall—now for it!

Corp. Then!—You remember your promise?

All Soldiers. Yes, yes, we do.

Corp. Why, then, you'll all have your throats cut before to-morrow morning.

All. How!

Drum. Pshaw! it can't be!

Corp. See there, now! just as I expected.—After all I have imparted, merely for your pleasure and satisfaction, not a man among you has the gratitude to say, thank you, Corporal, for your kind information.

Drum. But, is the enemy at hand?

Corp. No matter, Mum! only when the business is over with you, and you are all stiff in the field, do me the credit to say, afterwards, I was the first that told you it would happen. I Alexander Puff, corporal to King Henry the Sixth, (Heaven bless him!) in his majesty's camp at Hexham, in Northumberland.

Fifer. Well, though they do muster strong, we may make Edward's party skip for all that, if we have but justice on our side.

Corp. Well said, Master Wiseacre!—Justice! No, no! Might overcomes right, now-a-days. Bully Rebellion has almost frightened Justice out of her wits; and, when she ventures to weigh causes, her hand trembles so confoundedly, that half the merits tumble out of the scale.

Fifer. But, still, I say——

Corp. Say no more—but take care of yourself in the battle—that's all.—'Sblood! if the enemy were to find your little, dry, taper carcase, pink'd full of round holes, they'd mistake you for your own fife. But, remember this, my lads, Edward of York has again shoved King Henry from his possessions, and squatted his own usurping, beggarly gallygaskins, in the clean seat of sovereignty; and here are we brave fellows, at Hexham, come to place him on the stool

of repentance. And there's our king at the head of us—and there's his noble consort, the sword and buckler, Queen Margaret—and there's the Lord Seneschal of Normandy—and the Lord Duke of Somerset—and the Lord knows who!—The enemy is at hand, with a thumping power; so up, courage, and to loggerheads we go for it.—Huzza! for the Red Roses, and the House of Lancaster.

All. Huzza! huzza! huzza!

SONG.—CORPORAL.

My tight fellow-soldiers, prepare for your foes,
Fight away, for the cause of the jolly Red Rose;
Never flinch while you live; should you meet with your death,
There's no fear that you'll run—you'll be quite out of breath.
Then be true to your colours the Lancasters chose,
And the laurel entwine with the jolly Red Rose.
Chorus. *Then be true, &c.*

He who follows for honour the drum and the fife,
May perhaps have the luck to get honour for life;
And he who for money makes fighting his trade,
Let him now face the foe, he'll be handsomely paid.
Then be true, &c.

The fight fairly done, my brave boys of the blade,
How we'll talk, o'er our cups, of the havock we've made
How we'll talk, if we once kill a captain or two,
Of a hundred more fellows, that nobody knew.
Then, my tight fellow-soldiers, prepare for your foes,
And the laurel entwine with the jolly Red Rose.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Outside of the Royal Tent.

Enter FOOL.

Fool. Queen Margaret has sheltered me from the peltings of fortune this many a year. Now the pelting has damaged my shelter; but still I stick to it. More simpleton I!—to stand, like a thin-clad booby, in a hard shower, under an unroofed pent-house. Truly, for a fool of my experience, I have but little wisdom: and yet a camp suits well with my humour; take away the fighting—the sleeping in a field—the bad fare—the long marches, and the short pay—and a soldier's is a rare merry life.—Here come two more musterers—troth we have need of them—for, considering the goodness of the cause, they drop in as sparingly as mites into a poor's box.

Enter ADELINE *and* GREGORY.

Adeline. Tremble not now, Gregory, for your life!

Gregory. Lord, madam, that is the only thing I do tremble for: if I had as many lives as a cat, I must borrow a tenth, I fancy, to carry me out of this place.

Adeline. Pooh! pr'ythee—we are here among friends. Did you not mark the courtesy of the centinels, who, upon signifying our intentions, bid us pass on, till we should find a leader, to whom we might tender our services?

Gregory. Ah! and there he is, I suppose. [*Pointing to the* FOOL.] Mercy on us! he's a terrible look-

ing fellow: his coat has been so pepper'd with musket shot in the wars, that 'tis patch'd from the very top to the bottom.

Adeline. Tut, tut, man! your fears have made you blind; this motley gentleman's occupation has nothing terrible in it, I'll answer for it—we will accost him.—How now, fellow?

Fool. How now, fool?

Adeline. What, sirrah? call you me fool?

Fool. 'Faith may I, sir, when you call me fellow. Hail to you, sir, you are very well met. Nay, you need not be ashamed of me for a companion; simple though I seem, we fools come of a great family, with a number of rich relations.

Adeline. Why do you follow the camp, fool?

Fool. For the same reason that a blind beggar follows his dog;—though it may lead me where my neck may be broke, I can't get on in the world without it. You, sir, I take it, are come, like me, to shoot your bolt at the enemy?

Adeline. I come partly, indeed, among other purposes, to offer my weak aid to the army.

Fool. Your weakness, sir, acts marvellously wisely: you'll be the clean-shaved Nestor of the regiment.

Adeline. If I could find your leader, I would vouch, too, for the integrity of this my follower, to be received into the ranks.

Gregory. Oh no, you need not put yourself to the trouble of vouching for me.

Fool. Right; for your knave, when great folks have occasion for him, is received with little enquiry into his character. Marry, let an honest man lack their assistance, and starving stares him in the face, for want of a recommendation.

Adeline. Lead us to your general, and you shall be well remember'd by me.

Fool. Why, as to a general, I can stand you in little stead; but if such a simple thing as a queen

can content you, I am your only man; for, being a proper fellow, and a huge tickler up of a lady's fancy, I may chance to push your fortune as far as another. Truly, you fell into good hands when you stumbled on me. [*Flourish.*] Stand back, here comes royalty.

Enter QUEEN MARGARET, DUKE OF SOMERSET, LA VARENNE, SENESCHAL OF NORMANDY, *with* KNIGHTS *and* SOLDIERS, *from the Tent.*

Som. Here, if it please you, madam, we'll debate.
Our tented councils but disturb the king,
And break his pious meditations.
Marg. True, Duke of Somerset; for some there are
Who, idly stretch'd upon the bank of life,
Sleep till the stream runs dry. Is't not vexatious,
That frolic Nature, as it were in mockery,
Should in the rough and lusty mould of manhood
Encrust a feeble mind!—Well, upon me
Must rest the load of war. Assist me, then,
Ye powers of just revenge! fix deep the memory
Of injured majesty! heat my glowing fancy
With all the glittering pride of high dominion
That, when we meet the traitors who usurp it,
My breast shall swell with manly indignation,
And spur me on to enterprise.
La Var. Oh! happy
The knight who wields his sword for such a mistress!
I cannot but be proud! When late, in Normandy,
Your grace demanded succour of my countrymen,
And beauty in distress shone like the sun
Piercing a summer's cloud—then—then was I
The honour'd cavalier a royal lady
Chose, from the flower of our nobility,
To right her cause, and punish her oppressors.
Marg. Thanks, La Varenne; our cause is bound to you;

And my particular bond of obligation
Is stamp'd, my lord, with the warm seal of gratitude.
Yours is a high and gallant spirit, lord!
Impatient of inaction, even in peace
It manifests its owner: for I found you,
In fertile France, (that nurse of courtesy)
Our sex's foremost champion;—in the tournament
Bearing away the prize, that you might lay it
At some fair lady's feet: thus, in rehearsal,
Training the martial mind to feats of chivalry,
That, when occasion call'd for real service,
It ever was found ready—witness the troops
You lead to action.—Say, lords, think you not
That these, our high-bred Normans, mingled with
Our hardy Scottish friends, like fire in flint,
Will, when the iron hand of battle strikes,
Produce such hot and vivid sparks of valour,
That the pale House of York, aghast with fear,
Shall perish in the flame it rashly kindled?

La Var. No doubt, no doubt!
'Would that the time were come, when our bright swords
Shall end the contest! Since I pledged myself
To fight this cause, delay's as irksome to me,
As to the mettled boy, contracted to
The nymph he burns for, when cold-blooded age
Procrastinates the marriage ceremony.

Marg. The time's at hand, my lord; the enemy,
Hearing of succours daily flocking to us,
Is marching, as I gather, towards our camp;—
Therefore, good Seneschal, look to our troops:
Keep all our men in readiness; ride through the ranks,
And cheer the soldiery.—Come, bustle, bustle.
Oh! we'll not fail, I warrant!—How now, sirrah?
How came you here? [*To the* Fool.

Fool. Willy nilly, madam, as the thief came to the gallows. I am a modest guest here, madam, with a poor stomach for fighting, and need a deal of pressing

before I fall to. When Providence made plumbers, it did wisely to leave me out of the number; for, Heaven knows, I take but little delight in lead: but here are two who come to traffic in that commodity.

[*Points to* ADELINE *and* GREGORY.

Marg. How mean you, sir? What are these men?

Fool. Swelling spirits, madam, with shrunk fortunes, as I take it;—as painful to the owners, as your gouty leg in a tight boot; but if a man's word be not taken in the world, he's forced to come to blows to keep up a reputation. Poverty without spirit lets in the frost upon him worse than a crazy portal at Christmas; so here are a couple of warped doors in the foul weather of adversity, madam, who want to be listed.

Marg. I never saw a youth of better promise:
But say, young man, serve you here willingly
In these our wars? [*To* ADELINE.

Adeline. Yes, madam, if it please you;
And, if my youth should lack ability,
I do beseech you, let my honest will
Atone for its defect:—yet I will say—
And yet I would not boast—that a weak boy
May show you that he is zealous in your service;
For though but green in years, alas! misfortune
Has sorely wrung my heart:—and the proud world,
(I blush for't, while I utter it)—must know
What 'tis to suffer, ere its thoughtless breast,
Callous in happiness, can warm with feeling
For others in distress.

Marg. Poor youth! I pity thee.
And for thy willingness, which I esteem
In friendly working more than if thou brought'st
The strength of Hercules to nerve our battle,
Should the just Heavens smile on our enterprise,
I will not, trust me, youth, forget thee.—

Enter a MESSENGER.

Now the news!

Mess. The enemy approaches. On the brow
Of the next hill, rising a short mile hence,
Their colours wave.

La Var. Now then for the issue!

Marg. Ha!—So near! Who is't that leads their power?

Mess. The Marquis of Montague, so please your majesty. [*Exit.*

Marg. Then he shall find us ready.—Now, my lords!
Remember, half our hopes rest on this onset.—
Some one prepare the king.

[*A* KNIGHT *enters the Tent.*

If on the border
Of England, here, we cut but boldly through
The troops opposed to intercept our passage,
The afterwork is easy:—
Where's my young son?—then, like a rolling flood,
That once has broke its mound, we'll pour upon
The affrighted country, sweeping all before
Our flood of power, till we penetrate
The very heart on't.—
Go, bring the Prince of Wales!—Now, gallant soldiers,
Fight lustily to-day, and all the rest
Is sport and holiday.

Enter an OFFICER *with the young* PRINCE.

My son!—my boy!
Come to thy mother's bosom! Heaven, who sees
The anxious workings of a parent's heart,
Knows what I feel for thee! Alas! alas!
It grieves me sore to have thee here, my child!

The rough, unkindly blasts of pitiless war
Suit not thy tender years.
Prince. Why, mother,
Mustn't I be a soldier? And 'tis time
I should begin my exercise; by and bye
'Twill be too late to learn. And yet I wish
That I were bigger now, for your sake, mother.
Marg. Why, boy?
Prince. Oh! you know well enough, for all your asking.
Do you think, if I were strong enough to fight,
I'd let these raw-boned fellows plague you so?
Marg. My sweet, brave boy!—Come, lords, and gentlemen;
Let us go cheerily to work! If woman,
In whose weak, yielding breast, nature puts forth
Her softest composition, can shake off
Her idle fears,—what may not you perform?
And you shall see me now, steel'd by th' occasion,
So far unsex myself, that though grim death
(Breaking the pale of time) shall stride the field,
With slaught'rous step, and, prematurely, plunge
His dart in vigorous bosoms, till the earth
Is purple-dyed in gore—still will I stand
Fix'd as the oak, when tempests sweep the forest.
But, still, on woman's fear—one touch of nature,
Tugs at my heartstrings—'tis for thee, my child!
—Oh! may the white-robed angel,
That watches over baby innocence,
Hear a fond mother's prayer, and in the battle
Cast his protecting mantle round thee!—On—
Away. [*Exit.*

Grégory. I shall never know how to set about the business I am put upon. Of all the sports of the field, I never went a man-shooting before in my life: —and yet, when the lady, with the brass bason on her head, begins to talk big, there is a warm glow

about one, that—gad! I begin to think 'tis courage; for I don't know how to describe it, and never felt any thing like it before. [*Alarum.*] Zounds! no it e'n't—if it is, my courage is of a plaguy hot nature; for the very sound of a battle has thrown me into a perspiration. Oh! my poor mistress's man! Oh! I wish we were at home, and I was comfortably laid up in our damp garret, with a fine twinging fit of the rheumatism. [*Huzza.*] Mercy on us!—here's a whole posse, too, coming the other way. I'm in for it! but, if there is such a thing as the protecting mantle they talk'd of, I hope 'tis a pure large one; and there'll be room enough to lap up me and my mistress in the tail on't. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

The Field.

Enter LA VARENNE, *followed by the* FOOL.

La Var. Death and shame!
Are these the rough and hardy northern men,
That were to back my Normans? Why, they fly,
Like skimming shadows, o'er a mountain's side,
Chased by the sun.

Fool. True; the heat of the battle is too strong for their cold constitutions.

La Var. Here, sirrah, take this token to the king:—
Go with your utmost speed: entreat him, quickly
To bring his forces in reserve. This effort
Restores, or kills, our hope.—Yet I'll fight all out
I'll shake these pillars of the White-rose House

Till the whole building totters, though its fall
Should crush me in the ruins. [*Exit.*

Fool. Well said, Sampson!—that's a bold fellow, and I'm on his side. Red roses for ever!

Enter a SOLDIER, *of the White-Rose Party.*

Soldier. Now, fellow, speak! tell me who you fight for.

Fool. Marry, will I, very willingly. Pray, canst tell who has the best of the battle.

Soldier. The White Rose, to be sure: we are the strongest.

Fool. Thank you, friend: pass on—I'm on your side. [*Exit* SOLDIER.] A low clown, now, might stagger at this shifting; but your true, court-bred fool, always cuts the cloth of his conscience to the fashion of the times. [*Exit.*

Enter GREGORY *and* ADELINE, *hastily.*

Gregory. Run, run, madam! follow a blockhead's advice, and run, or 'tis all over with us.

Adeline. Whither shall I fly! Fatigue and despair so wear and press me, I scarcely know what course to take.

Gregory. Take to your legs, madam! Get on now, or we shall never be able to get off. Come, my dear, good, Lady Adeline! Lord! Lord! only to see now, what little resolution people have, that they can't run away when there's danger. [*Shout.*] Plague on your shouting! Since they must make soldiers of us—the light troops against the field, say I!

[*Exit, running, followed by* ADELINE.

Alarm—Shout—and Retreat sounded.

SCENE V.

Open Country.

Enter the MARQUIS OF MONTAGUE, EGBERT, *and other* LORDS *of the White-Rose Party,* SOLDIERS, *&c.*

Mont. Cheerly, my valiant friends! the field is ours.
The scatter'd Roses of the Lancasters,
Now deeper tinted, blush a double red,
In shame of this defeat. Oh! this will much
Rejoice King Edward!—Say, has any friend
Made Henry sure?

Egbert. He is escaped alone, my lord! and Margaret,
Who, with her little son, went, hand in hand,
Hovering about the field, with anxious hope,
Even to the very last; when she perceived
Her lines broke through—her troops almost dispersed,
She hung upon her boy, in silent anguish,
Till the big tear dropt in his lily neck:
Then, kissing him, as by a sudden impulse,
Which mothers feel, she snatch'd him to her bosom,
And fled with her young treasure in her arms:—
Nature so spoke in't, that our very soldiers
Were soften'd at the scene, and, dull'd with pity,
Grew sluggish in pursuit.

Mont. Well, let them go:—
Their cause is, now, become so weak, and sickly,
That, though the head exist, to plot fresh mischief,
They will want limbs to execute. Their House,
(Once strong and mighty,) like a palsied Hercules,

Must, now, lament it has outlived its powers.—
Meantime, as we return, in pride of conquest,
Let us impress the minds of Englishmen
With new-won glories of the House of York.
Strike drum!—Sound trumpet!—Let the air be rent
With high and martial songs of victory.

GRAND CHORUS.

Strike!—the God of Conquest sheds
His choicest laurels on our heads:
Mars, with fury-darting eye,
Smooths his brow, and stalks before us;
Leading our triumphant chorus,
Hand and hand with victory.
And hark! the thundering drum, and fife's shrill tone,
With brazen trumpet's clang, proclaim the day our own.
[Huzzas.

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

A Cave, in Hexham Forest; in which ROBBERS *are discovered, drinking.*

OLD GLEE, AND OLD WORDS.

When Arthur first, in court, began
To wear long hanging sleeves,
He entertain'd three serving-men,
And all of them were thieves.

The first he was an Irishman,
The second was a Scot,
The third he was a Welshman,
And all were knaves, I wot.

The Irishman he loved usquebaugh,
The Scot loved ale, call'd blue-cap;
The Welshman he loved toasted cheese,
And made his mouth like a mouse-trap.

Usquebaugh burnt the Irishman,
The Scot was drown'd in ale;
The Welshman had like t'have been choak'd with a mouse,
But he pull'd her out by the tail.

1 *Rob.* Sung like true and noble boys of plunder! Isn't this free-booting spirit, now, better than leading a cowardly life of musty regularity? Honesty is a scarce and tender commodity, that perishes almost as soon as it appears;—the rich man is not known to have it, for fortune has never put him to the test; and the poor blockhead, that boasts on't, dies for hunger in proving it.

2 *Rob.* Right; it is but a fever in the blood, that soon kills the patient if it be not expelled.—I had the fever once.

4 *Rob.* And what was your cure for't?

2 *Rob.* Starving. Ever while you live, starve your fever:—when honesty is your case, only call in poverty as physician, and the disease soon yields to his prescriptions.

1 *Rob.* Pshaw! plague on your physic! arn't we taking our wine in the full vigour of roguery? This it is [*Holding the bottle.*] that gives courage to poor knaves to knock down rich fools in the forest;—just as it gives rich fools spirits to sally forth, and break poor knaves' heads, in the town. Come, as I'm lieute-

nant, and our Captain is prowling, let's to business: —read over the list of our yesterday's booties.

2 *Rob.* Agreed! but, first, one more round; one health, one general health, and then we'll to't.

1 *Rob.* Here it is then—here's a short, little, snug, general health, that hits most humours; it suits your soldier, your tithe parson, your lawyer, your politician, just as well as your robber.

All. Now for it. [*All rise.*

1 *Rob.* Plunder! [*Drinks.*

All. Plunder! [*All drink.*

1 *Rob.* And now for the list.

2 *Rob.* [Reads.] *Hexham Forest, May 14th,* 1462. *Taken, from a single lady, on a pad nag, eleven pounds, four groats, and a portmanteau.—She seemed marvellously frightened, and whispered thanks, privately, for her delivery.*

1 *Rob.* No uncommon case—she isn't the first single lady who has been delivered, and whispered thanks for it in private.

2 Rob. *From a Scotch laird, on his way from London to Inverness—by Philip Thunder in gloves; the whole provision for his journey, viz. one cracked angel, and two sticks of orimstone.*

1 *Rob.* Who has his horse?

2 *Rob.* No one; the Scotch laird travelled on foot. *From a pair of justices of the peace, a foundered mare, a black gelding, two doublets, and a hundred marks in gold—they were tied back to back;—*

1 *Rob.* Good! It is but right, that they who bind over so many, should at last be bound over themselves; and a wise thief is ever bound in justice to put a foolish justice in binding.

2 Rob. *Back to back, and hoodwinked—they were left, lamenting their fate, in the forest.*

1 *Rob.* Lament! O villains!—To be in the commission of the peace, and not know that Justice should

always be blind. Marry, a good day! Are there any more?

2 *Rob.* Only a fat friar, who was half plundered, and saved himself by flight.

1 *Rob.* The better fortune his. Few fat friars, I fancy, have the luck to be saved. What did he yield?

2 Rob. *The rope from his middle, a bottle of sack from his bosom, and a link of hog's puddings, pulled out of his left sleeve.*

1 *Rob.* Gad a mercy, friar! For the sack, and the sausages, they shall be shared, merrily, among us; and for the rope,—hum!—come, we won't think of that, now. [*A Horn wound lowly.*] Hark! there's our Captain's horn!—'faith, for one who, I suspect, is married, he chuses an odd signal of approach.

2 *Rob.* Nay, though he may be married, he's no milksop; and, I warrant him, when he's on duty, and robbing among us, he quite forgets his wife, as an honest man should do. He has joined us but a short time, yet, egad, he heads us nobly! He'll pluck you an hundred crowns from a rich fellow's pocket, with one hand, and throw his share of them into a hungry beggar's hat, with the other. But, here he comes.

Enter GONDIBERT.

All. Hail! noble Captain!

Gondi. How now, my bold and rugged companions! What has been done in my absence?

1 *Rob.* Oh, sir, a deal of business—We have been washing down old scores, and getting vigour for new. We have had a cup for every breach of the law we have committed. Marry, sir, ours is a rare cellar, to stand such a soaking.

Gondi. Now then, to a business of greater import. I have been lurking round the camp, here, on the skirts of the forest. The parties have met, and a hot battle ensued. It was a long time fought with such stubborn courage, that, as I stood observing it, the

spirit of war, pent up within me, had well nigh burst my breast.—Twenty times, I was at the point of breaking from my shelter, and joining combat. But I am pledged to you, my fellows;—that thought restrained me.

2 *Rob.* O, noble Captain!—but who has conquered?

Gondi. Ay, there it is:—'sdeath and fury, my blood boiled to see it! The sleek, upstart rascals, cut through the ranks as if—oh! a plague on their well feeding!—We had carried it else, all the world to nothing!

2 *Rob.* We! why what is it to us who has the day? Do but tell us who.

Gondi. I had forgot. The Lancasters are defeated, their soldiers routed, and many of their leaders dispersed about the country. Some, no doubt, are in the forest. Usurping war never glutted on a richer banquet.

1 *Rob.* Why, it seems to have been a pretty feast; and, the best on't is, now 'tis over, we shall come in for the picking of the bones.

Gondi. It may be so. You all, I know, will expect a rich booty; and they whom we shall meet will, probably, from the unsettled nature of the times, bear their whole wealth about their persons:—but they are brave, and have been oppressed;—disappointment, therefore, and their situation, may cause them to fight in their defence, like heroes.

2 *Rob.* Nay, an they fight like devils, they'll find we can match them in courage. Put me to any proof you please, and they shall soon find me a man.

Gondi. Then, prove it, friend, by pity for the unfortunate. Believe me, comrades, he has little better to boast than a brute, who cannot temper his courage with feeling. And, now, as our expedition is at hand, let each of you observe my orders. If there be any whose appearance denotes a more than common birth,

treat him with due respect, and conduct him to my cave. As to the plunder (which our wild life obliges us to exact from the way-worn passenger) on this occasion, pr'ythee, good comrades, take sparingly, and use your prisoners generously.

4 *Rob.* [*Half aside, and muttering.*] 'Sblood! this captain of ours had better take to the pulpit than the road. If he must preach so plaguily about generosity, he might, at least, pay for it out of his own pocket.

Gondi. Who's he that dares to mutter? Come forth, thou wretch! Thus do I punish mutiny, and presumption. [*Pulls him down, and holds his Sword over him.*

4 *Rob.* Oh, mercy! good Captain, mercy!

Gondi. Well, take it, though thou deservest none; and learn from this, thou poor, base reptile! how to show mercy to others whom fortune places in thy power.—Now, friends, all to your posts. I shall go forth alone. You have your orders, and I know you will obey them strictly. The night steals on us apace; and the angry clouds, threatning a storm, add to the awful gloom of the forest. Away, boys, and be steady.

1 *Rob.* As rocks, Captain.—Come, bullies! all to your duties. Keep your ears, and lose your tongues. Listen, in silence, for the tread of a passenger; and, when he's near enough, spring upon him, like so many cats at a mouse-hole.

CATCH.

"Buz, quoth the blue-fly."

Lurk o'er the green-sward;
Mum let us be;
Lurk, and mum's the word,
For you and me!
Thro' the brake, thro' the wood, prowl, prowl around!
We watch the footsteps, with ears to the ground.
Ears to the ground.

[*Exeunt* ROBBERS.

Gondi. Here is another moment snatch'd—a short one—
To commune with myself:—yet, wherefore think?
Why court consuming sorrow to my bosom,
Which, like the nurseling pelican, drinks the blood
Of its fond cherisher?
Why rather should not turbulence of action
Shake off the tax of tyrannous remembrance?
'Tis not the mere and actual suffering
That bends the noble spirit to the earth,
And cracks the proud heart's chord:—The prisone
Whose feverish limbs, for many a long, long year,
No summer breeze has fann'd, might still be patient,
Did not remembrance, yoked with cursed comparison,
Enter his dungeon walls, and conjure up
The shadows of past joys;—then, thought on thought,
Like molten lead, run through the wretch's brain,
And burning fancy mads him.—Hence, Remembrance!
How baneful art thou to me, when this course
Must be thy antidote! I'll through the forest,
And seek these wanderers.—Fell necessity,
And the rude band that I am link'd withal,
Demand that I should prey on them:—yet, still,
My heart leans to them, though their fatal cause
Has shorn me to the quick:—for them I fled
My home, my dear loved——Oh, peace, Gondibert!
Touch not that string!—If I must think, I'll think
That Heaven one day may smile. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Part of the Forest.

Enter ADELINE *and* GREGORY.

Gregory. Gently, good madam; gently, for the love of corns! Where is it you mean to go?

Adeline. Even where chance shall carry us, Gregory.

Gregory. 'Faith, madam, and if chance would carry us, it would be doing us a great favour; for we have walked far enough, in all conscience.

Adeline. Then, here, my good fellow, we must rest ourselves.

Gregory. Here! what, in the wood? and night coming on!

Adeline. Good faith, even here!—here, for necessity demands it, we must pass the night: and, in the morning, the ring-dove, cooing to its mate, will wake us to our journey homeward. This is a retreat, were but the mind at ease, a king might well repose in.

Gregory. It must be King Nebuchadnezzar, then: if we haven't some of his grass-eating qualities, we shall find ourselves badly off for a supper. 'Tis ten to one, too, but we may wander here for a week, without finding our way out again.

Adeline. Oh! this world! this world! I am weary on't! 'Would I had been some villager!—'twere well, now, to be a shepherd's boy—he has no cares—but while his sheep browse on the mountain's side, with vacant mind—happy in ignorance—he sinks to sleep, o'ercanopied with heaven, and makes the turf his pillow.

Gregory. Yes, but he has plaguy damp sheets, for all that. I'd exchange all the turf and sky in the county for a good warm barn and a blanket; and as for the cooing doves, I would not give a crack'd tester for a forest full of them, unless I could see some of their claws stuck up through the holes of a brown pie-crust.

Adeline. Fie! Gregory; be content, be content. Think that we are happy in this forest, in having thus escaped the enemy's fire, and be grateful in the change.

Gregory. Why, we are out of the fire, to be sure; but, make the best on't we can, we are still in the frying-pan. And starving is one of those blessings for which people are not very apt to be thankful. But we have escaped killing; so I'll e'en be content, as long as there is comfort in comparison. I stumbled over a fat trumpeter in the field, stript and plunder'd, with his skin full of bullets. Well, I am thankful yet —mine is a marvellous happy lot, to be better than a dead trumpeter!

Adeline. Truce now, Gregory; and consider how we can best dispose ourselves here, till the morning.

Gregory. Nay, there's no need of much consideration; there's little distinction of apartments here, madam: we shall both sleep on the ground floor—and our lodgings will be pure and airy, I warrant them.

Adeline. Peace, fool! nor let thy grosser mind, half fears, half levity, thus trifle with my feelings! I have borne me up against affliction, till my o'ercharged bosom can contain no longer.

Gregory. O the father! look if my poor dear lady be not a-weeping!—why, madam—Lady Adeline—dear madam! I am but a fool, as you say; but I'm as honest and as faithful as the greatest knave of them all:—and haven't I sighed, sobbed, fasted, fought, and run away, to show you that I would stand by you to the last? and haven't I.

Adeline. Pr'ythee, no more, Gregory! bear with my pettishness—for, now and then, the tongue of disappointment will needs let fall some of the acid drops which misery sprinkles the heart withal.

Gregory. Now must I play the comforter. Why, lord, madam, I think, when a body comes to be used to it a little, this forest must be a sweet, dingy, retired, gloomy, pleasant sort of a place;—besides, what's one night? sleeping bears it out—and I'll warrant us we'll find such snug delicious beds of dry leaves, that—[*Hard shower.*] 'Sbud! no!—I lie—it rains like all the dogs and cats in the kingdom—there won't be a dry twig left large enough to shelter a cock-chafer—we shall both be sopped here, like two toasts in a tankard. [*Thunder.*

Adeline. Why, why should fortune sport with a weak woman thus! why, fickle goddess, wanton as boys in giddy cruelty, torture a silly fly before you kill it?

Gregory. 'Faith, madam, for that matter, I am but a blue-bottle of fortune's myself; and, though sorrow is dry, they say, this is a sort of soaking it does not care to be moistened with. If it would rain good barrels of ale, now, sorrow would not so much mind being out in the storm. [*Thunder again.*] No; sorrow would be disappointed there too: this rumbling is enough to flatten the finest beer shower a man would wish to take a whet in.—Lud! lud! madam! let's get out on't, if there's a hollow tree to be found.

[*Thunder.*

Adeline. The thunder rolls awful on the ear, and strikes the soul with terror. The plunderer, too, perhaps catching the sulphurous flash, explores his wretched prey, and stalks to midnight murder.

Gregory Mercy on us, madam, don't talk of that! —now I think on't, if we were to pick and chuse for a twelvemonth, we couldn't have pitched upon a more convenient place to be knocked down in. Shelter! dear madam! shelter.

Adeline. Is it thus you stand by me, Gregory? I, at least, hoped you had valour enough to——

[ROBBERS *appear behind, and slowly advance.*

Gregory. Exactly enough; but not a morsel to spare. So we'll e'en look out for a place of safety. Not that I'm afraid though.—Stand by you?—egad, if half a dozen, now, of stout, raw-boned fellows were to dare to molest you, I would make no more of whipping this [*Drawing his sword.*] through their dirty lungs, than I would of——

[ROBBERS *surround* ADELINE *and* GREGORY.

1 *Rob.* Stand!

Gregory. O mercy! mercy! I'm as dead a man as ever I was in my life. [*Drops his sword, and falls.*

Adeline. Heavens! when will my miseries end!—Speak, friends, what would you have?

1 *Rob.* What you have.

Adeline. If it is our lives you seek, they are so care worn, that in resigning them, we part with that which is scarce worth the keeping.

Gregory. 'Tis very true, indeed. Pray don't take them, gentlemen; they'll do you no kind of good.

2 *Rob.* Peace!

1 *Rob.* Marry, a well-favoured boy. Say, youth, whence came you, and whither bound?

Adeline. I scarce know whither; but I came far inland; sent by my father to the wars; his sword the sole inheritance his age can leave me. This man, a faithful servant of our cottage, in simple love has followed me.

1 *Rob.* Well, youth; be of good cheer.—He, who has little, has little to lose; and a soldier's pocket is seldom much lighter for emptying. Come; you must both with us—bring them to our captain's cave.

[*Exeunt* FIRST *and* FOURTH ROBBER.

Gregory. Oh lud! oh lud! Dear, good, sweet-faced gentlemen!

2 *Rob.* Peace, dolt! fear not; our captain's honourable.

Gregory. Nay, that he must be, by his company—But sweet, civil, honest gentlemen! [*The* ROBBERS *press them on.*] Oh confound these underground apartments! We shall never get out of them alive. Lord! Lord! how hard it is upon a man to be forced to walk to his own burying!

[*Exeunt* ADELINE *and* GREGORY, *hurried off by the* ROBBERS.

SCENE III.

Another Part of the Forest.

Enter MARGARET, *with the young* PRINCE EDWARD.

Marg. Why, that's well done, my boy!—so—cheerly, cheerly!
See, too, the angry storm's subsiding:—what,
Thou canst not be a-weary, Ned?—I know
Thou'rt more a man.

Prince. Sooth, now, my legs ache sadly!
My heart is light and fresh though; and it mocks
My legs for aching. I would I had your legs,
And you my heart.—Your heart, I fear me, mother
Is heavier far than mine.

Marg. Dost think so, Ned?

Prince. Ay, and I know so too:—for I am in it.

Marg. My dear, wrong'd child!

Prince. Pr'ythee now, mother, do not grieve for me;—
I warrant I shall live to be a king, yet.

Marg. Alas! poor monkey! thou hast little cause

To be in love with greatness: thou hast felt
Its miseries full early.
Prince. Then, you know
I've all its good to come.
Marg. May Heaven grant it!
For thou dost promise nobly, boy. This forest
Will screen us from the hatred of our enemies.
Here, till the rage of war has ceased around us,
I will watch o'er thee, Ned, here guard thy life
Thy life! the hope, the care, the joy of mine!
And when thy harass'd limbs have gain'd their pliancy,
We will resume our task: for I must lead thee
A painful walk, across Northumberland,
As far as Berwick, boy; where we may meet,
Again, our Scottish friends. What sayest thou, Ned,
Shouldst joy to see thy father there?
Prince. Ay, mother;
And, though we know he has escaped the traitors,
Were we but sure to find him there, I could
Set out directly.
Marg. Rest a day or two:
For hadst thou strength, the danger that surrounds us
Prevents our venturing.—Come!—on a little;
We will go look some moss-grown cavern out,
And there thou shalt repose thee, sweet.—

Enter GONDIBERT.

Come, boy! come, take my hand——
[GONDIBERT *approaches, with his sword drawn.*
Gondi. Advance no further.
Marg. Ha! Who art thou, that comest, with murderous look,
Here, in the dusky bosom of the wood,
To intercept our passage?
Gondi. One of those
Who, stript of all by an oppressing world,
Now make reprisals: if my looks be dark,
They best explain my purpose.

Prince. Fly! fly! mother!
The villain else will kill us.
Marg. Let us pass.
Thou know'st us not; else would there so much terror
Still strike thee of our person, that—no matter.
What cause hast thou to stay me?
Gondi. Biting want;—
An oath sworn to my fellows;—disappointment;—
Despair. I came not here to parley, lady;—
quickly,
Yield what you have, or go where I command.
Marg. Command! base slave! reduced to this
Command,
From thee? thou worm!
[*Making majestically past him, with the* PRINCE.
Gondi. Nay, nay; you fly not, lady.
[*Holds his sword over them.*
Marg. Oh, Heaven! my boy! Strike not, on thy
allegiance!
Save him, I charge thee, fellow! Save my son;—
The son of thy anointed king.
Gondi. My king! [*Drops his sword at their feet.*
Marg. Ay, look, and tremble, slave.
Gondi. I do indeed!—
And though my sword has never been unsheathed,
Since fate has link'd me to a lawless band,
But to intimidate, not harm, the passenger,
I rather would have plunged its naked point
In mine own bosom, than have raised it thus.
I do beseech your pardon:—and, if aught,
Wherein I may be capable of service,
Can make atonement, you shall find me ready,
Be it at what blind and perilous risk soever:—
For I have heard the fate of this day's battle;
And should a guide, whose dark and haggard fortune
Wraps him in humble seeming, be thought worthy,
In this the time's extremity, to direct.

Your wandering steps, my zeal will prove itself
Warm, and unshaken, madam.
Marg. Thou makest amends:—
And the strong tide of evils, rushing in,
With rapid force, upon us, well might urge me,
Like sinking men, who grasp at idle straws,
To accept thy service. Yet, thou may'st be false,
And lead my boy to his destruction.—Say,—
What sureties, fellow, have I of thy truth?
Gondi. Think on the awe-inspiring air that marks
A royal brow, and makes the trait'rous soul
Shrink at his own suggestion.—And, when care,
With envious weight, invades the diadem,
To aim an injury then—'twere monstrous baseness!
Oh! long, and ever, ever be there seen
A heaven-gifted charm round majesty,
To draw confusion on the wretch, who, watching
A transient cloud, that dims its lustre, dares
Think on his sovereign with irreverence!
But, more to bind me, madam, to your confidence,
Know, I have been your soldier; and have fought
In this proud cause—some, haply, may remember me—
When fortune's sunshine smiled upon it.
Marg. Now—
For greatness ever has its summer friends,
Who, at the fall and winter of its glory,
Fly off like swallows—thou'lt betray me.
Gondi. Never.
Wrong me not in your thoughts, beseech you, madam;
For I will serve you truly;—truly guard
Your royal son.—He is but half a subject,
Who, in the zeal, and duty, for his monarch,
Feels not his breast glow for his prince's welfare:
And, in the moment when the time's rough trial
Calls, loudly, on my sworn allegiance,
And summons it to proof, if I abandon either,

May Heaven, when most I stand in need of mercy,
Abandon me!

Prince. Let us go with him, mother.

Gondi. I know each turn and foot-path of the forest:—
Can lead you through such blind and secret windings,
That will perplex pursuers till they wander,
As in a labyrinth.—West of this a little,
There stand some straggling cottages, that form
A silent village; and whose humble tops,
Deep shadow'd by the dark o'erhanging wood,
Escape the notice of the traveller.
Thither, so please you, I'll conduct you, madam.
I have a friend,
Lowly but trusty, who shall tend upon you;
While I will scout the country round, to gain
Intelligence of your divided party.

Marg. [*Taking up the sword which* GONDIBERT *dropped.*]
Then, take my boy!—for I will trust thee, fellow.
I must perforce;—but mark;—for still I doubt:—
If for a moment—mark me, fellow, well!
Thou givest me cause to think thy damn'd intent
Aims at my dear child's life, that very moment,
Though that the next should be my last, I'll plunge
Thy weapon to thy heart.

Gondi. Fear not.

Marg. Lead on.

[*Exeunt:*—GONDIBERT *leading the* PRINCE, *and* MARGARET *following with the sword over* GONDIBERT'S *head.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

A Village, on the Skirts of the Forest.

Enter FOOL *and a* VILLAGER.

Vil. Tell me, good fellow, now, I pr'ythee—

Fool. But wilt thou lend an ear to my tale?

Vil. That will I; all the ears I am worth.

Fool. Then need not I tell the story:—for, if thou lend'st all thy ears, then thou'lt have none left to hear it.—Wast ever in a battle, old boy?

Vil. No, truly!

Fool. Then thou art a dead man.

Vil. What, for not being in a battle!

Fool. Yea, marry,—by the very first rapier that comes in thy way;—for no man can live by the sword but a soldier;—and of soldiers there are three degrees; and three only.

Vil. As how?

Fool. As thus:—Your hot fighter—your cool fighter—and your fighter-shy.—The last degree makes a wondrous figure in many muster-rolls.

Vil. Of which last you make one.

Fool. In some degree.

Vil. And it was that made you run from the battle.

Fool. Right; running is your only surety. Bully Achilles, the great warrior of old, thought other-

wise; and he was vulnerable only in the heel:—now, my heels always insure me from being wounded.—Dost know why Heaven makes one leg of a man stouter than the other?

Vil. No.

Fool. That he may be able to put the best leg foremost, when there's occasion.

Vil. And you had occasion enough, last night.

Fool. Truly, had I; and thus came I to your cottage, where I slept on a bare board all night.

Vil. Ah! Heaven knows, my lodging is poor enough! but such as it is, you are welcome.

Fool. Nay, I quarrel not with the lodging; I only complain of the board—and now wouldst thou know my story?

Vil. I would willingly hear of the battle that was lost.

Fool. Then, pr'ythee, ask of those that found it: But, come, I'll e'en tell thee how it was.——Thou hast a wife?

Vil. Yes, forsooth;—that was my old dame you saw at home.

Fool. Keep her there; for nature plainly intended her for a homely woman. Didst ever quarrel with her before marriage?

Vil. Never.

Fool. Afterwards, a little?

Vil. Um!—Why, to say the truth, my poor dame has a fine flourish with a cudgel; but people will needs fall out, now and then, when once they come together.

Fool. That's the very way we lost the battle:—for had the two parties never met, depend on't, one had never cudgell'd the other.

Vil. Mass! thou art a rare fellow in the field!

Fool. Very rare;—for I never come there but when I can't help it.

SONG.—FOOL.

To arms, to arms, when captains cry,
With a heigho! the trumpets blow—
To legs, to legs, brave boys, say I!
Heigho!
I needs must go.

Arrows swift begin to fly,
With a heigho! twang goes the bow—
And soldiers tumble down and die:—
Heigho!
I'll not do so.

Whizzing by come balls of lead;
With a heigho! thump they go.—
Tall men grow shorter by the head,
Heigho!
I'd rather grow.

In time of trouble I'm away,
With a heigho!—ill winds blow;
But always ready at pay day;
Heigho!
Great folks do so.

Enter another VILLAGER.

1 *Vil.* Now, goodman Hobs, whence come you?

2 *Vil.* There is a great lord come in, from the routed party, who has taken shelter in our village, since break of day. One of your great friends, good sir. [*To the* FOOL.

Fool. Didst see him? how look'd he?

2 *Vil.* I tended him some quarter of an hour:—troth, he seem'd wondrous weary.

Fool. Of thy company.—Now could I be weary too, and find in my heart to be dull:—but here come females; and, were a man's head emptier than a spendthrift's purse, they will ever bring something out on't. Hence comes it, that your dull husband's head is improved by your lively wife:—if she can bring out nothing else, why she brings out horns.

Enter VILLAGERS, *Male and Female.*

Now, good folk, whither go you?

3 *Vil.* Truly, sir, this is our season for making of hay: and here am I, sir, with the rest of our village, going about it.

Fool. Now might I, were it not for disgracing the army, turn mower among these clowns;—and why not? Soldiers are but cutters down of flesh, and flesh is grass, all the world over. I'll e'en out, this morning, and do execution in the field.—Come, lads and maidens! One roundelay, and we'll to't!

SONG AND CHORUS OF VILLAGERS.

1 Wom. *Drifted snow no more is seen;*
Blust'ring winter passes by;
Merry spring comes clad in green,
While woodlarks pour their melody,
I hear him! hark!
The merry lark,
Calls us to the new-mown hay,
Piping to our roundelay.

2 Vil. *When the golden sun appears*
On the mountain's surly brow;
When his jolly beams he rears,
Darting joy—behold him now!—
Then, then, oh, hark!
The merry lark

Calls us to the new-mown hay,
Piping to our roundelay.

3 Vil. *When the village boy, to field,*
Tramps it with the buxom lass,
Fain she would not seem to yield,
Yet gets her tumble on the grass;
Then, then, oh, hark!
The merry lark,
While they tumble in the hay,
Pipes alone his roundelay.

Vil. *What are honours? What's a court?*
Calm content is worth them all:—
Our honour lies in cudgel sport;
Our brightest court a green-sward hall.
But then—oh hark!
The merry lark,
Calls us to the new-mown hay,
Piping to our roundelay.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

An old fashioned Apartment, in BARTON'S *House, in the Village. Rusty Arms, and other Military Paraphernalia hanging up, in different Parts; &c.*

LA VARENNE *and* BARTON.

Barton. Nay, sir, thank not me:
I am no trader, I, in empty forms;
In neat congees, and kickshaw compliments;
In your,—"Dear sirs," and "Sir, you make me blush;"—
I'm for plain speaking; plain and blunt; besides,

I've been a soldier:—and, I take it, sir,
You, who are still in service, are aware
That blushing seldom troubles the profession.
La Var. Still, friend, I thank thee.—Thou hast shelter'd me,
At a hard trying moment, when the buffets
Of tainting fortune rather would persuade
Friends to shrink back, than serve me.
Barton. 'Faith, good sir,
I know not how you have been buffetted:—
But this I know,—at least I think I know it—
If there's a soldier, in the world's wide army,
Who will not, in the moment of distress,
Stretch forth his hand to save a falling comrade,
Why, then, I think, that he has little chance
Of being found in Heaven's muster roll.
La Var. I like thy plainness well.
Barton. Nay, sir, my plainness
Is such as Nature gave me: and would men
Leave Nature to herself, good faith, her work
Is pretty equal;—but we will be garnishing,
Until the heart, like to a beauty's face,
Which she ne'er lets alone till she has spoil'd it,
Is so befritter'd round with worldly nonsense,
That we can scarcely trace sweet Nature's outlines.
La Var. Who of our party, pr'ythee, since the battle,
Have shelter'd here among the villagers?
Canst tell their names?
Barton. Ay, marry, can I, sir.
But can and will are birds of diff'rent feather.
Can is a swan, that bottles up its music,
And never lets it out till death is near;
But *will*'s a piping bullfinch, that does ever
Whistle forth every note it has been taught,
To any fool that bids it. Now, sir, mark;—
Whoever's here, would fain be private here;
Whoever's here, depend on't, tell I can;—

Whoever's here, depend on't, tell I will not.
La Var. Why, this is over-caution!—would not they
Rejoice as readily at seeing me
As I at seeing them?
Barton. I know not that:
I am no whisper-monger;—and if once
A secret be entrusted to my charge,
I keep it, as an honest agent should,
Lock'd in my heart's old strong box; and I'll answer
No draught from any but my principal.
La Var. If now thou hast a charge, old trusty, I,
(Believe me), am next heir to't.
Barton. Very like.
Yet, sir, if heirs had liberty to draw
For what is not their own, till time shall give it them,
I fear the stock would soon be dry;—and, then,
The principals might have some cause to grumble.
La Var. Thou art the strangest fellow! What's thy name?
Barton. Barton;—that I may trust you with.
La Var. No more?
Barton. No, not a pin's point more. Pshaw! here comes one,
To let all out. Children, and fools, and women,
Will still be babbling.

Enter PRINCE EDWARD.

Prince. Oh! my lord, is't you?
La Var. Oh, my young sir! how my heart springs to meet you!
Where is your royal mother? is she safe?
Prince. She's in this house, my lord.—Last night,
This honest man received us:—and another,—
His friend—not quite so honest as he might be.
Did bring us hither;—'twas a rogue, my lord;
Yet no rogue neither;—and, to say the sooth,

The rogue, my lord, is a very honest man.
Lord, how this meeting will rejoice my mother!
And she was wishing, now, within this minute,
To see the Seneschal of Normandy.
Barton. So!
This is the Seneschal of Normandy!
Here is another secret.—Plague take secrets!
This is in token of their liking me;—
Just as an over hospitable host,
Out of pure kindness to his visitor,
Crams the poor bursting soul with meat he loaths.
La Var. I cannot blame thee, friend;—thou knew'st me not:
And, thou hast, now, a jewel in thy care,
Well worth thy utmost caution in preserving.
Barton. I need not to be told the value on't.
I have been sworn his mother's subject, sir; and since
My poor house has been honour'd with her presence,
The tender scenes, I've been a witness to,
'Twixt her, and this young bud of royalty,
Would make me traitor to humanity,
Could I betray her. There is a rapturous something,
That plays about an English subject's heart,
When female majesty is seen employ'd
In these sweet duties of domestic love,
Which all can feel,—but very few describe!
La Var. Oh! how thou warm'st me, fellow, with thy zeal!
Come, my young lord!—now lead us to her majesty.
[*To* BARTON.
Barton. Why, as things are, I'll lead you where she is:—
But were they otherwise, and you had not
Discover'd where she is—you'll pardon me—
But I had led you, sir, a pretty dance
Ere I had led you to her. Come, I'll conduct you.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another Apartment, in BARTON's *House.*

Enter GONDIBERT *and* 1*st* ROBBER.

Gondi. Away all night! What then? Am not I their leader? Do they begin to doubt me? Am not I, as it were, wedded to the party?

Rob. Very true, noble captain: and we have treated you as a wife would a kind husband:—but when a husband is out all night—why—

Gondi. Well, sir;—what then?

Rob. Marry, then, the wife is apt to grumble a little; that's all.

Gondi. Go to;—I had reason. What's the news?

Rob. The news is, we have taken some stragglers, in the forest.

Gondi. Are they of note?

Rob. 'Faith, we have some of all qualities;—gentle and simple mixed:—we had no time to stand upon the picking:—they're all penn'd up in the back cavern:—and you must e'en take 'em like a score of sheep—fat and lean together. But, there is a beardless youth, follow'd by a cowardly serving man, who presses hard to see you.

Gondi. What would he?

Rob. 'Faith, sir, he would be a noble fellow. I take it he has a great soul, too large for the laws;—he has questioned me plentifully concerning you.

Gondi. Concerning me?

Rob. Yes; he enquired if you were married; how long you had been with us; your age; your stature;

nay, he was particular enough to ask what sort of a nose stood on your face.

Gondi. Wherefore these questions?

Rob. Troth, I think he would like well to serve in our band; for he seems to have a marvellous nice notion of honour. He took up your dagger, of curious workmanship, that lies on your table, in the cave, and did so study the dudgeon on't!—Marry, the boy knows how to handle a weapon, I'll warrant him.

Gondi. Where have you bestowed him?

Rob. Why, he was so importunate, that I have brought him, and his man, hither along.—The man, I feared, might babble: so, I've entrusted him to your friend Barton, here; and he, finding he has been a butler, has locked him in the cellarage.

Gondi. Conduct the youth hither.

[*Exit* ROBBER.

Then why should I repine, since there are others,
Who, in the early spring, and May of life,
Behold the promised blossoms of their hope
Nipt in the very bud? Here comes the youth;—
And bears a goodly outside;—yet 'tis a slender bark,
That Providence ne'er framed for tossing much
In a rough sea of trouble.

Enter ROBBER *with* ADELINE.

Rob. Here, youth; this is our captain. Cheer up now, and speak boldly. You need not fear.—A raw youth, captain, but a mettled one, I'll warrant him.—A word with you. [*Takes* GONDIBERT *apart.*

Adeline. It is, it is my lord!—Oh Heaven! my heart!—to find him thus, too!—Yet to find him any how is transport.

Rob. I shall look to it.—You would be private now, I take it.—Now, youth, plead cleverly to get admitted among us, and your fortune's made. Be but a short time with us, and it will go hard, indeed.

if all your cares, in this world, are not shortly at an end. [*Exit.*

Gondi. Now to your business, youth.

Adeline. 'Tis brief.—I have been sorely wrung, sir, by the keen pressure of mishap.—I once had friends: they have left me. One whom I thought a special one—a noble gentleman—who pledged himself, by all the ties that are most binding to a man, to guard my uninstructed youth—even he, to whom my soul looked up; whom, I might say, I loved as with a woman's tenderness,—even he has, now, deserted me.

Gondi. Then he acted basely.

Adeline. I hope not so, sir.

Gondi. Trust me, I think he did, youth; for there is an open native sincerity that marks thy countenance, which I scarce believe could give just cause to a steady friend to leave thee.

Adeline. Now, by my holy dame, he had none to suspect me. Yet, from the pressure of the time,—some trying chance—but, I am wandering. This is my suit to you.—If you should find me fit to be entrusted with the secrets of your party, I could wish to be enrolled among you.

Gondi. Hast thou well weigh'd the hardships which our life
Constrains us to? Our perils; nightly watchings;
Our fears, disquietudes; our jealousies,
Even of ourselves?—which keep the lawless mind
For ever on the stretch, and turn our sleep
To frightful slumbers;—where imagination
Discovers, to the dull and feverous sense,
Mis-shapen forms, ghastly and horrible;—
And mixes, in the chaos of the brain,
Terrors, half real, half unnatural;—
Till nature, struggling under the oppression,
Rouses the sleeping wretch,—who starts, and wipes
The chilly drop from off his clay-cold temples;

And fain would call for help, yet dares not utter,
But trembles on his couch, silent and horror-struck!
Adeline. Attempt not to dissuade me; I am fix'd.
Yet there is one soft tie, which, when I think
The cruel edge of keen necessity
Has cut asunder, almost bursts my heart.
Gondi. What is it, youth?
Adeline. That, which from my youth,—
For I have scarcely yet told one and twenty,—
Might, haply, not be thought;—yet so it is;—
Know, then, that I am married,
Gondi. Married, didst say?
And dost thou love——
Adeline. Oh! witness for me, Heaven!
The pure and holy warmth that fills my bosom.
Gondi. Nay then, my heart bleeds for thee! for thou mightst
As easily attempt to walk unmoved,
With all the liquid fires which Ætna vomits
Pour'd in thy breast, as here to hope for happiness.
Oh! what does the heart feel, that's rudely torn
From the dear object of its wedded love!
And, still, to add a spur to gall'd reflection,
That very object, whom the time's necessity
Mads you to part with, witless of the cause,
Arraigns your conduct.
Adeline. And have you felt this? [*With emotion.*
Gondi. I tell thee, wretched youth—fie! thou unman'st me.
Pr'ythee, return, young man!—I have a feeling,—
A fellow feeling for thee;—if thou hop'st
For gentle peace to be an inmate with thee,
Turn thy steps homeward;—link not with our band.
Adeline. Wherefore should I return!—return to witness
The bitter load of misery, which circumstance
Has brought upon my house? My infant children—
Gondi. And hast thou children then?

Whose innocence has oft beguiled thy hours;
Who have look'd smiling up into thy face,
Till the sweet tear of rapturous content
Has trickled down thy cheek?—Thou trying fortune!
Mark out the frozen breast of apathy,
And though 'twere triple cased in adamant,
Throw but this poisonous shaft of malice at it,
'Twill pierce it through and through.
Adeline. An if I thought 'twere so?—
Gondi. Hear me, young man:—
Thou wring'st a secret from me, which, till now,
Was borne in silence here; while, vulture-like,
It preys upon my vitals.—I am married:—
I have a wife—and one whom kindly nature
Form'd in her lavish mood:—Oh! her gentle love
Beam'd through her eyes, whene'er she turn'd them on me,
With such a mild and virtuous innocence,
That it might charm stern murder!—and yet I
Have wounded, villain like, her peace. Even I,—
In whom her very soul was wrapt—
Turn'd coward with the time, have basely left her.
But I am punish'd for't:—day, night,—asleep,
Awake,—still, or in action,—bleeding fancy
Pictures my wife, sitting in patient anguish;
Pale; mild in sufferance; mingling meek forgiveness
With bitter agony;—blessing him who wrongs her;—
While my poor children, my deserted little ones,
Hang on her knees, and watch the silent drops
Steal down her grief-worn face!—Yea, dost thou weep?
Shape thy course homeward then; for pangs like mine,
Would so convulse thee, youth, that, like an engine,
'Twould wrench thy tender nature from its frame,
And pluck life with it.

Adeline. Oh! my dear, loved lord!
Here cease those pangs;—here, in the ecstacy of joy,
Behold your Adeline, now rushing to the arms
Of a beloved husband. [*Running into his arms.*
Gondi. Merciful Heaven!
My Adeline! And hast thou!—Oh, my heart!
This sudden conflict!—thus let me clasp thee to it;
Ne'er to part more, till pangs of death shall shake us.
What hast thou suffer'd, sweet!—for me to cause—
And are our children——
Adeline. Well, and in safety.
Gondi. And, to leave them too!
Adeline. Nay, pr'ythee, now, no more of this:—
Blot from thy memory all former sorrow——
Or, if we think on't, be it at some moment,
When calm content smiles round our happy board.
And, trust me, now, I think our storms are over:—
For, on my way, I learn, the house of York
Has now sent forth free pardon to all those,
Who, long attached to the Lancastrian party,
Have not engaged in their late enterprize.
Gondi. Blessed chance,
That now constrained me to inaction! Adeline!
Once more to hold thee! to return to happiness—
To see our children!

Enter FIRST ROBBER.

How now? What's the matter?

1 *Rob.* Marry, the matter is, with the oaf in the cellar; the fool shakes as though he were in an ague; we may e'en turn him adrift any how, for he will no how turn to our profit. He's cowardly and poor; he can neither rob, nor be robbed.

Adeline. Oh! 'tis my man: I pray you conduct him hither.

1 *Rob.* I'll trundle him in; but you will make nothing of him. I have been trying to talk him into service, and make him fit for our party; but there are some manner of men 'tis impossible to work any good upon. [*Exit.*

Adeline. Poor simpleton! 'tis Gregory, who, in pure zeal, and honest attachment, has followed me.

Enter GREGORY.

Gregory. Mercy on us! this is the great cock captain of the whole brood of banditti! 'Tis all over! and I have been shut up, these two hours, like a calf for killing. Lord! lord! if calves did but know the reason for their being stalled, as I have been, they'd so fall away with fear, that veal would not be worth the taking to market.

Gondi. Why, how now, man?

Gregory. Oh lud! I am a poor fellow, sir, that shall be a long time getting rich, and would fain not die till I am so. Take my life, sir, and you take all; —I carry it about me, as a snail does his house:— and, truly, sir, you'll find that time has a mortgage upon it of forty-two years, and the furniture, of late, is so worn with ill usage, that the remainder of the lease is not worth your acceptance:—if, sweet, noble, sir, you would but——

[*During this speech,* GREGORY *has been gradually raising his eyes from the ground, till he fixes them on* GONDIBERT'S *face.*

Eh!—Oh!—O, the father!—No!—Yes—Oh lud! —Oh lord!

Gondi. Why, dost not know me, Gregory?

Gregory. Huzza!—He's found. [*Capering.*] Dear my lord, I never was happier, since I was born, at the sight of you,

Gondi. Trust me, I think so, Gregory.—Come, love;
Let's in for calmer conference.—Follow, good Gregory. [*Exeunt* ADELINE *and* GONDIBERT.

Gregory. Here's a simple change in a man's fortune! Now might I, when I say 'tis he—were it not as plain 'tis he as a nose is a nose—swear that my eyes were putting a lie in my mouth, in very spite of my teeth.—Oh, the quiet, comfortable days that I shall see again! Mercy on me! 'Tis enough to make a coward tremble, to think on the battles my valour has been put to. Nothing, now again, but old fare, old rubbing of spoons, and a cup of old sherry, behind the old pantry door, to comfort my nose, in a cold frosty morning.

SONG.

"Moderation and Alteration."

In an old quiet parish, on a brown healthy old moor,
Stands my master's old gate, whose old threshold is wore
With many an old friend, who for liquor would roar,
And I uncork'd the old sherry—that I had tasted before.
But it was in Moderation, &c.

There I had an old quiet pantry, of the servants was the head;
And kept the key of the old cellar, and old plate, and chipp'd the brown bread.
If an old barrel was missing, it was easily said,
That the very old beer was one morning found dead.
But it was in Moderation, &c.

But we had a good old custom, when the week did begin,
To shew, by my accounts, I had not wasted a pin;—

For my lord, though he was bountiful, thought waste was a sin,
And never would lay out much, but when my lady lay-in.
But still it was in Moderation.

Good lack! good lack! how once Dame Fortune did frown!
I left my old quiet pantry, to trudge from town to town;
Worn quite off my legs, in search of thumps, bobs, and cracks on the crown,
I was fairly knock'd up, and very near foully knock'd down.
But now there's an Alteration,
Oh! it's a wonderful Alteration!
[Exit.

SCENE IV.

The Village.

Enter MARGARET, LA VARENNE, *and* PRINCE.

Marg. The northern coast beset!
La Var. Close watch'd with enemies:—'twere too bold a risk
That way to seek the sea: then bend your course
Through Cumberland, so please you.——
At Solway Frith, we have warm friends, to favour
Your embarkation—Sailing thence to Galloway,
With all convenient speed, we march towards Edinburgh;
And thitherward, I learn, the king has fled:

Where, in the bosom of the Scottish court,
You may in safety sojourn, till the succour
Which noble Burgundy, warm in beauty's cause
Once more, no doubt, will lend, again shall plu
The wing of majesty.
Marg. Then, let sharp injury
Subdue base minds alone; its scalding spirit,
Pour'd in a royal breast, will quicken vengeance
Why, worthy Seneschal, there's hope in't still!
Holds it not likely,
When our dispersed nobility shall hear
We are again on foot, our royal standard
Will be so flock'd with friends!——
Here comes the fellow whom I told you of.

Enter GONDIBERT, ADELINE, *and* GREGORY, *behind.*

Now, good friend, the news?
Gondi. Thus, as my spies inform me, madam:—
Montague
Has march'd right north, toward Dunstaburgh, hoping
There to surprise your majesty——
Marg. Let the fool on.—
This favours our intended march, through Cumberland.
What else?
Gondi. No more; but that some twenty,
Or thereabout, of your dispersed soldiers
Are fall'n into my power. I have ventured,
Finding that, here, the village is attach'd,
In honest bonds of loyalty, to direct
My men to march them hither: it your course
Should need a secret guard, these few will serve,
When more were dangerous.
Marg. Oh, true, true fellow!
Believe me, honest friend, of all the bolts,
Which spiteful fortune hurls against my crown,

None strike so deeply as my poor ability
Now to requite thy faith.
Gondi. The subject, madam,
Who, in his poor endeavour, can relieve
A sovereign from distress, they, who are loyal,
Will pour down blessings on him; that requital
Threefold o'erpays his services. But here,
Heaven has, in pity of me, now pour'd balm
Upon my bleeding sufferings.
Marg. What, my young warrior!
Adeline. A weak one, madam;—and a woman too.
Your pardon, madam, if, to seek a husband,—
Happy has been my search—more than the cause,
Although my heart is warm in't—brought me hither.
Gondi. Your guard approaches, madam, and the villagers,

Enter KNIGHTS *and* SOLDIERS.

Anxious, in zeal, to see their royal mistress
In throngs have follow'd.

Enter VILLAGERS, MALE *and* FEMALE, *on each Side.*

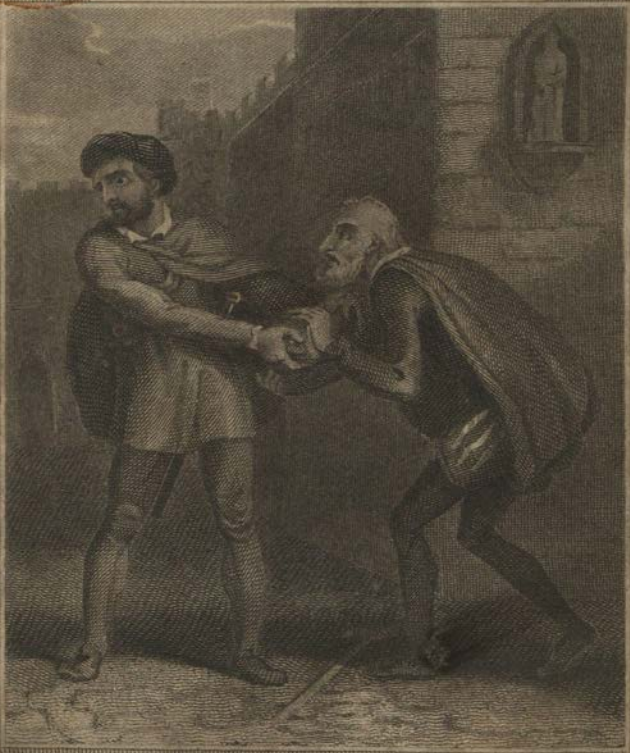
Marg. This is a cheering sight!
Soon may this warmth be general; and may Henry
Bask in its genial sunshine!—England, awhile, farewell!
And if in future times—no doubt 'twill be so—
Thy king unite his people to his confidence,
And his commanding virtues, mild, yet kingly,
Shall draw the breath of rapturous loyalty
From the gilt palace to the clay-built cottage,
Then will thy realm, indeed, be enviable.
Strike!——Then on.

Procession of SOLDIERS, *and Grand Chorus of* VILLAGERS.

Sea-girt England, fertile land!
Plenty, from her richest stores,
Ever, with benignant hand,
Her treasure on thy bosom pours.
England! to thyself be true;
When thy realm is truly blest,
'Tis when a monarch's love for you
Is by your loyalty confest.

THE END.

SURRENDER OF CALAIS.



EUSTACHE . . HERE TAKE THIS TRASH.
ACT I. SCENE II.

Painted by Howard. Published by Longman & Co March 1816. Engraved by C.Heath.

THE

SURRENDER OF CALAIS;

A PLAY,

IN THREE ACTS;

BY GEORGE COLMAN, THE YOUNGER.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

BY MRS INCHBALD.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN, PATERNOSTER ROW.

EDINBURGH:
Printed by James Ballantyne and Co.

REMARKS.

In this drama are comprised tragedy, comedy, opera, and some degree of farce; yet so happily is the variety blended, that one scene never diminishes the interest of another, but they all combine to produce a most valuable composition.

In the rank of excellence, the tragic parts are to be accounted foremost; and, among these, the original and admirable character of Eustache de St Pierre stands first.

Other characters, of the author's invention, are likewise so prominent, that Edward, our renowned conqueror of Calais, is made, perhaps, the least interesting, as well as the least amiable, warrior in this whole dramatic field of glory: and yet, such is the equitable, the unbiassed judgment of the vanquished, they profess a just, a noble, an heroic reverence, for the bravery, and other qualities, of their triumphant enemies.

The exception to this general rule of patriotic courage in the French, is most skilfully displayed in one short speech, by a feeble and fearful citizen of the besieged town; in whom extreme terror of the besiegers is so naturally converted into malignant abhorrence,

that the man who, in all Calais, is most ready to die for his king and country, is, by the aid of certain political logic from this alarmist, openly accused of disloyalty, because he will not slander, as well as fight, his foe. This speech, with some others, no less founded on the true disposition of lordly man, subdued by the humiliation of fear, would falsely imply—that the play of "The Surrender of Calais" was of a later date than fifteen or sixteen years past, before which period the author must have had much less knowledge of the influence of apprehension in the time of war, than experience, or rather observation, has since had the means to bestow upon him.

It may be said, that Mr Colman gave the virtues of justice and benignity to the valiant part of the French, merely as instruments to resound the praise of the English. Whatever were the author's views, the virtues remain the same, and honour the possessors of them, even more than their eulogiums can do honour to the British.

In the first act, the weak, mournful huzza, wrung from the throats of the half-famished soldiers, and that military subordination exhibited between Ribaumont and La Gloire, upon the pronunciation of the word *march*, are happy stage occurrences, in which the reader's fancy will not perhaps delight for want of the performers' tones and action. But there are other scenes so independent of the mimic art, that acting can rarely improve them—Such is the scene in the Hall, the delivery of the keys, the farewell between the father and the son, with others equally im-

pressive. But the highest panegyric that can be pronounced on this play is—that "The Surrender of Calais" is considered, by every critic, as the very best of all the author's numerous and successful productions.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ENGLISH.

KING EDWARD THE THIRD	*Mr Williamson.*
HARCOURT	*Mr Bland.*
SIR WALTER MANNY	*Mr Usher.*
ARUNDEL	*Mr Powell.*
WARWICK	*Mr Nigh.*

HERALDS, TRAIN-BEARERS, SOLDIERS, *&c.*

QUEEN	*Mrs Goodall.*

ATTENDANTS—*Mrs Taylor, Miss Fontenelle, Miss De Camp, Mrs Powell, &c.*

FRENCH.

JOHN DE VIENNE	*Mr Aickin.*
RIBAUMONT	*Mr Palmer.*
OFFICER	*Mr Palmer, jun.*
EUSTACHE DE ST PIERRE	*Mr Bensley.*
JOHN D'AIRE	*Mr Evatt.*
J. WISSANT	*Mr Knights.*
P. WISSANT	*Mr Henderson.*
OLD MAN	*Mr Johnston.*
O'CARROL	*Mr Johnstone.*
LA GLOIRE	*Mr Bannister, jun.*
WORKMEN	*Mr Parsons.* *Mr Burton.*

CITIZENS, SOLDIERS, FRIARS, *&c.*

JULIA	*Mrs Kemble.*
MADELON	*Mrs Bland.*

NUNS—*Mrs Edwin, Mrs Powell, Miss De Camp, Miss Fontenelle, &c.*

SCENE—Calais, and its Outskirts.

THE

SURRENDER OF CALAIS.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

A View of Calais, the Sea, and the English Camp.

Enter RIBAUMONT *and* LA GLOIRE.

Ribau. Thus far in safety. All is hush. Our subtle air of France quickens not the temperament of the enemy. These phlegmatic English snore out the night, in as gross heaviness as when their senses stagnate in their own native fogs, where stupor lies like lead upon them,—which the muddy rogues call sleep. We have nearly passed the entrenchments;—the day breaks.—La Gloire!

La Gloire. My commander!

Ribau. Where did you direct our mariners to meet us with the boat?

La Gloire Marry, I told them to meet us with the boat at the sea-shore.

Ribau. Vague booby! at what point?

La Gloire. That's the point I was coming to, my lord! and, if a certain jutting out of land, in the shape of a white cliff, with brown furze on its top, like a bushy head of hair over a pale face, stand where it did——

Ribau. East of the town:—I have mark'd it.

La Gloire. Look you there, now! what I have hunted after, a whole day, to fix upon, hath he noted without labour. Oh, the capacious heads of your great officers!—No wonder they are so careful of them in battle; and thrust forward the pitiful pates of the privates, to be mowed off like a parcel of daisies.—But there lies the spot—and there will the mariners come. We are now within ear-shot; and, when they are there, they will whistle.

Ribau. And, till they give the signal, here, if there be aught of safety to be picked from danger, is the least dangerous spot to tarry for them. We are here full early.

La Gloire. I would we were not here at all. This same scheme of victualling a town, blockaded by the enemy, is a service for which I have little appetite.

Ribau. Think, La Gloire, on the distress of our countrymen—the inhabitants perishing with hunger.

La Gloire. Truly, my lord, it doth move the bowels of my compassion. Yet, consider your risk—consider your rank! The gallant Count Ribaumont, flower of chivalry, cream of the French army, and commander of his regiment, turned cook to the corporation of Calais!—carving his way to glory, through stubble-rumped capons, unskinned mutton, raw veal, and vegetables!—and, perhaps, my lord, just before we are able to serve up the meat to the town, in comes a raw-boned Englishman, and runs his spit through your body!

Ribau. Pr'ythee, no more objections.

La Gloire. Nay, I object not,—I;—but I have served your honour, in and out of the army, babe,

boy, and man, these five-and-twenty years, come the next feast of the Virgin; and Heaven forefend I should be out of service, by being out of my master!

Ribau. Well, well, I know thy zeal.

La Gloire. And yet your English rapier is a marvellous sudden dissolver of attachments. 'Twill sever the closest connections. 'Twill even whip you, for ever, friend head from his intimate acquaintance, neck and shoulders, before they have time to take leave:—Not that I object;—yet men do not always sleep. The fat centinel, as we passed the outpost, might have waked with his own snoring; and—

Ribau. Peace! Remember your duty to me; to your country.

Yet, out, alas! I mock myself to name it.
Did not these rugged battlements of Calais;
This tomb, yet safeguard of its citizens,
Which shuts the sword out, and locks hunger in;
(Where many a wretch, pale, gaunt, and famine-shrunk,
Smiles, ghastly, at the slaughter's threat, and dies:)
Did not these walls—like Vulcan's swarthy arms,
Clasping sweet beauty's queen—encircle now,
Within their cold and ponderous embrace,
The fair, yet, ah! I fear, the fickle Julia,
My sluggish zeal would lack the spur to rouse it.

La Gloire. And, of all the spurs in the race of mortality, love is the only true tickler to quicken a man's motions. But to reconcile a mistress by victualling a town!—Well; dark and puzzling is the road to woman's affection; but this is the first time I ever heard of sliding into her heart through her palate; or choking her anger, by stopping her mouth with a meal. An' this pantry fashion of wooing should last, woe to the ill-favoured! Beauty will raise the price of provisions, and poor ugliness soon be starved out of the country.

Ribau. This enterprise may yet regain her.
Once she was kind; until her father's policy,
Nourish'd in courts, stepp'd in, and check'd her love,
Yet 'twas not love; for true love knows no check,
There is no skill in Cupid's archery,
When duty heals a love-wound.

La Gloire. But, dear my lord! think on the great danger, and little reputation.

Ribau. No more! mark me, La Gloire! As your officer, I may command you onward; but, in respect to your early attachment, your faithful service, ere you followed me to the army, if your mind misgive you in this undertaking, you have my leave to retreat.

La Gloire. [*Amazed.*] My lord!

Ribau. I say, you are free to return.

La Gloire. Look ye, my lord! I am son to brave old Eustache de St Pierre; as tough a citizen as any in all Calais: I was carried into your lordship's father's family (your lordship being then but just born) at six days old; a mere whelp, as a body may say. According to puppy reckoning, my lord, I was with you three days before I could see. I have followed you through life, frisking and trotting after your lordship ever since; and if you think me now mongrel enough to turn tail, and leave my master in a scrape, why, 'twere kinder e'en to hang me up at the next tree, than cut me through the heart with your suspicions.

Ribau. No, La Gloire,—I——

La Gloire. No, my lord! 'tis fear for you makes me bold to speak. To see you running your head through stone walls for a woman—and a woman who, though she be an angel, has (saving your presence) played you but a scurvy sort of a jade's trick; and——

Ribau. 'Sdeath, villain! how dare your slanderous

tongue to—but 'tis plain—'tis for thy own wretched sake thou art thus anxious—drivelling coward!

La Gloire. Coward!—Cow——*Diable!*—a French soldier, who has the honour to carry arms under his christian majesty, Philip the Sixth, King of France, called coward! *Sacre bleu!* have I already served in three campaigns, and been thumped, and bobbed about, by the English, to be called coward at last! Oh, that any but my commander had said it!

Ribau. Well, well, La Gloire, I may have been hasty: I——

La Gloire. Oh, my lord!—it—'tis no matter. But, haply, you'd like to be convinced of the courage of your company; and if such a thing as raising the enemy's camp can clear a man's character, I can do it as soon as—— [*Raising his voice.*

Ribau. 'Sdeath, blockhead! we shall be discovered.

La Gloire. Coward! 'Sblood! I'll run into the English entrenchments! I'll go back, and tweak the fat centinel by the nose!—I'll—— [*Still louder.*

Ribau. Peace! I command you, La Gloire! I command you, as your officer.

La Gloire. I know my duty to my officer, my lord! [*Sulkily.*

Ribau. Then move not:—here, sir, on this spot. [*Pointing forward.*

La Gloire. [*Going to the spot.*] Coward!

Ribau. Speak not, for your life!

La Gloire. Cow——Umph!

Ribau. Obey!

[LA GLOIRE *stands motionless and silent.—A low whistle.*

Ribau. Ha! the signal! the morning breaks:—they arrive in the very nick. Now then, La Gloire, for the enterprise. Why does not the blockhead stir?—Well, well, my good fellow! I have been harsh: but—not yet?—Pshaw! this military enforcement has acted like a spell upon him.—How to

dissolve it?—[*A low whistle.*]—Again!——Come, come, La Gloire! I,—dull dolt!—I have it:—— March!

[LA GLOIRE *faces to the left, and marches out after* RIBAUMONT.

SCENE II.

The Place, in the Town of Calais.

Enter an OFFICER, SERGEANT, *and* SOLDIERS.—CITIZENS *enter severally during the Scene.*

Officer. Bravely, good fellows! Courage! Why, still there's life in't. Sergeant!

Serg. Your honour!

Officer. How do the men bear up? Have they stout hearts still?

Serg. I know not, sir, for their hearts; but I'll warrant them stout stomachs. Hunger is so powerful in them, that I fear me they'll munch their way through the stone walls of the city.

Officer. This famine pinches. Poor rogues! Cheer them with hopes, good Sergeant.

Serg. Hope, your honour, is but a meagre mess for a regiment. Hope has almost shrunk them out of their doublets. Hope has made their legs so weary of the lease they had taken of their hose, that all their calves have slunk away from the premises. There isn't a stocking in the whole company that can boast of a tolerable tenant. The privates join in the public complaining; the drummers grow noisy; our

poor corporal has no body left; and the trumpeter is blown up with wind.

Officer. Do they grow mutinous? Look to them—check their muttering.

Serg. Troth, sir, I do my best:—when they grumble for meat, I make them eat their own words; and give them some solid council, well seasoned with the pepper of correction.

Officer. Well, well! look to them; keep a strict watch; and march the guards to their several posts.

[*Exit* OFFICER.

Serg. Now must I administer consolation, and give the rogues their daily meal of encouragement.—Hem! Countrymen, fellow soldiers, and Frenchmen!—be of good cheer, for famine is come upon you, and you are all in danger of starving. Is there any thing dearer to a Frenchman than his honour? Isn't honour the greater, the greater the danger? and has any body ever had the honour of being in greater danger than you?—Rejoice, then, for your peril is extreme! Be merry, for you have a glorious dismal prospect before you; and as pleasing a state of desperation as the noble heart of a soldier could wish! Come! one cheer for the glory of France.—St Dennis, and our Grand Monarque, King Philip the Sixth!

[SOLDIERS *huzza very feebly.*

Oons! it sounds as hollow as a churchyard. The voice comes through their wizen mouths like wind from the crack of an old wainscot.—Away, rogues, to your posts! Bristle up your courage, and wait the event of time! Remember ye are Frenchmen, and bid defiance to famine! Our mistresses are locked up with us in the town; we have frogs in the wells, and snuff at the merchants'. An Englishman, now, would hang himself upon this, which is enough to make a gay Frenchman happy. Allons, comrades!

SONG.—SERGEANT.

My comrades so famish'd and queer,
Hear the drums, how they jollily beat!
They fill our French hearts with good cheer,
Although we have nothing to eat.
Rub a dub.
All. *Nothing to eat: rub a dub,*
Rub a dub—we have nothing to eat.

Then hark to the merry-toned fife!
To hear it 'twill make a man younger:
I tell you, my lads, this is life
For any one dying with hunger.
Toot a too.
All. *Dying with hunger: toot a too,*
Toot a too—we are dying with hunger.

The foe to inspire you to beat,
Only list to the trumpet so shrill!
Till the enemy's kill'd we can't eat:
Do the job—you may eat all you kill.
Ran ta tan.
All. *We'll eat all we kill; ran ta tan.*
Ran ta tan—we may eat all we kill.
[*Exeunt* SOLDIERS—CITIZENS *come forward.*

1 *Cit.* Bon jour, Monsieur Grenouille?

2 *Cit.* Aha! mon voisin! Here's a goodly morning. The sun shines till our blood dances to it like a frisky wench to a tabor.

1 *Cit.* Yes, truly; but 'tis a dance without refreshments. We are in a miserable plight, neighbour.

2 *Cit.* Ma foi! miserable indeed! mais le soleil—

1 *Cit.* How fare your wife and family, neighbour Grenouille?

2 *Cit.* Ah! my pauvre wife and famille; litel to

eat now, mon voisin—nothing bye and bye: lucky for me 'tis fine weather. Great many mouths in my house; very litel to put into 'em. But I am French; the sun shines; I am gay.—There is myself, my poor dear wife, half a loaf, seven children, three sprats, a tom cat, and a pipkin of milk. I am hungry; mais il fait beau temps; I dance—my famille starves—I sing—toujours gai—the sun shines—tal lal la! tal lal la!

3 *Cit.* Tut, we wo'not bear it. 'Tis our governor is in fault; this way we are certain to perish.

4 *Cit.* Peste! we'll not endure it. Shut up, near eleven months within the walls.

2 *Cit.* In fine weather—no promenade!

3 *Cit.* No provisions.—We'll to the Governor, force the keys, and surrender the town. Allons! come along, neighbours, to the Governor!

All. Ay, ay—to the Governor. Away!

[*Going in a pause.*

Enter EUSTACHE DE ST PIERRE, *carrying a small Wallet.*

Eust. Why, how now, ho!—nothing but noise and babble!
Whither away so fast? Stand, rogues, and speak!

3 *Cit.* Whither away? Marry! we would away from famine; we are for the Governor's to force the keys of the town.

Eust. There roar'd the wrathful mouse! You squeaking braggart,
Whom hunger has made vent'rous, who would thrust
Your starveling nose out to the cat's fell gripe,
That watches round the cranny you lie snug in,
Nibble your scraps; be thankful, and keep quiet.
Thou rail on hunger! why, 'twas hunger bore thee;
'Twas hunger rear'd thee; fixing, in thy cradle,
Her meagre stamp upon thy weazel visage;
And, from a child, that half-starved face of thine

Has given full meals the lie. When thou dost eat,
Thou dost digest consumption: thou'rt of those kine
Thou wouldst e'en swallow up thy brethren, here,
And still look lean.—What! fellow citizens,
Trust you this thing? Can skin and bones mislead you?
If we must suffer, suffer patiently.
Did I e'er grumble, mongrels? What am I?

2 Cit. You! why, Eustache de St Pierre you are: one of the sourest old crabs of all the citizens of Calais; and, if reviling your neighbours be a sign of ill-will to one's country, and ill-will to one's country a sign of good-will to strangers, why a man might go near to think you are a friend to the English.

Eust. I honour them.
They are our enemy—a gallant enemy;
A biting, but a blunt, straight-forward foe;
Who, when we weave our subtle webs of state,
And spin fine stratagems to entangle them,
Come to our doors, and pull the work to pieces;
Dispute it fist to fist, and score their arguments
Upon our politic pates. Remember Cressy!—
We've reason to remember it—they thump'd us,
And soundly, there;—'tis but some few months back;—
There, in the bowels of our land,—at Cressy—
They so bechopp'd us with their English logic,
That our French heads ached sorely for it:—thence,
Marching through Picardy, to Calais here,
They have engirded us; fix'd the dull tourniquet
Of war upon our town; constraining, thus,
The life blood of our commerce, with fair France,
Of whom we are a limb; and all this openly:—
And, therefore, as an open foe, who think
And strike in the same breath, I do esteem
Their valour, and their plainness.
I view them with a most respectful hatred.
Much may be learnt from these same Englishmen.

4 *Cit.* Ay, pr'ythee, what? Hunger and hard blows seem all we are like to get from them.

Eust. Courage; which you may have—'twas never tried though:

Patience, to bear the buffets of the times.
Ye cannot wait till Fortune turns her wheel:
You'll to the Governor's, and get the keys!
And what would your wise worships do with them?
Eat them, mayhap, for ye have ostrich stomachs;
Ye dare not use them otherwise.—Home! home!
And pray for better luck.

[*The* CITIZENS *exeunt severally. An* OLD MAN, *alone, remains in the back of the scene.*

Fie, I am faint
With railing on the cormorants. Three days,
And not break bread—'tis somewhat. There's not one
Among these trencher-scraping knaves, that yet
Has kept a twenty hours' Lent;—I know it;
Yet how they crave! I've here, by strong entreaty,
And a round sum, (entreaty's weak without it,)
E'en just enough to make dame Nature wrestle
Another round with famine. Out, provision!
[*Takes off his wallet.*

Old Man. [*Coming forward.*] O, Heaven!

Eust. Who bid thee bless the meat?—How now, old grey-beard!
What cause hast thou——

Old Man. I have a daughter——

Eust. Hungry, I warrant.

Old Man. Dying!
The blessing of my age:—I could bear all;—
But for my child;—my dear, dear child!—to lose her
To lose her thus!—to see disease so wear her!—
And when a little nourishment——She's starving!

Eust. Go on;—no tears;—I hate them.

Old Man. She has had no nourishment these four days.

Eust. [*Affected.*] Death! and—well?

Old Man. I care not for myself;—I should soon go,
In nature's course;—but my poor darling child!
Who fifteen years has been my prop—to see her
Thus wrested from me! then to hear her bless me;
And see her wasting!——

Eust. Peace! peace!
I have not eat, old man, since—Pshaw! the wind
Affects my eyes—but yet I—'Sdeath! what ails me?
I have no appetite.—Here, take this trash, and—

[*The* OLD MAN *takes the wallet, falls upon his knees, and attempts to speak.*

Pr'ythee away, old soul;—nay, nay, no thanks;—
Get home, and do not talk—I cannot.—

[*Exit* OLD MAN.

Out on't!
I do belie my manhood; and if misery,
With gentle hand, touches my bosom's key,
I bellow straight, as if my tough old lungs
Were made of organ-pipes.— [*Huzza without.*
Hey! how sits the wind now?

Enter CITIZENS, *crying* Huzza! *and* Succour! LA GLOIRE *in the midst of them, loaded with Casks of Provision, &c.*

La Gloire. Here, neighbours! here, here I am dropt in among you, like a lump of manna. Here have I, following my master, the noble Count Ribaumont, brought wherewithal to check the grumbling in your gizzards. Here's meat, neighbours, meat!—fine, raw, red meat!—to turn the tide of tears from your eyes, and make your mouths water.

All. Huzza!

2 *Cit.* Ah! mon Dieu! que je suis gai!—meat and sun too!—tal lal lal la!

La Gloire. Silence! or I'll stop your windpipe with a mutton cutlet.

All. Huzza!

Eust. Peace, ho! I say; can ye be men, and roar thus?
Blush at this clamour! it proclaims you cowards,
And tells what your despair has been. Peace, hen-hearts!
Slink home, and eat.

La Gloire. Ods my life! cry you mercy, father; I saw you not;—my honest, hungry neighbours, here, so pressed about me. Marry, I think they are ready to eat me. Stand aside, friends, and patience, till my father has said grace over me. Father, your blessing. [*Kneels.*

Eust. Boy, thou hast acted bravely, and thou follow'st
A noble gentleman. What succour brings he?

La Gloire. A snack! a bare snack, father; no more. We scudded round the point of land, under the coast, unperceived by the enemy's fleet, and freighted with a good three days' provender: but the sea, that seems ruled by the English—marry, I think they'll always be masters of it, for my part—stuck the point of a rock through the bottom of our vessel, almost filled it with water, and, after tugging hard for our lives, we found the provision so spoiled, and pickled, that our larder is reduced to a luncheon. Every man may have a meal, and there's an end;—to-morrow comes famine again.

2 *Cit.* N'importe; we are happy to-day; c'est assez pour un François.

La Gloire. [*Aside, to* EUSTACHE.] But, father, cheer up! Mum! If, after the distribution, an odd sly barrel of mine—you take me—rammed down with good powdered beef, that will stand the working of half a dozen pair of jaws for a month, should be found in an odd corner of my father's house, why—hum!

Eust. Base cur! insult me!—But I pardon thee;
Thou dost mean kindly. Know thy father better.
Though these be sorry knaves, I scorn to wrong them.

I love my country, boy. Ungraced by fortune,
I dare aspire to the proud name of patriot.
If any bear that title to misuse it,—
Decking their devilships in angel seeming,
To glut their own particular appetites;—
If any, 'midst a people's misery,
Feed fat, by filching from the public good,
Which they profess is nearest to their hearts,—
The curses of their country, or, what's sharper,
The curse of guilty conscience, follow them!
The suffering's general; general be the benefit.
We'll share alike. You'll find me, boy, at home.
[*Exit.*

La Gloire. There he goes! full of sour goodness, like a fine lemon. He's as trusty a crusty citizen, and as good-natured an ill-tempered old fellow, as any in France: and, though I say it, that shouldn't say it—I am his son.——But, now, neighbours, for provision.

3 *Cit.* Ay, marry! we would fain fall to.

La Gloire. I doubt it not, good hungry neighbours: you'll all remember me for this succour, I warrant.

All. Toujours; always.

La Gloire. See now what it is to bind one's country to one, by doing it a service. Good souls, they are running over with gratitude—[*Walks about,* CITIZENS *following.*]—I could cluck them all round the town after my tail, like an old hen with a brood of chickens. Now will I be carried in triumph to my father's: and ye may e'en set about it now—[*Two stout* CITIZENS *take* LA GLOIRE *on their shoulders.*]—now, while the provisions are sharing at the Governor's house. [CITIZENS *let him fall.*

All. Sharing provisions! Allons! vite!—away! away! [*Exeunt* CITIZENS *hastily.*

La Gloire. Oh, diable! this is popularity. Adieu, my grateful neighbours! Thus does many a foolhardy booby, like me, run his head into danger; and

a few empty huzzas, which leave him at the next turning of a corner, are all he gets for his pains. Now, while all the town is gone to dinner, will I go to woo. My poor Madelon must be woefully fallen away, since I quitted Calais. Heigho! I've lost, I warrant me, a good half of my mistress since we parted. I have secured for her the daintiest bits of our whole cargo, as marks of my affection. A butcher couldn't show her more tenderness than I shall. If love were now weighed out by the pound, bating my master, the Count Ribaumont, who is in love with Lady Julia, not all the men in the city could balance the scales with me. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Hall in the House of JOHN DE VIENNE.

Enter JULIA *and* O'CARROL.

Julia. Now, C'Carrol; what is the time of day?

O'Carrol. Fait, Lady Julia, we might have called it a little past breakfast time, formerly; but since the fashion of eating has been worn out in Calais, a man may be content to say it bears hard upon ten. Och! if clocks were jacks now, time would stand still; and the year would go down, for the want of winding up every now and then.

Julia. Saw you my father this morning?

O'Carrol. You may say that.

Julia. How looked he, O'Carrol?

O'Carrol. By my soul, Lady Julia, that old father of yours, and master of mine, is a gallant gentleman. And gallantly he bears himself. For certain, and so he ought; being a Knight of Burgundy, and Gover-

nor of Calais; but if I was Governor just now, to be sure I should not like to take a small trip from Calais, one morning, just to see what sort of a knight I was in Burgundy.

Julia. Who has he in his company?

O'Carrol. Why, madam, why—now dare not I tell who, for fear of offending her.—Company? Why, to be sure I have been in his company:—for want of finer acquaintance, madam, he was e'en forced to put up, half an hour, with an humble friend.

Julia. Poor fool! thy words are shrewder than thy meaning.

How many crowd the narrow space of life
With those gay, gaudy flowers of society,
Those annuals, call'd acquaintance; which do fade
And die away, ere we can say they blossom;
Mocking the idle cultivator's care,
From year to year; while one poor slip of friendship,
Hardy, though modest, stands the winter's frost,
And cheers its owner's eye with evergreen!

O'Carrol. Troth, lady, one honest potatoe in a garden is worth an hundred-beds of your good-for-nothing tulips. Oh! 'tis meat and drink to me to see a friend! and, truly, 'tis lucky, in this time of famine, to have one in the house to look at to keep me from starving. Little did I think, eight years ago, when I came over among fifty thousand brave boys—English, Irish, and else,—to fight under King Edward, who now lies before Calais here, that I should find such a warm soul towards me in a Frenchman's body; especially when the business, that brought me, was to help to give his countrymen a beating.

Julia. Thy gratitude, O'Carrol, has well repaid the pains my father took in preserving thee.

O'Carrol. Gratitude! fait, madam, begging your pardon, 'tis no such thing; 'tis nothing but showing the sense I have of my obligation. There was I, in the year 1339, in the English camp—on the fields of

Vianfosse, near Capelle—which never came to an action, excepting a trifling bit of skirmish, in which my good cruel friends left me for dead out of our lines; when a kind enemy—your father—(a blessing on his friendly heart for it!) picked me up, and set the breath agoing again, that was almost thumped out of my body. He saved my life; it is but a poor commodity; but as long as it lasts, by my soul, he and his family shall have the wear and tear of it.

Julia. Thou hast been a trusty follower, O'Carrol; nay, more a friend than follower; thou art entwined in all the interests of our house, and art as attached to me as to my father.

O'Carrol. Ay, troth, Lady Julia, and a good deal more; more shame to me for it; because I am indebted for all to the Governor. I don't know how it may be with wiser nations, but if regard is to go to a whole family, there's a something about the female part of it that an Irishman can't help giving the preference to, for the soul of him.

Julia. But, tell me, who is with my father?

O'Carrol. Indeed that I will not—for a reason.

Julia. And what may the reason be?

O'Carrol. Because, long before he arrived, you bid me never mention his name. It may be, perhaps, the noble gentleman who has just succoured the town. —Well, if I must not say who is with my master, I may say who my master is with.—It is the Count Ribaumont.

Julia. Why should I tremble at that name? Why should my tongue be now constrained to speak the language of my heart? O father! father!

O'Carrol. Och—ho!

Julia. Why dost thou sigh, O'Carrol?

O'Carrol. Truly, madam, I was thinking of a piece of a rich old uncle I had in Ireland; who sent me to the French wars, to tear me away from a dear little creature I loved better than my eyes.

Julia. And wast thou ever in love, O'Carrol?

O'Carrol. That I was, faith, up to my chin. I never think upon it but it remembers me of the song that was wont to be played by honest Clamoran, poor fellow, our minstrel, in the north.

Julia. I pr'ythee sing it to me, good O'Carrol;
For there is something in these artless ditties,
Expressive of a simple soul in love,
That fills the mind with pleasing melancholy.

SONG.—O'CARROL.

Oh! the moment was sad when my love and I parted;
Savourna deligh shighan ogh!
As I kiss'd off her tears, I was nigh broken hearted;
Savourna deligh shighan ogh;
Wan was her cheek, which hung on my shoulder;
Damp was her hand, no marble was colder;
I felt that I never again should behold her.
Savourna deligh shighan ogh!

Long I fought for my country, far, far from my true love;
Savourna deligh shighan ogh!
All my pay and my booty I hoarded for you, love
Savourna deligh shighan ogh!
Peace was proclaim'd,—escaped from the slaughter,
Landed at home—my sweet girl I sought her;
But sorrow, alas! to the cold grave had brought her.
Savourna deligh shighan ogh!

Enter JOHN DE VIENNE *and* RIBAUMONT.

De Vienne. Nay, nay, my lord! you're welcome.
Yet, were I private here, some prudent qualms,
Which you well wot, I trow, my noble lord!
Might cause me flatly sound that full-toned welcome,
Which breathes the mellow note of hospitality.

Yet, being Governor of Calais here——
But take me with you, Count,—I can discern
Your noble virtues; ay, and love them too;
Did not a father's care—but let that pass.
Julia, my girl—the Count of Ribaumont:—
Thank the brave champion of our city.

Julia. Sir!

Though one poor simple drop of gratitude,
Amid the boisterous tide of general thanks,
Can little swell the glory of your enterprise,
Accept it freely.—You are welcome, sir.

Rib. Cold does it seem to me.—'Sdeath! this is ice!
Freezing indifference:—down, down, my heart!
[*Aside.*
I pray you, lady, do not strain your courtesy.
If I have reap'd a single grain of favour,
From your fair self, and noble father here,
I have obtain'd the harvest of my hope.

De Vienne. Hey-day! here's bow, and jut, and cringe, and scrape!—
Count! I have served in battle; witness for me
Some curious scars, the soldier's coxcombry,
In which he struts, fantastically carved
Upon the tough old doublet nature gave him,
Let us, then, speak like brothers of the field;
Roundly and blunt. Have I your leave, my lord?

Rib. As freely, sir, as you have ask'd it.

De Vienne. Thus, then:
I have a daughter, look you; here she stands;
Right fair and virtuous;— [COUNT *attempts to speak.*
Nay, Count, spare your speech;
I know I've your assent to the position:
I have a king too; and from whom 'tis signified
My daughter must be match'd with (speedily)
A certain lord about the royal person.—
Now, though there may be some whose gallant bearing
(And glean from this, Count, what it is I aim at,)
I might be proud to be allied to, yet

Being a veteran French soldier, stuff'd
With right enthusiastic loyalty,
My house, myself, my child—Heaven knows I love her!—
Should perish, piece-meal, ere I could infringe
The faintest line or trace of the proceeding,
The king, our master, honours me in marking.

Rib. I do conceive you, sir.

De Vienne. Why, then, conceiving,
Once more, right welcome, Count. I lodge you here,
As my good friend—and Julia's friend—the friend
To all our city.—Tut, Count, love is boy's play;
A soldier has not time for't.—
Come, Count.——Within there, hoa! we need refreshment,
Which you have furnish'd.—Love? pish! love's a gew-gaw.
Nay, come, Count, come. [*Exit.*

Julia. Sir, will it please you follow?

Rib. I fain would speak one word, and—'sdeath! I cannot.—
Pardon me, madam; I attend.—Oh, Julia!
[*Exit, leading out* JULIA.

O'Carrol. Och ho! poor dear creatures, my heart bleeds for them. To be sure the ould gentleman means all for the best, and what he talks must be right: but if love is a gew-gaw, as he says, by my soul! 'tis the prettiest plaything for children, from sixteen to five-and-twenty, that ever was invented. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

The English Camp.

Enter KING, SIR WALTER MANNY, HARCOURT, ARUNDEL, WARWICK, *and* ATTENDANTS.

King. Fie, lords! it slurs our name;—the town is succour'd.
'Twas dull neglect to let them pass: a blot
Upon our English camp; where vigilance
Should be the watch-word. Which way got they in?
Sir W. By sea, as we do learn, my gracious liege.
King. Where was our fleet then? does it ride the ocean
In idle mockery? It should float to awe
These Frenchmen here. How are they stored, my lord?
Harc. Barely, as it should seem. Their crazy vessel,
Driven among the rocks, that skirt the shore,
Let in the waves so fast upon the cargo,
The better half is either sunk or spoilt.
They scarce can hold another day, my liege.
King. Thanks to the sea for't—not our Admiral.
They brave it, stubborn, to the very last:—
But they shall smart for't shortly; smart severely.
Meantime, prepare we for our Queen; who comes
From England, deck'd in conquest. Say, Lord Harcourt,
Are all prepared to welcome her arrival?
Harc. All, my dread liege. The beach is thickly lined
With English soldiery, in ardent watch,

Fixing their eyes upon the bark, which bears
Our royal mistress. It was hoped, ere this,
'T had reach'd the harbour.— [*Grand flourish.*
Hark! the queen has landed.
King. Do you then, good my lord! escort her
hither. [*Exit* HARCOURT.
Sir Walter Manny?
Sir W. Ay, my gracious sovereign.
King. Guard well this packet. When the Gover-
nor
Of this same peevish town shall call a parley,
Break you it up, and from it speak our pleasure.
Here are the terms—the only terms—on which
We do allow them to capitulate.

Enter the QUEEN PHILIPPA, *attended.*

Oh, welcome, welcome! We shall give you here
Rude martial fare, and soldiers' entertainment.
Queen. Royal sir!
Well met, and happily. I learn your labours
Draw to a glorious end.—When you return,
Besides the loyal subjects who would greet you,
The Scotish king, my lord! waits your arrival;
Who, somewhat partial to his neighbour's land,
Did come an uninvited guest among us.
I doubt he'll think us over-hospitable;
For, dreading his *too* quick departure from us,
I have made bold to guard him in the Tower:
And hither have I sail'd, my noble liege!
To glad you with the tidings.
King. My sweet warrior!
We will dispatch our work here, then for England.
Calais will soon be ours;—of that hereafter.
Think we, to-day, on nought but revelry.
You, madam, shall diffuse your influence
Throughout our camp.—Strike, there, our martial
music!

For want of better, good Philippa, take
A soldier's noisy concert. Strike it, I say.

GRAND CHORUS.

War has still its melody;——
When blows come thick, and arrows fly,
When the soldier marches o'er
The crimson field, knee-deep in gore,
By carnage and grim death surrounded,
And groans of dying men confounded,
If the warlike drum he hear,
And the shrill trumpet strike his ear,
Roused by the spirit-stirring tones,
Music's influence he owns;
His lusty heart beats quick and high;
War has still its melody.

But when the hard-fought day is done,
And the battle's fairly won;
Oh! then he trolls the jolly note,
In triumph, through his rusty throat
And all the story of the strife
He carols to the merry fife.
His comrades join, their feats to tell;
The chorus then begins to swell;
Loud martial music rends the sky:
This is the soldier's melody. [Exeunt.

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

MADELON'S *Apartment.*

LA GLOIRE *and* MADELON *discovered.* MADELON *seated at a Table covered with Eatables, Wines, &c.* LA GLOIRE *standing near the Table.*

La Gloire. Blessings on her heart, how cleverly she feeds! the meat goes as naturally into her little mouth, as if it had been used to the road all the time of the famine: though, Heaven knows, 'tis a path that has, lately, been little frequented.

Madelon. A votre santé, mon ami;—your health, La Gloire. [*Drinks.*

La Gloire. Nay, I'll answer thee in that, though bumpers were Englishmen, and went against my French stomach. [*Takes wine.*] Heaven bless thee, my poor Madelon! May a woman never tumble into the mire of distress; and, if she is in, ill befall him that won't help her clean out again. [*Drinks.*

Madelon. There; enough. [*Comes from table.*

La Gloire. So: one kiss for a bonne bouche.—[*Kisses her.*]—Dost love me the better for this feast, now, Madelon?

Madelon. No, truly, not a jot. I love you e'en as well before dinner as after.

La Gloire. What a jewel is regular affection!—to love, equally, through the week, maigre days, and

all! I cannot but own a full meal makes an improvement in the warmth of my feelings. I can eat and drink myself into a glow of tenderness, that fasting can never come up to. And what hast thou done in my absence, Madelon?

Madelon. Little, La Gloire, but grieve with the rest. I have thought on you; gone to confession in the morning; seem'd happy in the day, to cheer my poor old father:—but my heart was bursting, La Gloire:—and, at night, by myself, I looked at this little cross you gave me, and cried.

La Gloire. [*Smothering his tears.*] Madelon, I—I—I want another draught of burgundy. [*Drinks.*

Madelon. Once, indeed,—I thought it was hard,—Father Antony enjoined me penance, for thinking so much about you.

La Gloire. An old——What, by putting peas in your shoes, as usual?

Madelon. Yes; but, as it happened, I escaped.

La Gloire. Ay, marry! how?

Madelon. Why, as the famine pressed, the holy fathers had boiled all our punishments, in puddings for the convent; and there was not a penitential pea left in the town.

La Gloire. O, gluttony! to deprive the innocent of their hard, dry penances, and apply them, soft, to their own offending stomachs! I never could abide these pampered friars. They are the pot-bellied children of the Pope, nursed at the bosom of old mother church; and plaguy chubby boys they are. One convent of them in a town, breeds a famine sooner than an English blockade. But, what says thy father within, here, Madelon, to our marriage?

Madelon. Truly, he has no objection, but in respect to your being a soldier.

La Gloire. Sacre bleu! object to my carrying arms! my glory! my pride!

Madelon. Pr'ythee, now, 'tis not for that.

La Gloire. Degrade my profession!—my—look ye, Madelon; I love thee with all my heart—with an honest soldier's heart—else I could tell your father, that a citizen could never get on in the world, without a soldier to do his journey-work—and your soldier, look ye—'sblood! it makes me fret like a hot day's march!—your soldier, in all nations, when he is rusted down to your quiet citizen, and so sets up at home for himself, is in double respect, for having served such an honourable apprenticeship.

Madelon. Nay, now, La Gloire, my father meant not——

La Gloire. Marry, I would tell your father this to his teeth; which, were it not for my captain and me—two soldiers, mark you me—might not, haply, have been so soon set a-going.

Madelon. Ungenerous! I could not have spoken such cutting words to you, La Gloire.—My poor father only meant, that the wars might separate us. But I had a remedy for that too, for all your unkindness.

La Gloire. Pish!—remedy?—well—psha!—what was the remedy, Madelon?

Madelon. Why, I could have followed you to the camp.

La Gloire. And wouldst thou follow me then?

Madelon. Ay, surely, La Gloire: I could follow him I love all over the world.

La Gloire. And bear the fatigue of a campaign, Madelon?

Madelon. Any thing with you, La Gloire. I warrant us, we should be happy enough. Ay, and I could be useful too. I could pack your knapsack; sing canzonets with you, to make us merry on a day's march; mix in the soldier's dance upon occasion; and, at sun-set, I would dress up our little tent, as neat as any captain's in the field: then, at supper, La Gloire, we should be as cheerful!——

La Gloire. Now could I cut my tongue out for what I have said!—Cuff me; slap my face, Madelon; then kiss me, and forgive me: and if ever I bestride my great war-horse again, and let him run away with me, and trample over the heart of my best friends, I wish he may kick me off, and break my neck in a ditch for my pains.—But—what—ha! ha!—what should we do with our children, Madelon?

Madelon. Ah! mon Dieu! I had forgot that:—but if your endeavours be honest, La Gloire, Providence will take care of them, I warrant you.

DUETT.—LA GLOIRE AND MADELON.

Madelon. *Could you to battle march away,*
And leave me here complaining?
I'm sure 'twould break my heart to stay,
When you are gone campaigning.

Ah! non, non, non!
Pauvre Madelon
Could never quit her rover
Ah! non, non, non!
Pauvre Madelon
Would go with you all the world over.

La Gloire. *No, no, my love! ah! do not grieve;*
A soldier true you'll find me:
I could not have the heart to leave
My little girl behind me.

Ah! non, non, non!
Pauvre Madelon
Should never quit her rover:
Ah! non, non, non!
Pauvre Madelon
Should go with me all the world over.

Both. *Then let the world jog as it will,*
Let hollow friends forsake us,
We both shall be as happy still
As war and love can make us.

Ah! non, non, non!
Pauvre Madelon
Shall never quit her rover:
Ah! non, non, non!
Pauvre Madelon
Shall go with {*you* / *me*} *all the world over.*

La Gloire. By the mass, Madelon, such a wife as thou wilt be, would make a man, after another campaign,—for another I must have, to satisfy the cravings of my appetite,—go nigh to forswear the wars.

Madelon. Ah, La Gloire! would it were so! but the sound of a trumpet will ever lead thee after it.

La Gloire. Tut—a trumpet!—thy voice, Madelon, will drown it.

Madelon. Ah, La Gloire! [*Shaking her head.*

La Gloire. Nay, then, I am the veriest poltroon, if I think the sound of a trumpet would move me any more than—[*A parley is sounded from the walls.*]—Eh!—gad—oh!—ecod there's a bustle! a parley from the walls; which may end in a skirmish, or a battle—or a—I'll be with you again in the chopping off of a head.

Madelon. Nay, now, La Gloire, I thought the sound of a trumpet——

La Gloire. A trumpet—simpleton!—that was a—gad!—wasn't it a drum?—Adieu, Madelon! I'll be back again ere—[*Parley.*]——March!—Charge!—Huzza! [*Draws his sword, and exit.*

Madelon. A soldier's wife must have [illegible] I love La Gloire; he is so kind, so tender!—and he has simply the best leg

in the army. Heigho!—It must feel very odd to sleep in a tent:—a camp must be ever in alarms, and soldiers always ready for surprise.—Dame Tdinette, who married a corporal ere I was born, told me, that, for one whole campaign, her husband went to bed in his boots.

SONG.—MADELON

Little thinks the townsman's wife,
While at home she tarries,
What must be the lass's life,
Who a soldier marries.
Now with weary marching spent,
Dancing now before the tent,
Lira, lira, lira, lira, lira la,
With her jolly soldier.

In the camp, at night, she lies,
Wind and weather scorning,
Only grieved her love must rise,
And quit her in the morning;
But the doubtful skirmish done,
Blithe she sings at set of sun;
Lira, lira, lira, lira, lira la,
With her jolly soldier.

Should the captain of her dear
Use his vain endeavour,
Whisp'ring nonsense in her ear,
Two fond hearts to sever,
At his passion she will scoff;
Laughing, thus, she'll put him off,—
Lira, lira, lira, lira, lira la,
For her jolly soldier. [Exit.

SCENE II.

The Town Hall of Calais.

CITIZENS, SOLDIERS, *and* CRIER, *discovered.*

Crier. Silence!—An ye all talk thus, there's an end to conversation. Your silence, my masters, will breed a disturbance. Mass, 'tis hard that I, who am Crier, should be laughed at, and held at nought among you.

All. Hear! hear!

Crier. Listen.—The good John de Vienne, our governor—a blessing on his old merry heart!—grieving for your distress, has, e'en now, called a parley on the walls, with the English; and has chosen me, in his wisdom, to ring you all into the town-hall, here; where, an you abide his coming, you will hear, what he shall seem to signify unto you. And, by our lady, here the governor comes!—[*Rings.*]—Silence!

All. Silence!

Crier. Nay, 'tis ever so. An I were to bid a dumb man hold his tongue, by my troth, I think a' would cry "Silence," till the drum of my ear were bursten. Silence!

Enter JOHN DE VIENNE, EUSTACHE DE ST PIERRE *following.* JOHN DE VIENNE *seats himself at the Head of the Council Table;* EUSTACHE *sits in the Front, among the* CITIZENS.

De Vienne. You partly know why I have here convened you.
I pr'ythee, now,—I pr'ythee, honest friends!

Summon up all the fortitude within you,
Which you are masters of. Now, Heaven forgive me!
I almost wish I had not been a soldier;—
For I have, here, a matter to deliver
Requires a schoolman's preface. 'Tis a task,
Which bears so heavy on my poor old heart,
That 'twill go nigh to crack beneath the burden.
You know I love you, fellow citizens:
You know I love you well.
All. Ay, ay; we know it.
De Vienne. I could be well content, in peace, or peril,
To 'bide with you for ever.
Eust. No one doubts it.
I never, yet, did hear of governor,
Spite of the rubs, and watchful toil of office,
Would willingly forego his place.
De Vienne. Why, how now!
Why, how now, friend! dost thou come o'er me thus?
But I shall find a time—it fits not now—
When I will teach thee——'Sdeath! old John de Vienne,
A veteran, bluff soldier, bearded thus!
And sneer'd at by a saucy—Mark you me!—[*Rises.*
Well, let it pass:—the general calamity
Will sour the best of us.—[*Sits.*]—My honest citizens,
I once more pray you, think that ye are men:
I pray you too, my friends——
Eust. I pray you, sir,
Be somewhat brief; you'll tire else. These same citizens,
These honest citizens, would fain e'en know
The worst at once. When members are impatient
For a plain tale, the orator, (you'll pardon me,)
Should not be too long-winded.
De Vienne. Fellow, peace!
Ere now I've mark'd thee.—Thou art he, I take it,—

'Tis Eustache de St Pierre, I think, they call thee—
Whom all the town, our very children, point at,
As the most growling knave in Christendom;—
Yea, thou art he.

Eust. The same. The mongrels, here,
Cannot abide rough honesty:—I'm hated.
Smooth talking likes them better:—You, good sir,
Are popular among them.

All. Silence!

Eust. Buz!

De Vienne. Thus, then, in brief. Finding we are reduced,
By famine, and fatigue, unto extremity,
I sounded for a parley from the walls;—
E'en now 't has ended:—Edward order'd forth
Sir Walter Manny; and I needs must own,
A courteous knight, although an enemy.—
I told him our distress. Sir Knight, said I—
And here it makes me almost blush to think,
An Englishman should see me drop a tear;
But, 'spite of me, it stole upon my cheek;—
To speak the honest truth, Sir Knight, said I,
My gallant men are perishing with hunger:—
Therefore I will surrender.

Eust. Surrender! [*The rest look amazed.*

De Vienne. But, conceive me,
On this condition;—that I do secure
The lives, and liberties, of those brave fellows,
Who, in this galling and disastrous siege,
Have shared with me in each fatigue and peril.

All. Huzza! Long live our governor! Huzza!

De Vienne. I thank you, friends.—It grieves me to repay
Your honest love, with tidings, sure, as heavy
As ever messenger was charged withal.
The King of England steels his heart against us.
He does let loose his vengeance; and he wills,—
If we would save our city from the sword,

From wild destruction,—that I straight do send him
Six of my first and best reputed citizens,
Bare-headed, tendering the city keys;
And,—'sdeath, I choke!—with vile and loathsome ropes,
Circling their necks, in guise of malefactors,
To suffer instant execution.

[*The* CITIZENS *appear confounded. A pause.*

Friends,
I do perceive you're troubled:—'tis enough
To pose the stoutest of you. Who among you
Can smother nature's workings, which do prompt
Each, to the last, to struggle for himself?
Yet, were I not objected to, as governor,
There might be found—no matter.—Who so bold,
That, for the welfare of a wretched multitude,
Involved with him in one great common cause,
Would volunteer it on the scaffold?

Eust. [*Rises.*] I:——
E'en I:—the growling knave, whom children point at.
To save those children, and their hapless mothers,
To snatch the virgin from the ravisher,
To shield the bent and hoary citizen,
To push the sword back from his aged throat,
(Fresh reeking, haply, in his house's blood,)
I render up myself for sacrifice.——
Will no one budge? Then let the English in;
Let in the enemy to find us wasted,
And winking in the socket. Rouse, for shame!
Rouse, citizens! Think on your wives, your infants!
And let us not be so far shamed in story,
That we should lack six men within our walls,
To save them thus from slaughter.

De Vienne. Noble soul!
I could, for this, fall down and worship thee.
Thou warm'st my heart. Does no one else appear,
To back this gallant veteran?

D'Aire. Eustache,—

Myself, and these two brothers, my companions,
All of your house, and near of kin to you,
Have ponder'd on your words:—we sure must die,
If we or go, or stay:—but what weighs most—
We would not see our helpless little ones
Butcher'd before our eyes. We'll go with thee.
Eust. Now, by our good St Dennis,
I do feel proud! My lowly house's glory
Shall live on record. What are birth and titles?
Feathers for children. The plain honest mind,
That branches forth in charity and virtue,
Shrinks lordly pomp to nought; and makes vain pedigree
Blush at his frothy boasting.—We are four;—
Fellows in death and honour.—Two remain
To fill our number.
De Vienne. Pause a while, my friends;
We yet have breathing time;—though troth but little.—
I must go forth, a hostage to the English,
Till you appear. Break up our sad assembly;—
And, for the rest, agree among yourselves.
Were the time apt, I could well waste a year
In praising this your valour. [*To* EUSTACHE.
Eust. Break we up. If any
Can wind his sluggish courage to the pitch,
Meet me anon i' the market-place: and, thence,
Will we march forth. Ye have but this, remember;
Either plunge bravely into death, or wait
Till the full tide of blood flows in upon you,
And shame and slaughter overwhelm us. Come;
My noble partners, come! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

An Apartment in the GOVERNOR'S *House.*

Enter JULIA *and* RIBAUMONT.

Ribau. Yet, hear me, Julia——

Julia. Pr'ythee, good my lord,
Press me not thus: my father's strict command—
I must not say 'tis harsh—forbids me listen.

Ribau. Is then the path of duty so precise,
That 'twill not for a little deviate?
Sweet, let it wind, and bend to recollection.
Think on your oaths; yes, lady, they are mutual:—
You said you loved; I treasured the confession,
As misers hoard their gold: nay, 'twas my all.—
Think not I chatter in the idle school
Of whining coxcombs, where despair and death
Are words of course; I swell not fancied ills
With windy eloquence: no, trust me, Julia,
I speak in honest, simple suffering:
And disappointment, in my life's best hope,
So feeds upon my life, and wears me inward,
That I am nearly spirit-broken.

Julia. Why, why this, my lord?
You urge me past a maiden's modesty.
What should I say?—In nature's course, my lord,
The parent sits at helm, in grey authority,
And pilots the child's action: for my father,
You know what humour sways him.

Ribau. Yes, court policy;
Time-serving zeal: tame, passive, blind obedience
To the stern will of power; which doth differ
As wide from true, impulsive loyalty,

As puppet work from nature. O, I would
The time were come!—our enemy, the English,
Bid fairest first to shew a bright example;
When 'twixt the ruler and the ruled, affection
Shall be reciprocal: when majesty
Shall gather strength from mildness; and the subject
Shall look with duteous love upon his sovereign,
As the child eyes its father. Now, by Heaven!
Old John de Vienne is turn'd a temporiser;
Making his daughter the poor topmost round
Of his vile ladder to preferment. 'Sdeath!
And you to suffer this! O, fie, fie, Julia!
'Twould show more noble in you to lay bare
Your mind's inconstancy, than thus to keep
The semblance of a passion; meanly veiling
Your broken faith with the excuse of duty.
Out on't! 'tis shallow—you ne'er loved.

Julia. My lord, my cup of sorrow was brimfull; and you,
I look'd not for it, have thrown in a drop,
Which makes it overflow. No more of that:
You have reviled my father: me, too, Ribaumont;
Heaven knows, I little merit it!—My lord,
Upon this theme we must not meet again.—
Farewell! and do not, do not think unkindly
On her you once did call your Julia.
If it will sooth your anguish, Ribaumont,
To find a fellowship in grief, why think
That there is one, while struggling for her duty,
Sheds many a tear in private.—Heaven be with you!
[*Exit.*

Ribau. Stay, stay, and listen to me. Gone! and thus too!
And have I lost thee—and for ever, Julia?
Now do I look on life as the worn mariner,
Stretching his eyes o'er seas immeasurable,
And all is drear and comfortless. Henceforward,
My years will be one void; day roll on day,

In sameness infinite, without a hope
To chequer the sad prospect. O! *if* death
Came yoked with honour to me, I could, now,
Embrace it with as warm and willing rapture
As mothers clasp their infants.

Enter LA GLOIRE.

Now, La Gloire! what is the news?

La Gloire. Good faith, my lord, the saddest that ever tongue told!

Ribau. Why, is't?

La Gloire. The town has surrendered.

Ribau. I guessed as much.

La Gloire. Upon conditions.

Ribau. What are they?

La Gloire. Very scurvy ones, my lord.—To save the city from sacking, six citizens must swing for it, in Edward's camp. But four have yet been found; and they are——

Ribau. Who?

La Gloire. Oh lord!—all of my own family.—There's John d'Aire, Jacque, and Pierre Wissant; my three good cousins german, my lord: and the fourth, who was the first that offered is—is——

Ribau. Who, La Gloire?

La Gloire. [*Wiping his eyes.*] I crave your pardon, my lord, for being thus unsoldier-like; but 'tis—'tis my own father.

Ribau. Eustache!

La Gloire. He, my lord! He! old Eustache de St Pierre:—the honestest, kindliest soul!—I cannot talk upon't.—Grief plays the hangman with me, and has almost choked me already.

Ribau. Why, I am courted to't.—The time, example,
Do woo me to my very wish.—Come hither.
Two, it should seem, are wanting to complete
The little band of those brave men, who die
To save their fellows.

La Gloire. Ay, my lord. There is a meeting upon't, half an hour hence, in the market-place.

Ribau. Mark me, La Gloire: and see that you obey me,
Ev'n to the very letter of my orders.
They are the last, perhaps, my honest fellow,
I e'er shall give thee. Seek thy father out,
And tell him this from me: his gallant bearing
Doth school his betters; I have studied o'er
His noble lesson, and have learnt my duty.
Say, he will find me in the market-place,
Disguised in humble seeming; and I fain
Would pass for one allied to him: and thence,—
Dost mark me well?—I will along with him,
Ev'n hand in hand, to death.

La Gloire. My lord,—I—I—[*Bursts into tears, falls on his knees, takes hold of* RIBAUMONT'S *hand, and kisses it.*]—I shall lose my father; when he was gone, I looked you would have been my father. The thought of still serving you was a comfort to me.—You are my commander; and I hope I have, hitherto, never disobeyed orders; but, if I now deliver your message, drum me out for ingratitude, as the greatest rascal that ever came into a regiment.

Ribau. Pr'ythee, no more, La Gloire! I am resolved:—
My purpose fix'd. It would be bitter to thee,
To see me die in anger with thee: therefore,
Do thou my bidding; close thy service up,
In duty to my will. Go, find thy father;
I will prepare within the while.—Obey me,—
Or the last look from thy expiring master,
Darting reproach, shall burst thy heart in twain.
Mark, and be punctual! [*Exit.*

La Gloire. O, the Virgin! Why was I ever attached to man, woman, or child?

Enter EUSTACHE DE ST PIERRE.

Eust. Where's thy commander, boy—Count Ribaumont?

La Gloire. O father!——

Eust. Peace!—I must a word with him.
I have a few short thanks I would deliver,
Touching his care of thee: it is the last
Of all my worldly packages: that done,
I may set forward on my journey.

La Gloire. Oh, father! I shall never go to bed again in peace as long as I live. Sorrow will keep my eyes open half the night; and when I drop into a doze at day-break, I shall be hanged with you, father, a score of times every morning.

Eust. I could have spared this meeting.—Boy, I will not—
Nor would I, had I time for't, ring a chime
Of drowsy document, at this our parting.
Nor will I stuff the simple plan of life,
That I would have thee follow, with trim angles,
And petty intersections of nice conduct;
Which dotards, rotten in their wisdom, oft
Will mark, in mathematical precision,
Upon a stripling's mind, until they blur
The modest hand of nature. Thou'rt a soldier;
'Tis said a good one;—and I ne'er yet knew
A rough, true soldier, lack humanity!—
If, then, thou canst, with one hand, push aside
The buffets of the world, and, with the other,
Stretch'd forth, in warm and manly charity,
Assist the weak,——be thankful for the groundwork,
And e'en let impulse build upon't;—thou needst
No line, nor level, formal age can give thee,
To raise a noble superstructure. Come;
Embrace me;—when thy father sleeps in honour,

Think that—[*Embracing him, he bursts into tears.*]—
my son, my boy!—Psha! pish! this nature—
Conduct me to——

La Gloire. [*Catching hold of him.*] Hold! hold!—We shall leap here, from bad to worse. I—I am bidden, father, to deliver a message to you.

Eust. Be quick, then; the time wears.

La Gloire. No, truly, 'twill not come quick. I must force it out in driblets. My captain bids me say, that—that brave men are scarce. Find six in the town, and you find all;—so he will join you at the market-cross, and—go with you—to——

Eust. The scaffold!

La Gloire. Yes, the sca—that word sticks so in my throat, I can't squeeze it out, for the life of me.

Eust. Why, this shows nobly now! our honest cause
Is graced in the addition. Lead me—[*Observing* LA GLOIRE *weeping.*]—how now?
Out on thee, knave! thou'lt bring disgrace upon me.
By Heaven! I feel as proud in this, my death;——
And thou, the nearest to my blood, to sully
My house's name with womanhood—Shame! shame!
Where is the noble Ribaumont? [*Going.*

La Gloire. Stay, father, stay! I can hold it no longer. I love Madelon too well to keep her waking o'nights, with blubbering over her for the loss of my father, and my captain:—another neck is wanting to make up the half dozen; so I'll e'en along, father, as the sixth.

Eust. [*After a pause.*] I know not what to answer.
—Thou hast shaken
My manhood to the centre.—Follow, boy!
Thy aim is honour;—but the dreary road to't,
Which thou must tread, does stir the father in me.
'Tis such a nice and tickle point, between
The patriot and the parent, that, Heaven knows,

I need a counsellor.—I'll to thy captain.
With him, anon, you'll find me. [*Exit.*

La Gloire. So! how many a lad, with a fair beginning of life, comes to an untimely conclusion!—My poor Madelon, too! she little thinks that——

MADELON *peeping in.*

Madelon. Hist! hist! La Gloire!

La Gloire. Eh?

Madelon. Why, where hast thou been, La Gloire? I have been seeking you all over the town. I feared you would get into danger. Finding the Governor's gate thrown open, and all the city in confusion, I e'en ventured in to look for you. Where hast thou been, La Gloire?

La Gloire. Been? no where—but I am going——

Madelon. Where, La Gloire?

La Gloire. A—a little way with my father. Hast heard the news, Madelon?

Madelon. Only in part. I hear the town has surrendered; and that six poor men are to be executed; and march from the town gates. But we shall then be in safety, La Gloire. Poor fellows! I would not see them go forth for the world!

La Gloire. Poor fellows!—a hem!—Ay, poor fellows! True, Madelon; I would not have thee shocked with the sight, I confess.

Madelon. But, pr'ythee, La Gloire, keep at home now with me. You are ever gadding. You soldiers are so wild and turbulent—How can you, La Gloire? You must be present, now, at this horrid ceremony?

La Gloire. Why, truly, I——I must be present;—but it will be for the last time, Madelon. I take little pleasure in it, believe me.

Madelon. I would thou wouldst home with me! I have provided, out of thy bounty, a repast for us this evening. My father, who has ne'er stirred out these three weeks, is filled with joy for thy return;—he will

sit at our table, La Gloire; he will give us his blessing, and wish us happy in marriage. Come, you shall not away, this evening, in sooth, now!

La Gloire. I must, Madelon; I must. The throng will press, and—and I may lose somewhat of value. 'Tis seldom a soldier's pocket is heavy; but I carry all my worldly goods about me. I would fain not lose it; so e'en be mistress on't till my return. Here is a casket;—with five years' wages from my captain; three quarters' pay from my regiment; and eleven marks, plucked from the boot of a dead English corporal: 'tis my whole fortune; keep it, Madelon, for fear of accidents: and if any cross accident ever should befall me, remember you are heir apparent to the bulk of my property.

Madelon. But why thus particular? I would you would stay quiet with me!

La Gloire. But for this once, Madelon; and I shall be quiet ever after.—Kiss me. So;—Adieu!

Madelon. Adieu, La Gloire! Remember, now, at night——

La Gloire. Adieu!—At night!—Mercy on me!—should I stay three minutes longer, my heart would rescue my neck; for the breaking of one would save the stretchings of the other. [*Aside.—Exit.*

Madelon. How rich my La Gloire has got in the wars! My father, too, has something to throw in at our wedding: and, when we meet, we shall be the happiest couple in Picardy.

SONG.—MADELON.

I tremble to think, that my soldier's so bold;
To see with what danger he gets all his gold;
Yet danger all over, 'twill keep out the cold,
And we shall be warm when we're married.

For riches, 'tis true that I covet them not,
Unless 'tis to better my dear soldier's lot;
And he shall be master of all I have got,
The very first moment we're married.

My heart how it beats, but to look to the day,
In church when my father will give me away!
But that I shall laugh at, I've heard many say,
A day or two after we're married. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

Calais.

A Gate, leading out of the Town.

Enter CITIZENS.

1 *Cit.* Stand back; they are coming.

3 *Cit.* Nay, my masters, they will not forth this quarter of an hour. Men seldom move lightly on such a heavy occasion.

4 *Cit.* Who are the two others that have filled up the number?

3 *Cit.* Marry, two more of old Eustache's family. His own son; and the other, as 'tis rumoured, a relation in the town, that few of us are acquainted withal.

4 *Cit.* That's strange.

3 *Cit.* Why, ay; but when a man chuses a rope for his preferment, few are found envious enough to dispute the title with him.—By the rood! here they come!

Enter EUSTACHE DE ST PIERRE, RIBAUMONT, LA GLOIRE, JOHN D'AIRE, J. WISSANT, P. WISSANT, *going to Execution: a Procession of* SOLDIERS, FRIARS, NUNS, *&c. accompanying them.—A solemn March; then a Halt.*

Ribau. I pr'ythee, peace, Eustache! I fain would 'scape
Observance from the rabble. Hurry o'er
This irksome march; and straightway to the camp.
Eust. Enough—Set forth! We are engaged, my friends,
Upon a business here, which most, I wot,
Do think of moment; and we would not waste
The time in idle ceremony. On!—
Ere we are usher'd to the English camp,
And most of you, I trust, will follow thither,—
We will bestow the little time allow'd us
In manly leave-taking. Strike, and set onward!
Citizens. Bless our countrymen! Bless our deliverers!

GLEE.—*By the Persons of the Procession.*

Peace to the heroes! peace! who yield their blood,
And perish, nobly, for their country's good!
Peace to their noble souls! their bodies die;
Their fame shall flourish long in memory;
Recorded still, in future years,
Green in a nation's gratitude, and tears.

CHORUS.

Sound! sound in solemn strains, and slow
Dully beat the muffled drum!
Bid the hollow trumpet blow,
In deaden'd tones, clear, firm, and low
For see the patriot heroes come!

[*Towards the End of the Chorus, the Characters proceed on their March out of the Town; and when the last Persons of the Procession are going through the Gates, the Curtain drops.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

An Apartment in the House of JOHN DE VIENNE.

Enter JULIA, *in Man's Apparel, and* O'CARROL.

Julia. Come on; bestir thee, good fellow! Thou must be my guide, and conduct me.

O'Carrol. 'Faith, and I'll conduct you, with all my heart and soul; and some good creature, I warrant, will be kind enough to show me the way.

Julia. But art thou well assured, O'Carrol, of what thou hast informed me?

O'Carrol. To be sure I am well assured; for I informed myself, and I never yet catched myself out in

. There were six of them, as tall fellows
rance, with ugly ropes about their good-
necks, going to the town-gates; and Count
nont marched second in the handsome half
. The whole town followed them with their
, till they were as full of water as if they had been
eping into so many mustard pots. And so, madam,
nowing he loves you better than dear life, (which,
to be sure, he seems to hold cheap enough at present),
and thinking you would be glad to hear the terrible
news, why, I made all the haste I could to come and
tell it to you.

Julia. And thus, in haste have I equipped myself. Come, good O'Carrol;—dost think I shall 'scape discovery in these accoutrements?

O'Carrol. Escape!—By my soul, lady, one would think you had been a young man, from the very first day you were born. Och! what a piece of work a little trimming and drapery makes in a good fellow's fancy! A foot is a foot, all the world over;—but take the foot of the sweetest little creature that ever tripped over green sward, and if it doesn't play at bo-peep under a petticoat—'faith, I don't know the reason of it; but it gives a clean contrary turn to a man's imagination. But what is it you would be after now, Lady Julia?

Julia. Something I will do; and it must be speedy: at all hazards, we will to the English camp, O'Carrol:—opportunity must shape the rest.

O'Carrol. The camp?—O, 'faith, that's my element; and Heaven send us success in it! If an Irishman's prayers, lady, could make you happy, your little heart should soon be as light as a feather-bed.

Julia. I thank thee, my honest fellow: thy care for me shall not long go unrewarded.

O'Carrol. Now the devil fetch rewarding, say I! If a man does his best friends a piece of service, he must be an unconscionable sort of an honest fellow, to

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